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THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

VOL. XVI.

GAY.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY MITCHELL, AMES, AND WHITE.
William Brown, Printer.
1819.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

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D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN GAY.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

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LIFE OF GAY.

JOHN GAY, the descendant of an ancient, though poor, family in Devonshire, was born at or near Barnstaple, in 1688. His schoolmaster composed a volume of Latin and English verses; and was not likely, therefore, to check any poetical fire, which he might find in his pupil. But perhaps Gay had not yet dreamed of poetry; and, at any rate, he was apprenticed to a silk-mercer, in London, before he put himself in the service of the Muses. Nothing is known of his disposition for the business, or of his dexterity behind the counter: but the story is, that he soon grew tired, and obtained a discharge; and if, as it seems to be intimated,* the Dutchess of Monmouth had offered to make him her secretary, he might have had good reasons for getting weary of his trade.

In 1711, he published the *Rural Sports*: and by inscribing the volume to Pope, who had not yet

* Johnson's Life. Mr. Coxe, who appears to have been more careful, says, his appointment from the Dutchess was not till 1712, the year after the publication of his *Rural Sports*. Fables, by Gay, illustrated with Notes and a Life of the Author. By William Coxe, Rector of Bemberton, London, 1796. p. 7. The reader will understand the nature of Mr. Coxe's illustrations, when we tell him that these Notes consist almost entirely of such information as this, that 'Ulysses was king of Ithaca, and at the siege of Troy;' that 'Marcus Tullius Cicero was a celebrated orator, statesman, and philosopher;' that 'Alexander was the son of Philip, king of Macedon;' that 'Hymen is the God of Marriage;' that 'Bravoes are men who murder for hire;' that 'prolific' signifies 'fruitful;' that 'thymy bank' means 'a bank sowed with thyme;' &c. &c.

become so famous as to think light of such an offering, he secured for life a kind and constant friend. But, like most friendships, perhaps, their intimacy was founded as much in interest as affection. Steele, in the *Guardian*, had given great praise to Ambrose Phillips; who, as a pastoral writer, was, in his opinion, next to Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser. Pope himself had written pastorals; and, little satisfied to see his name omitted in the enumeration, he not only drew a comparison between his own poetry and that of Phillips, in which he took the preference, under the appearance of yielding it; but is suspected of having procured Gay to write the *Shepherd's Week*, in 1713, in order to show, that, if nature must be copied with minute fidelity, the piping and wooing of pastoral life can never be separated from its rudeness and ignorance. The public confirmed this opinion: and perhaps it was the success of this early manœuvre, that gave Pope his subsequent predilection for tricks.

In 1712, Gay wrote *Trivia*, or the Art of Walking in the Streets of London; and, the year after, he is supposed to have published the *Fan*, in three Books. Pope writes to him thus, Aug. 13, 1713: 'I am very much recreated and refreshed with the news of this advancement of the *Fan*, which I doubt not will delight the eye and sense of the fair so long as that agreeable machine shall play in the hands of posterity. I am glad your fan is mounted so soon, but I would have you varnish and glaze it at your leisure, and polish the sticks as much as you can. You may then cause it to be borne in the hands of both sexes, no less in England than in China, where it is ordinary for a Mandarin to fan himself cool after a debate, and a statesman to hide his face with it while he tells a grave lie.'

At length Gay quarrelled with the dutchess; and, though he seems to boast of having quit her service, it seems, that she turned him away. He says him-

self, in a letter to Swift, 'I am quite off with the Dutchess of Monmouth'; but Arbuthnot writes to the same person 'that the dutchess had turned him off, which, I am afraid, will make the poor man's condition worse than ever.' Turned loose again upon the world, he was at last taken up by the ministers; and made secretary to the Earl of Clarendon, embassador to Holland. He had not even money sufficient to get a suit of clothes; and Arbuthnot writes to Swift, 'you know that Gay goes to Hanover, and my lord treasurer has promised to equip him. Monday is the day of his departure; and he is now dancing attendance for money to buy him shoes, stockings, and linen.' He addressed an *Epigrammatical Petition* to the treasurer; and had the simplicity to think, that it would be the means of procuring his out-fit. At length, however, he got one hundred pounds; and went away, we are told, a happy man. He was noticed by the electoral princess; who asked him for a copy of his verses; and 'is not he a true poet,' says Arbuthnot, 'who had not one of his books to give the princess, when she asked for one?'

But the hopes of support from this quarter were soon blasted, by the death of the queen. A new order of things arose; and Gay had shut himself out of the house of Hanover, by dedicating the *Shepherd's Week* to Lord Bolingbroke. Yet he did not altogether despair of favour; and a poem written to the Princess of Wales, on her arrival, induced both the prince and princess to go and see the author's mock-tragedy of *What-d'ye-call-it*. It was noticed in a different manner, and for a different purpose, by one Griffin, a player; who, along with Theobald, composed a *Key* to the performance; and, according to Gay's own account, strove to make himself 'a blockhead, and Mr. Pope a knave.'

The piece, being a novelty, was very popular; and Gay writes to Pope, Mar. 19, 1715, that 'it has

occasioned many different speculations in the town, some looking upon it as a mere jest upon the tragic poets, others as a satire upon the late war. Mr. Cromwell (who was deaf) hearing none of the words, and seeing the action to be tragical, was much astonished to see the audience laugh, and says the prince and princess must doubtless be under no small amazement on the same account.' He had notice that Griffin and Theobald intended to attack it; and says, 'to encourage them in this laudable design, it is resolved a preface shall be prefixed to the farce, in vindication of the nature and dignity of this new way of writing.'

About the same time he produced a comedy, called the *Wife of Bath;* which hardly survived the representation. He tried his fortune once more, in 1717, with *Three Hours After Marriage;* a comedy, which, though written with the aid of both Pope and Arbuthnot, was yet so grossly personal, in introducing a mummy and a crocodile, to ridicule Dr. Woodward, the fossalist, that the audience drove it from the stage. The author was little pleased to find, that his *What-d'ye-call-it* had not made his fortune; and, when a performance of so much greater hopes was condemned, he gave himself over to profound melancholy. His friends endeavoured to raise his dejected spirits, by changes of place and society. The Earl of Burlington despatched him, one year, to Burlington: he went, the next, with Mr. Pultney to Aix; and, the year after, Lord Harcourt took him to his seat.* Perhaps all this, however, had not so much effect as the success of his poems,

* Mr. Coxe kindly attributes these journies to a 'fondness of rambling;' and quotes a letter from Swift, in which, as he thinks, the Dean 'rallies Gay for this propensity.' 'If your ramble was on horse back,' says Swift, 'I am glad of it; but I know your arts of patching up a journey between stage coaches and friends' coaches; for you are as errant a cockney as any hosier in Cheapside. One clean shirt, with two cravats, and as many handkerchiefs, make up your equipage; and, as for your night gown, it is clear from Homer, that Agamemnon rose without one.'

published together in 1720. They produced him a thousand pounds; and, being not a little delighted with his fortune, he summoned a consultation of his friends, to see how it was best to dispose of so immense a sum. Lewis, the steward of Lord Oxford, thought he would do well to give it to the funds, and live upon the interest: Arbuthnot said, he had better give it to Providence, and live upon the principal; while Pope, who was joined by Swift, advised him to purchase an annuity. It was not the first nor the last counsel of friends, that has left a man in greater perplexity than he was before.

In his next wind fall of good fortune, Gay seems not only to have abstained from consulting his friends,—but to have refused to take their advice, when gratuitously offered. Young Craggs had made him a present of twenty thousand pounds in the South Sea Fund; and no admonition, counsel, or remonstrance, could wake him from a dream of wealth and splendour. Some advised him to sell his whole share; and, when he turned a deaf ear to such a proposition, they told him to sell, at least, enough to purchase a hundred a year, and make sure of 'a clean shirt, and a shoulder of mutton a day.' He would have as many clean shirts, and shoulders of mutton, as he liked. Not a pound should be sold; and he was already rioting in his anticipation of riches, when the demon of speculation shook his wand, and the vision passed away for ever. Gay's life was now in danger; and it required all the care of his friends, among whom Pope was chief, to reinstate him in health.

But he was an unlucky mortal. He had written the tragedy of the *Captives*; and was invited to read it before the Princess of Wales. At the hour appointed, he entered the room; and, seeing the princess and her ladies sitting around in expectation, he was so absorbed in reverence, that he paid no attention to himself, and, hitting his foot against

a stool, fell forwards, and overset a large japan screen. Notwithstanding this catastrophe, he read his play; and it was afterwards acted seven nights with considerable applause. According to Dr. Johnson, he now thought himself in favour, and undertook to write Fables for the improvement of the young Duke of Cumberland. Mr. Coxe says, he undertook the office 'at the desire of the Princess of Wales,' the mother of the young duke. Gay had become very intimate with the Earl of Burlington; and now lodged at Burlington House. 'I have received,' says he to Pope, 'many civilities from many great men, but few real benefits. They wonder at each other for not providing for me, and I wonder at them all. Experience has also given me some knowledge of them; so that I can say, that it is not in their power to disappoint me.'

His conduct soon showed how little he was entitled to defy the power of ministers. He still looked up to the court for preferment; is again disappointed; and then repeats the old story, that he has now 'some knowledge of courtiers,' and is in a 'blessed condition,' since 'he can be no more disappointed.' Pope told him, that the Earl of Burlington was only a 'fair weather friend;' and in one of his letters, he seems to think, that one was as much so as the other. Pope says he, 'left me to try to find lord Burlington, within whose walls I have not been admitted this year and a half.' In 1723, he was made Commissioner of the Lottery, with a hundred and fifty a year; but, as if Fortune delighted to raise him with one hand, and cast him down with the other, he was suspected of writing a pamphlet against government, and was turned out of office, in 1726.

At the accession of George the second, the queen, alluding to Gay's fable of the Hare and Many Friends, told Mrs. Howard, she intended to take

up the Hare; and wished, when her family came to be settled, she might be reminded to find some employment for Gay. The family was at last settled; and Gay, who had been contented to receive one office of a hundred and fifty a year, took not a little umbrage at seeing himself appointed gentleman usher to the Princess Louisa, with a salary of two hundred. His affections had been set on a much higher place; and he sent a message to the king, saying, that he was too old for the office. The truth is, it was no office at all. Louisa was but two years old; and the queen, with the best intentions in the world, had made Gay her gentleman usher, in order to pay him a salary, and burthen him with no labour. But Gay had shares in another South Sea dream; and nothing short of one of the first places in the government would have sufficed. Pope now congratulates him on his escape from court; and, not reflecting, that he was in no mood to sympathize with his views, thinks it will be consoling to tell him, 'I dare say I shall find you the better and the honester man for it, many years hence; very probably the *healthfuller*, and the *cheerfuller* into the bargain.' To one who had seen the expectations of twelve years terminate in disappointment, it must have been edifying to learn from his most intimate friend, that he might still hope to become, in the course of time, an honest and good man.

Again was poor Gay, as his friends invariably call him, plunged into the deepest melancholy. The disappointment preyed upon his health; and he says, he was taken to the Dutchess of Queensbury's, when it was thought he could not live a day. But the success of the *Beggars' Opera* seems to have revived his spirits, and restored his health. The Italian Opera had now flourished in England about ten years: Gay undertook to root

it out for ever; and he succeeded so far at last as to stop its progress for one season. The *Beggars' Opera* was first taken to Cibber; who, almost of course, thought it a contemptible performance. Rich, the manager of the theatre, was of a different opinion; and it was said by the punsters, that the play made Gay *rich*, and Rich *gay*. It was acted sixty times, in London, the first season; and renewed with equal applause, the next. At Bath and Bristol it was played fifty nights: thirty and forty, in the other English towns; and twenty, in Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. Fans and screens were soon ornamented with the songs; and the person who took *Polly*, till then unknown, became suddenly so great a favourite, that her portrait was taken and sold in great numbers; her life written; books published of letters and verses to her; and pamphlets circulated with her sayings and jests.

Elated with such unexampled success, Gay thought to set the town once more in a giggle; and wrote a second part of the *Beggars' Opera;* which, that it might not want attractions even in the title page, he called *Polly*. But the subject was already exhausted, or Gay imagined, he could now write a drama without effort. *Polly* had no admirers; and would probably have depressed the author's spirits as much as the *Opera* raised them, had it not been rendered famous by what the French call an 'official criticism.' Some political gibes were detected in the first part; and, when the second was submitted to the lord chamberlain, he interdicted its performance. Had he ordered it to be placarded on the corners of the streets, he could not have done a worse thing for what he thought his own interests, or a better thing for the interests of Gay; who was now considered as a persecuted man,—as a martyr to the freedom of speech. The opposition zealously espoused his cause. The

nation at large were no friends to this species of animadversion; and every one became anxious to see a performance, which was a counterpart to so popular a play, and which had given the lord chamberlain so much alarm. It was, at last, printed; and the town must have been not a little disappointed to find, that his lordship had taken fright at one of the dullest and most inoffensive compositions that could well be imagined. The *Opera* had been a very profitable piece; but it is said to have produced not one third as much as *Polly*.

Gay now became a terror to the ministry; and for a time, indeed, there was little done at court, in which his name and character were not taken into consideration. When we read one of his own letters on the subject, we thought it a phantasy; and were amused with the happy idea, that the Duke of Queensbury had resigned his office, to promote Gay's interests, and that the dutchess was forbidden the court, for defending his play. But a letter from Arbuthnot not only confirms this statement, but gives a still more singular account of the importance, which the author of *Polly* so suddenly acquired. 'I may say, without vanity,' writes the doctor, 'Gay's life under God, is due to the unwearied endeavours and care of your humble servant; for a physician who had not been passionately his friend, could not have saved him. I had, besides my personal concern for him, other motives for my care. He has now become a public person, a little Sacheverell, and I took the same pleasure in saving him, as Radcliffe did in preserving my lord chief justice Holt's wife, whom he attended out of spite to her husband, who wished her dead.

'The inoffensive John Gay,' he continues, 'is now become one of the chief obstructions to the peace of Europe, the terror of the ministry, the chief author of the *Craftsman*, (Bolingbroke's paper,) and all the seditious pamphlets, which have

been published against government. He has got several turned out of their places; the greatest ornament of the court (the Dutchess of Queensbury) banished from it for his sake; another great lady (Mrs. Howard, Countess of Suffolk) in danger of being changed likewise; about seven or eight dutchesses pushing forward, like the ancient circumcisions in the church, who shall suffer martyrdom on his account first. He is the darling of the city; if he should travel about the country, he would have hecatombs of roasted oxen sacrificed to him: since he became so conspicuous, Will Pultney hangs his head, to see himself outdone in the career of glory. I hope he will get a good deal of money by printing his play; but I really believe he would get more money by showing his person: and I can assure you this is the very identical John Gay whom you formerly knew, and lodged with in White Hall, two years ago.'

Even the dreams of Gay had never equalled this. He was now worth three thousand five hundred pounds; and, transported with the acquisition, he fills his letters with all sorts of prattle and nonsense. 'The fortune of the person you interest yourself in,' he writes to Swift, 'amounts to at present (all debts paid) above three thousand four hundred pounds; so that, whatever other people may think, I look upon him, as to fortune, to be happy, that is to say, an independent creature. I am now got to my residence at Amesbury, getting health, and saving money.' Again, 'I am grown so saving of late, that I very often reproach myself for being covetous; and I am very often afraid that I shall have the trouble of having money, and never have the pleasure of using it.' He says, he has 'grown so much a man of business, that is to say, so covetous, that he cannot bear to let a sum of money lie idle.' In another letter, he tells Swift, 'you used to blame me for over solicitude about myself. I am

now grown so rich, that I don't think myself worth thinking on.' He had lackied the court twelve years; and, taking his present experience for original knowledge, he says, 'you have often twitted me in the act of hankering after the court. In that you mistook me; for I know by experience, that there is no dependence that can be sure, but a dependence on one's self.'

His other letters have the same burthen. His talk is still of his independence and covetousness. Thus, 'I spend no shillings in coaches and chairs, to levees or great visits.' 'All misers have their excuses.' 'I have nothing at this present writing, but my frock that was made at Salisbury, and a bob-perriwig. I persuade myself that it is shilling weather as seldom as possible; and have found out, that there are few court visits worth a shilling.' One fancies, he can see the new made Shylock, in his Salisbury frock and bob-perriwig, numbering his heaps, and calculating 'his monies and his usances.' It unluckily happens, however, that the Dutchess of Queensbury kept all his money; and only doled it out to the covetous owner, as she thought occasion required. 'She is,' says he, 'a downright niggard for me;' and, after lamenting over the dilapidated state of his shoes, which she compelled him to mend, when they were not worth mending, he implores Swift to intercede in his behalf, and see if he could not have now and then a new pair. 'The dutchess,' says he, 'is a more severe check upon my finances than even you were; and I submit as I did to you, to comply to my own good. I was a long time before I could prevail upon her to let me allow myself a pair of shoes with two heels; for I had lost one, and the shoes were so decayed, that they were not worth mending. I hope you will be so good to me, as to use your interest with her, (for whatever she says, you seem to have some,) to indulge me with the extravagance

suitable to my present fortune.' Here, then, is our miser; and this, we are afraid, is too appropriately his meaning, when he says, he can never 'bear to see a sum of money lie idle.'

The letters, which contain this rhapsody, were written during the years 1729, 1730, and 1731. Having now grown rich, Gay was, one moment, longing to indulge himself in the extravagance, which became his fortune; and in trouble, the next, to know what he should do with his money. His friends said, they wanted to see him in a comfortable establishment of his own; nor did they omit a covert suggestion, that a partner would, on various occasions, be found useful and pleasant. To the first proposition, he was willing to comply; but, as to the last, he writes, 'I shall endeavour to pass away life, the way I am.' He talks of having given over building castles, and taken to that of vellakins; but it turned out, that the one were quite as much in the air as the other.

He had always been subject to the colic; and, now that he was advanced in age, and vacant of business, it began to give him more pain, than when his frame was vigorous, and his attention absorbed in other pursuits. He thought, at last, that exercise might help him; and, in 1732, he took a journey on horseback into Somersetshire. He returned early in October; and, how were his hopes withered, to find, that, instead of driving away his pains, he had rendered them not only more frequent, but more severe. His fate was inevitable. Time, while it debilitated the patient, only invigorated the disorder; and, hard as it seemed, Gay was, at last, obliged to think upon his dissolution. 'I find myself in such a strange confusion and dejection of spirits,' he writes to Pope, 'that I have not strength enough to make my will, though I perceive, by many warnings, I have no continuing city here. I begin to look upon myself as one already

dead, and desire my dear Mr. Pope, whom I love as my own soul, if you survive me, as you certainly will, if a stone should mark the place of my grave, see these words put upon it:—

> 'Life is a jest, and all things show it.
> I thought so once; and now I know it.'

Still he had some thoughts upon the world; and, even in this uncertain state of health, he visited London to prepare the opera of *Achilles*. On the 5th of December he was seized with an inflammatory fever; which struck into his bowels, and hurried him out of the world in less than three days. He expired at one o'clock, on the 8th. Pope says, he retained his senses, till within five hours of his death, and continued to ask about his friends, as long as memory remained.

Thus ended a life, in which the elements were so mixed, as to render it an incessant war between thought and action, purpose and performance:—a life of speculative magnificence, and real poverty,—of theoretical independence, and practical servility. Every body who knew Gay, became his friend; but it was a friendship founded rather in fondness than esteem. He made his way more by the sweetness of his disposition than the force of his abilities. He was a giddy, disinterested, sincere, virtuous, entertaining, easy, and humble friend; always ready to postpone his own comfort to the pleasure of others; full of talk and anecdote; manly in his sentiments, and simple in his manners. Beyond the court, he had no enemies; and, as a man, he had no enemies even at court. He was equally the delight of all the wits. He had abilities sufficient to make them merry,—but not enough to make them envious. He was, in short, a man, who should have had a fortune to spend, instead of a fortune to acquire. It was chiefly the straightness of his circumstances which produced the in-

consistencies of his life; which made his conduct so frequently belie his professions; which made him so often do one thing, and say another. He tells us, how he hates courtiers; and was twelve years a hanger-on of the court. He fancies himself to be covetous; when every body knows, he is a spendthrift. He talks of his independence; and has not a house to cover his head. He had the most romantic idea of liberty and self-government; yet lives, to the day of his death, under the roofs and the controul of others. He writes a poem, in three books, to celebrate the benefits of walking; and is constantly accused, by his friends, of spending all his money in coach-hire.*

His intimacy with Pope commenced, and continued, in a singular manner. In a letter to Swift, of Dec. 18, 1713, Pope talks of 'one Mr. Gay, an unhappy youth, who writes pastorals during the time of divine service; whose case is the more deplorable, as he hath miserably lavished away all that silver he should have reserved for his soul's health in buttons and loops for his coat.' Pope himself had written pastorals; and wo be unto the buttons and loops of that man's coat, who should be in danger of becoming like or second to him. Mr. Gay, in the mean time, was far from thinking his case so deplorable; and least of all did he

* Let others in the jolting coach confide,
Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide,
Or box'd within the chair, contemn the street,
And trust their safety to another's feet,
Still let me walk.

Trivia, B. II. V. 511.

The reader will see, from a letter of Swift to the Dutchess of Queensbury, what a brave pedestrian our poet was. 'Tom need not,' says he, 'be in pain about Mr. Gay's stock of health, I promise you he will spend it all upon laziness, and run deep in debt by a winter's repose in town; therefore I entreat your grace will order him to move his chops less, and his legs more, the six cold months, else he will spend all his money in physic and coach-hire.' Oct. 3, 1721.

dream of having already stirred the envy of his rising contemporary. He innocently dedicated his *Rural Sports* to Pope; who took it for a sign of submission; and thinking, he might make good use of his conquest, became a zealous friend of the 'unhappy youth.' His pity was no longer the cloak of envy; and 'poor Gay' was ever afterwards treated as a pupil and a play-fellow. His letters always contain some counsel or direction; and the following extract, though much less dictatorial than others, is sufficient to show, that Gay was too much in the habit of being advised. 'Fenton,' says he, 'died at Easthamstead, of indolence and inactivity; let it not be your fate, but use exercise. I hope the dutchess will take care of you in this respect, and either make you gallop after her, or tease you enough at home to serve for exercise abroad.' But the most amusing letter is that, in which Pope, whose life was a series of industrious plans and manœuvres, takes himself and Gay to be the 'two most idle, most innocent, and undesigning poets of the age.'

As a poet, Dr. Johnson, who often chooses to deal a deadly blow by the hand of a lady, says, 'he once heard a female critic remark, that he was of a lower order.' Mr. Coxe will have him say of '*the* lower order;' and then, like most editors, who think themselves bound to contradict Johnson, proceeds to show, what Johnson never disputed, that, though Gay is not in the 'highest ranks,' neither is he in the lowest.* At this distance of time, one is perfectly safe in delivering such an opinion; for the world has already pronounced the same judgment. He could not expect justice at the hand of Dr. Johnson; who was incapable of sympathizing with the spirit, which dictated most of his poetry; —a spirit, which regarded life rather as a comedy

* Life, p. 66.

than a tragedy; and which delighted in coming after the writers of romances and epics, to show mankind the ludicrous contrast between the realities of the world and the representations of poetry. Pope and Swift were Gay's most intimate friends; and he seems to have borrowed his verse from the one, and his wit from the other. His *Trivia* was attributed to Dr. Swift; and Pope tells us, that, 'because he had humour, he was supposed to have dealt with the Dean, in like manner as when one had learning formerly, he was supposed to have dealt with the devil.' Dr. Johnson could not comprehend this kind of humour; and he has left us his opinion of the style, in the following bald and spiritless imitation:

'Hermit, hoar, in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening grey;
Strike thy bosom, sage, and tell
What is bliss, and which the way?'—

Thus I spoke, and speaking, sigh'd,
Scarce repress'd the starting tear;
When the hoary sage replied,—
'Come, my lad, and drink some beer.'

Gay did not begin a laughing philosopher; and it is likely, that Pope, anxious to have him write no more such pastorals as the *Rural Sports*, directed his pliant thoughts to a less refined and more trifling species of composition. The *Rural Sports* exhibit a mind thoroughly embued with classical literature; and apt in appropriating ancient forms of expression to modern modes of existence. Gay was a man of keen observation; and his descriptions generally touch those circumstances, which are best calculated to put us in possession of the subject. The language is pure; and the numbers harmonious. Mr. Coxe is happy to take advantage of a passage, in the first canto, to prove, that, whatever may be the tenor of Gay's subsequent writings,

he was once capable of humane feelings. It is the passage, in which the poet says, no tortured worm or bleeding insect shall writhe upon his hook; as he is more sure of catching his prey by means of the artificial fly.* For our own parts, we do not understand that humanity, which revolts at the idea of impaling a worm; and yet delights to tell of the trout and salmon, that may be deluded and taken with a feathered hook. It is, indeed, the great fault of this canto, that it dwells with barbarous pleasure upon the agonies and convulsions of an expiring fish; and the lines, which Mr. Coxe has selected as an example of 'humane feeling,' are immediately preceded by a description, which concludes as follows:—

——Till tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
The game athwart the stream unfold his length.
He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood shot eyes;
Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,
And lifts his nostrils in the sickening air:
Upon the burden'd stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quivering fins, and gasping dies.

'The *Fan*,' says Dr. Johnson, 'is one of those mythological fictions which antiquity delivers ready to the hand, but which, like other things that lie open to every one's use, are of little value. The attention naturally retires from a new tale of Venus, Diana, and Minerva.' There can be no better abstract saying than this; but, had not Dr. Johnson mentioned the name, one would hardly have sus-

* Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,
No blood of living insect stain my line:
Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook,
With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook:
Silent along the mazy margin stray,
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.'

End of Canto i.

pected, he was talking of any poem by Gay; and we are afraid, indeed, that a schoolmaster's horror of these three eternal goddesses, made him 'retire,' at the first line, from a production which he thus contemptuously dismisses. Venus, Diana, and Minerva have no thanks for Mr. Gay; and, were they often treated as they are in the *Fan*, we should have few more new tales about them. How any one should help seeing, that the whole poem is a refined burlesque upon the ancient mythology, we are at a loss to imagine. Seldom have the gods and goddesses been employed in smaller business; and, had Dr. Johnson read beyond the beginning of the poem, we should hardly think, that, even with his insensibility to this species of writing, he would have taken it all in earnest, when he beholds Cupid set to work in forging tweezer-cases, snuff-boxes, pins, paint, patches, and powder-boxes,—or Venus gadding about heaven and earth, as much delighted with her new-made fan, as any miss at the boarding-school.

'To *Trivia*,' says the same critic, 'may be allowed all that it claims; it is sprightly, various, and pleasant. The subject is of that kind which Gay was by nature calculated to adorn; yet some of his decorations may be justly wished away. An honest blacksmith might have done for Patty what is performed by Vulcan. The appearance of Cloacina is nauseous and superfluous; a shoe-boy could have been produced by the casual cohabitation of mere mortals. Horace's rule is broken in both cases; there is no *dignus vindice nodus*, no difficulty that required any supernatural interposition. A patten may be made by the hammer of a mortal; and a bastard may be dropped by a human strumpet. On great occasions, and on small, the mind is repelled by useless and apparent falsehood.' Dr. Johnson is still unable to comprehend Gay's meaning; to see, that the drift of all his mythological allusions, is, to

bring the heathen deities into contempt, by engaging them in all sorts of ignoble trades. We know not how justice is to be done to a writer, when he is criticised by recollection; and when the critic is utterly incompetent to enter into his modes of thinking.

The 'patten,' on this occasion, *is* made by the 'hammer of a mortal;' an 'honest blacksmith,' called Vulcan, indeed, by way of derision,—but keeping his shop, the poet tells us, in one of the 'lone alleys of the city.' The 'bastard' *is* dropped 'by a human strumpet;' a 'cinder-wench,' who, we are expressly told, is now the potent goddess of common-sewers. What is now more common, than to call a blacksmith, Vulcan? And, as to the 'nauseous and superfluous' introduction of the other deity, one might ask, whether it would have been better to describe plainly what is thus told in disguise,—and whether a similar passage, beginning at line 297, of the second Book, is not miserably in want of some such fiction, to cover its nakedness? It was Gray's object to ridicule all ancient superstitions. Why did Dr. Johnson spare the 'useless and apparent falsehood' of invoking a muse?* Or why did he permit to go unscathed such allusions, as the following, to the ancient systems of pneumatology?

> Here laden carts with thundering waggons meet,
> Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow street;

* Through winter strive to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing: thou, Trivia! goddess, aid my song,
Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along;
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,
The silent court, and open square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.

The lashing whip resounds, the horses strain;
And blood in anguish bursts the swelling vein.
O barbarous Men! your cruel breasts assuage;
Why vent ye on the generous steed your rage?
Does not his service earn your daily bread?
Your wives, your children, by his labours fed!
If, as the Samian taught, the soul revives,
And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives,
Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change,
Doom'd in a hackney-horse the town to range;
Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load shall draw,
Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.

B. II.

We should sicken, as soon as Dr. Johnson, at a new tale, delivered in sober earnest, of Cupid, Venus, and Diana; and we may add, that no modern author has ever attempted such tales, without making himself ridiculous, or the ancient deities contemptible. Homer, and his Heroes, and his Gods, seem to have been formed for each other; and few other hands have been found competent to manage the monstrous machinery, of which he was the inventor. After Virgil, Fenelon is allowed to have been the most successful; but even Fenelon has not always saved the dignity of his gods and goddesses; and one is particularly tempted to smile, when those deities, whom he is only accustomed to see hovering over the fates of Troy, are represented as engrossing their whole attention with the destinies of Calypso's Grot, and assembling in profound silence, to witness a combat between Love and Jealousy. 'Les Dieux et les Diesses de l' Olympe, assemblés dans un profond silence, avoient les yeux attaché sur l' île de Calypso, pour voir que seroit victoreux, au de Minerva, au de l' Amour. L' Amour, en se jouant avec les nymphes, avoit mis tout en feu dans l' île. Minerve, sous le figure de Mentor, se servoit de la Jalousie, inseparable de l' Amour, contre l' Amour même. Jupiter avoit resolu d' etre le spectateur de ce com-

bat, et de demurer neutre.'* It was very magnanimous in Jupiter to declare his neutrality; and perhaps this is the first combat, either of love or of hostility, in which he did not contrive to bear a hand.

We are told by Gay's biographers, and it would appear, indeed, from the first Canto of the *Rural Sports*, that Virgil was his favourite author. His first production was a serious imitation of the Roman poet; but the natural levity of his disposition, and the advice of his friend, Pope, seems to have determined him to shift from imitation to parody. The *Fan* and *Trivia* were burlesques, in a style of refinement, almost classical; and, though the *Shepherd's Week* is by no means a broad caricature, it is much more like a travistie than either of the others. The first poem, for instance, is *Monday, or the Squabble.* Lobin Claut meets Cuddy before day-break; and wonders why Cuddy has risen so early. Cuddy thinks, that a man in the same predicament might keep his curiosity to himself; yet he sighs; and both presently discover, that Buxoma and Blouzalinda have robbed them of their sleep.† Lobin Claut starts at the name of Blouzalinda; and, beginning to open upon her matchless charms, Cuddy takes him up, and proclaims the superior beauty of his own Buxoma. Lobin offers to bet his tobacco-pouch against Cuddy's oaken staff, that he can say the most pretty things about his mistress: Cuddy says, done; and they agree to leave the decision to neighbour Clodpole. They proceed to the combat, like two Greenlanders; and, each rising above the other in the discoveries he has made, their umpire cuts the matter short,—tells them, they

* Télémaq. Liv. vii.

† Cud. And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree,
Thee Blouzalinda smites, Buxoma me.

both deserve the oaken staff, and sends them about their business.

> Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your strains;
> An oaken staff each merits for his pains.
> But see the sun beams bright to labour warn,
> And gild the thatch of Goodman Hodge's barn.
> Your herds, for want of water, stand a dry,
> They're weary of your songs—and so am I.

It is ridiculous, indeed, for an Englishman to think of writing such pastorals as those of Virgil. They are, at best, the mere dreams of fancy; but they are worse than the dreams of sick men, when written in modern times, and in such a country as England. Perhaps Italy is the only portion of Europe, in which they do not appear to be downright irony. 'La beauté du climat,' says Sismondi, 'les charmes de la contemplation, et de l'indolence dans ses heureuses contrées, paraissent y préparer rêveries pastorales; les mœurs mêmes des paysans Italiens s'en rapprochent plus que celles d' aucun peuple. Il n'y aurait point eu besoin, pour les poetes, de recourer à l'Arcadie; les collines de Sorento, les rives du Sebète, ou quelque vallée paisible et reculée du royaume de Naples auraient pu tout aussi bien être la scène où il aurait place ses bergers idéalises, sans les détacher des mœurs et des usages de son temps.'* England is nearly the reverse of all this; and Pope displayed his judgment, as well as his policy, if it were he, who set Gay upon writing parodies of Virgil's Eclogues.

But poetry of this description, though it may give the author present fame, is not calculated to ensure him permanent celebrity; and we suspect Gay is little known, in our day, except as the author of those *Fables*, which have amused and instructed so many rising generations. Perhaps the celebrity

* Lit. de Med. Vol. ii. p. 171.

even of these must be attributed rather to early impressions than to our maturer judgments. By concealing the hand of the teacher, and uniting amusement with instruction, such tales are peculiarly fitted for the minds of youth. Our school-books are filled with fables from Gay; and perhaps we finish reading them at school. They are written, it is true, with sufficient vivacity. The language is, in general, appropriate; and the numbers easy: But, when the business of life begins to call for our time, few can afford, as when young, to go over several pages for a moral, which, at least, one is not sure of finding, and which, at any rate, might be told in one tenth of the space.

'Of this kind of fables,' says Dr. Johnson, 'the authors do not appear to have formed any distinct or settled notion. Phaedrus evidently confounds them with tales; and Gay both with tales and allegorical prosopopeias. A fable, or apologue, such as is now under consideration, seems to be, in its genuine state, a narrative in which beings irrational, and sometimes inanimate, are, for the purpose of moral instruction, feigned to act and speak with human interests and passions. To this description, the compositions of Gay do not always conform. For a fable, he gives now and then a tale, or an abstracted allegory; and from some, by whatever name they may be called, it will be difficult to extract any moral principle.' It is easy to institute an arbitrary definition; and then find fault with a writer, for not adhering to it. Why Dr. Johnson should restrict the term fable to the feigned acts and speeches of irrational or inanimate beings, or whence he derived authority for saying, that such is its definition in the genuine state, we have not been able to discover.

The inventor of this species of composition was Lockman al Hakim, a Persian sage, whose name became such a by-word of wisdom, that to designate

a person of virtue and learning, his countrymen used to say of him, 'there is no need of teaching Lockman.' Æsop took most of his fables from the Persian collection; and, like Americus, usurped the honour which was justly due to another. If, then, we are to frame our definition according to the specimens of the original inventor, we would ask any reader of Lockman, or of Æsop, whether he has always found their fables confined to actions and sayings of inanimate or irrational beings? Or, whether there are not, on the contrary, examples of all sorts;—dialogues between man and man, between man and beast, and between beast and beast; adventures, in which both actors sometimes remain mute, and sometimes only one has any thing to say?

We transcribe, as an instance, one of Lockman's fables, which, we believe, is not to be found in Æsop: 'A little boy went one day into a river; and, not having learned to swim, had like to have been drowned. Seeing a man at a distance, he called out to him for help. The man, as soon as he saw the lad's distress, began to expostulate with him on the folly of going into a river before he had learned to swim. The boy, instead of answering him, cried out, save me, save me, and then chide as much as you will.' Lockman thought, it seems, that men sometimes stand in need of a moral, as well as boys.

We afterwards find Cyrus making use of a fable, which, we suppose, he either took directly from Lockman, or composed himself, after the examples of his countrymen. The Ionians had rejected all his proposals for a treaty, until Crœsus was subdued; and then dispatched embassadors to accept the terms, which they had so frequently treated with contempt. Cyrus sent them this answer: 'A piper seeing numerous shoals of fish in the sea, and, imagining he might entice them to shore by music began to strike up a tune on his instrument; but

finding his hopes disappointed, he threw a net into the water, and drew a great many of them to land. When he saw the fish leaping on the ground, he said, 'since you would not dance to my pipe before, you may now forbear dancing at all.' We believe Dr. Johnson would have been perplexed to classify this story. It is not, according to his definitions, either a fable, or a tale, or an allegorical prosopopoeia. To be a fable, there should have been none but irrational or inanimate beings: to be a tale, they should all have been rational and natural; and to be an allegory, they should, though rational, have been altogether creatures of the imagination.

FABLES.

IN TWO PARTS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE

SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

Remote from cities liv'd a Swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage;
In Summer's heat and winter's cold
He fed his flock and penn'd the fold:
His hours in cheerful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew:
His wisdom and his honest fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.
A deep Philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)
The shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought:
"Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd,
And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown,
By various fates, on realms unknown,

Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
Their customs, laws, and manners, weigh'd?"
The Shepherd modestly replied,—
"I ne'er the paths of learning tried;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes.
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from simple Nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.
"The daily labours of the bee
Awake my soul to industry:
Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the trustiest of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind;
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray:
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove:
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wing, protects her care,
And every fowl that flys at large,
Instructs me in a parent's charge.
"From Nature, too, I take my rule,
To shun contempt and ridicule,
I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear.
Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn owl despise?

My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much, must talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly:
Who listens to the chattering pye?
Nor would I, with felonious slight,
By stealth invade my neighbour's right.
Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate.
Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the toad and serpent kind?
But Envy, Calumny, and Spite,
Bear stronger venom in their bite.
Thus every object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation;
And from the most minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean."
" Thy fame is just, (the Sage replies)
Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
Pride often guides the author's pen;
Books as affected are as men:
But he who studies Nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And those, without our schools, suffice
To make men moral, good, and wise."

FABLES.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

WILLIAM, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

PART I.

THE

LION, TYGER, AND TRAVELLER.

Accept, young Prince! the moral lay,
And in these Tales mankind survey;
With early virtues plant your breast,
The specious arts of vice detest.
Princes, like beauties, from their youth
Are strangers to the voice of Truth.
Learn to contemn all praise betimes,
For flattery's the nurse of crimes:
Friendship by sweet reproof is shown;
(A virtue never near a throne)
In courts such freedom must offend;
There none presumes to be a friend.
To those of your exalted station,
Each courtier is a dedication:
Must I, too, flatter like the rest,
And turn my morals to a jest?
The Muse disdains to steal from those
Who thrive in courts by fulsome prose.

But shall I hide your real praise,
Or tell you what a nation says?—
They in your infant bosom trace
The virtues of your royal race;
In the fair dawning of your mind
Discern you generous, mild and kind:
They see you grieve to hear distress,
And pant already to redress.
Go on; the height of good attain,
Nor let a nation hope in vain:
For hence we justily may presage
The virtues of a riper age.
True courage shall your bosom fire,
And future actions own your sire.
Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save.

A Tiger, roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a Traveller in the way;
The prostrate game a Lion spies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies:
With mingled roar resounds the wood,
Their teeth, their claws, distil with blood;
Till vanquish'd by the Lion's strength,
The spotted foe extends his length.
The man besought the shaggy lord,
And on his knees for life implor'd:
His life the generous hero gave.
Together walking to his cave,
The Lion thus bespoke his guest:

"What hardy beast shall dare contest
My matchless strength? you saw the fight,
And must attest my power and right.
Forc'd to forego their native home,
My starving slaves at distance roam.

Within these woods I reign alone;
The boundless forest is my own.
Bears, wolves, and all the savage brood,
Have dy'd the regal den with blood.
These carcasses on either hand,
Those bones that whiten all the land,
My former deeds and triumphs tell,
Beneath these jaws what numbers fell."
"True, (says the Man) the strength I saw
Might well the brutal nation awe;
But shall a monarch, brave, like you,
Place glory in so false a view;
Robbers invade their neighbours' right:
Be lov'd; let justice bound your might.
Mean are ambitious heroes' boasts
Of wasted lands, and slaughter'd hosts:
Pirates their power by murders gain;
Wise kings by love and mercy reign.
To me your clemency hath shown
The virtue worthy of a throne.
Heav'n gives you power above the rest,
Like Heav'n, to succour the distrest."
"The case is plain, (the monarch said)
False glory hath my youth misled;
For beasts of prey, a servile train,
Have been the flatterers of my reign.
You reason well: yet tell me, friend,
Did ever you in courts attend?
For all my fawning rogues agree,
That human heroes rule like me."

THE

SPANIEL AND THE CAMELEON.

A SPANIEL, bred with all the care
That waits upon a favourite heir,
Ne'er felt correction's rigid hand;
Indulg'd to disobey command,
In pamper'd ease his hours were spent:
He never knew what learning meant.
Such forward airs, so pert, so smart,
Were sure to win his lady's heart;
Each little mischief gain'd him praise;
How pretty were his fawning ways!
The wind was south, the morning fair,
He ventures forth to take the air;
He ranges all the meadow round,
And rolls upon the softest ground;
When near him a Cameleon seen,
Was scarce distinguish'd from the green.
"Dear emblem of the flattering host!
What, live with clowns! a genius lost!
To cities and the court repair:
A fortune cannot fail thee there:
Preferment shall thy talents crown;
Believe me, friend; I know the Town."
"Sir, (says the Sycophant) like you,
Of old, politer life I knew:
Like you a courtier born and bred,
Kings lean'd their ear to what I said:
My whisper always met success:
The ladies prais'd me for address:
I knew to hit each courtier's passion,
And flatter'd every vice in fashion:

But Jove, who hates the liar's ways,
At once cut short my prosperous days,
And, sentenc'd to retain my nature,
Transform'd me to this crawling creature.
Doom'd to a life obscure and mean,
I wander in the silvan scene:
For Jove the heart alone regards;
He punishes what man rewards.—
How different is thy case and mine?
With men at least you sup and dine:
While I, condemn'd to thinnest fare,
Like those I flatter'd, feed on air."

THE

MOTHER, THE NURSE, AND THE FAIRY.

"Give me a son!"—The blessing sent,
Were ever parents more content?
How partial are their doting eyes!
No child is half so fair and wise.
Wak'd to the morning's pleasing care,
The Mother rose, and sought her heir:
She saw the nurse like one possest,
With wringing hands and sobbing breast.
"Sure some disaster has befel:
Speak, Nurse; I hope the boy is well."
"Dear Madam, think not me to blame;
Invisible the Fairy came;
Your precious babe is hence convey'd,
And in the place a changling laid.
Where are the father's mouth and nose?
The mother's eyes, as black as sloes?

See, here, a shocking awkward creature,
That speaks a fool in every feature."
" The woman's blind, (the Mother cries)
I see wit sparkle in his eyes."
" Lord, Madam, what a squinting leer!
No doubt the fairy has been here."
Just as she spoke, a pigmy sprite
Pops through the keyhole swift as light;
Perch'd on the cradle's top she stands,
And thus her folly reprimands.
" Whence sprung the vain conceited lie,
That we the world with fools supply?
What! give our sprightly race away
For the dull helpless sons of Clay!—
Besides, by partial fondness shown,
Like you we doat upon our own.
Where yet was ever found a Mother,
Who'd give her booby for another?
And should we change with human breed,
Well might we pass for fools indeed."

THE

EAGLE AND ASSEMBLY OF ANIMALS.

As Jupiter's all seeing eye
Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky;
From this small speck of earth were sent
Murmurs and sounds of discontent:
For every thing alive complain'd
That he the hardest life sustain'd.
Jove calls his Eagle. At the word
Before him stands the royal bird.

The bird, obedient, from heaven's height,
Downward directs his rapid flight;
Then cited every living thing
To hear the mandates of his king.
'Ungrateful creatures! whence arise
These murmurs which offend the skies;
Why this disorder? say the cause:
For just are Jove's eternal laws.
Let each his discontent reveal;
To yon sour Dog I first appeal,'
'Hard is my lot, (the Hound replies)
On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies;
While I, with weary step and slow,
O'er plains, and vales, and mountains, go.
The morning sees my chase begun,
Nor ends it till the setting sun.'
'When (says the Greyhound) I pursue,
My game is lost, or caught in view;
Beyond my sight the prey's secure;
The Hound is slow, but always sure;
And had I his sagacious scent,
Jove ne'er had heard my discontent.'
The Lion crav'd the Fox's art;
The Fox the Lion's force and heart:
The Cock implor'd the Pigeon's flight,
Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light;
The Pigeon strength of wing despis'd,
And the Cock's matchless valour priz'd:
The Fishes wish'd to graze the plain,
The Beasts to skim beneath the main:
Thus, envious of another's state,
Each blam'd the partial hand of Fate.
The Bird of Heav'n then cried aloud,
'Jove bids disperse the murmuring crowd;

The god rejects your idle prayers.
Would ye, rebellious mutineers!
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envied creature?—
What, silent all, and none consent?
Be happy, then, and learn content;
Nor imitate the restless mind,
And proud ambition, of mankind.'

THE WILD BOAR AND THE RAM.

Against an elm a sheep was tied,
The butcher's knife in blood was died;
The patient flock, in silent fright,
From far beheld the horrid sight:
A savage Boar, who near them stood,
Thus mock'd to scorn the fleecy brood.
'All cowards should be serv'd like you.
See, see, your murderer is in view:
With purple hands, and reeking knife,
He strips the skin yet warm with life.
Your quarter'd sires, your bleeding dams,
The dying bleat of harmless lambs,
Call for revenge. O stupid race!
The heart that wants revenge is base.'
'I grant, (an ancient Ram replies)
We bear no terror in our eyes;
Yet think us not of soul so tame,
Which no repeated wrongs inflame;
Insensible of every ill,
Because we want thy tusks to kill.
Know, those who violence pursue,
Give to themselves the vengeance due;

For in these massacres they find
The two chief plagues that waste mankind.
Our skin supplies the wrangling bar,
It wakes their slumbering sons to war;
And well revenge may rest contented,
Since drums and parchment were invented.'

THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

The wind was high, the window shakes,
With sudden start the Miser wakes;
Along the silent room he stalks,
Looks back, and trembles as he walks.
Each lock and every bolt he tries,
In every creek and corner pries;
Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
But now with sudden qualms possest,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breast;
By conscience stung he wildly stares,
And thus his guilty soul declares:
'Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
But virtue's sold. Good gods! what price
Can recompense the pangs of vice!
O bane of good! seducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold sow'd the world with every ill;
Gold taught the murderer's sword to kill:

'Twas gold instrueted coward hearts
In treaehery's more pernicious arts.
Who ean reeount the misehiefs o'er?
Virtue resides on earth no more!'—
He spoke, and sigh'd.—In angry mood
Plutus, his god, before him stood.
The Miser, trembling, lock'd his ehest;
The Vision frown'd, and thus address'd:—
'Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
Each sordid raseal's daily eant?
Did I, base wreteh! eorrupt mankind?—
The fault's in thy rapaeious mind.
Because my blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, eurs'd, aeeus'd?
E'en Virtue's self by knaves is made
A eloak to carry on the trade;
And power (when lodg'd in their possession)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppression.
Thus, when the villain erams his ehest,
Gold is the eanker of the breast;
'Tis avarice, insolenee, and pride,
And every shoeking viee beside:
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It blesses, like the dews of Heaven;
Like Heaven, it hears the orphan's eries,
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.
Their crimes on gold shall Misers lay,
Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay?
Let bravos, then, when blood is spilt,
Upbraid the passive soul with guilt.

THE

LION, THE FOX, AND THE GEESE.

A LION, tir'd with state-affairs,
Quite sick of pomp, and worn with cares,
Resolv'd (remote from noise and strife)
In peace to pass his latter life.
It was proclaim'd; the day was set:—
Behold the general council met.
The Fox was viceroy nam'd. The crowd
To the new regent humbly bow'd.
Wolves, bears, and mighty tigers bend,
And strive who most shall condescend.
He straight assumes a solemn grace,
Collects his wisdom in his face:
The crowd admire his wit, his sense;
Each word hath weight and consequence.
The flatterer all his art displays:
He who hath power is sure of praise.
A Fox stept forth before the rest,
And thus the servile throng addrest:
'How vast his talents, born to rule,
And train'd in Virtue's honest school!
What clemency his temper sways!
How uncorrupt are all his ways!
Beneath his conduct and command
Rapine shall cease to waste the land.
His brain hath stratagem and art;
Prudence and mercy rule his heart.
What blessings must attend the nation
Under this good administration!'
He said. A Goose, who distant stood,
Harangued apart the cackling brood:

"Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me shun his worthy friend,
What praise! what mighty commendation!
But 'twas a Fox who spoke the' oration.
Foxes this government may prize
As gentle, plentiful, and wise;
If they enjoy the sweets, 'tis plain
We Geese must feel a tyrant-reign.
What havoc now shall thin our race,
When every petty clerk in place,
To prove his taste, and seem polite,
Will feed on Geese both noon and night?"

THE LADY AND THE WASP.

What whispers must the beauty bear!
What hourly nonsense haunts her ear!
Where'er her eyes dispense their charms,
Impertinence around her swarms.
Did not the tender nonsense strike,
Contempt and scorn might look dislike;
Forbidding airs might thin the place,
The slightest flap a fly can chase:
But who can drive the numerous breed?—
Chase one, another will succeed.
Who knows a fool, must know his brother;
One fop will recommend another·
And with this plague she's rightly curst,
Because she listen'd to the first.
As Doris, at her toilet's duty,
Sate meditating on her beauty,

She now was pensive, now was gay,
And loll'd the sultry hours away.
As thus in indolence she lies,
A giddy wasp around her flies.
He now advances, now retires,
Now to her neck and cheek aspires.
Her fan in vain defends her charms;
Swift he returns, again alarms;
For by repulse he bolder grew,
Perch'd on her lip, and sipt the dew.
She frowns; she frets. "Good gods! (she cries)
Protect me from these teazing flies:
Of all the plagues that Heav'n hath sent,
A Wasp is most impertinent."
The hovering insect thus complain'd;
"Am I then slighted, scorn'd, disdain'd?
Can such offence your anger wake?
'Twas beauty caus'd the bold mistake.
Those cherry lips that breathe perfume,
That cheek so ripe with youthful bloom,
Made me with strong desire pursue
The fairest peach that ever grew."
"Strike him not, Jenny, (Doris cries)
Nor murder Wasps like vulgar flies;
For though he's free, (to do him right)
The creature's civil and polite."
In ecstasies away he posts;
Where'er he came, the favour boasts;
Brags, how her sweetest tea he sips,
And shows the sugar on his lips.
The hint alarm'd the forward crew;
Sure of success, away they flew:
They share the dainties of the day,
Round her with airy music play:

And now they flutter, now they rest,
Now soar again, and skim her breast.
Nor were they banish'd till she found
That Wasps have stings, and felt the wound.

THE BULL AND THE MASTIFF

Seek you to train your favourite boy?
Each caution, every care employ;
And ere you venture to confide,
Let his preceptor's heart be tried:
Weigh well his manners, life, and scope;
On these depends thy future hope.
As on a time, in peaceful reign,
A Bull enjoy'd the flowery plain,
A Mastiff pass'd; inflam'd with ire,
His eyeballs shot indignant fire;
He foam'd, he rag'd with thirst of blood.
Spurning the ground the monarch stood,
And roar'd aloud: 'Suspend the fight;
In a whole skin go sleep to-night;
Or tell me, ere the battle rage,
What wrongs provoke thee to engage?
Is it ambition fires thy breast,
Or avarice, that ne'er can rest?
From these alone unjustly springs
The world-destroying wrath of kings.'
The surly Mastiff thus returns:
'Within my bosom glory burns.
Like heroes of eternal name,
Whom poets sing, I fight for fame.
The butcher's spirit-stirring mind
To daily war my youth inclin'd;

He train'd me to heroic deed,
Taught me to conquer or to bleed.'
'Curs'd Dog, (the Bull replied) no more
I wonder at thy thirst of gore;
For thou (beneath a butcher train'd,
Whose hands with cruelty are stain'd,
His daily murders in thy view)
Must, like thy tutor, blood pursue.
Take, then, thy fate!' With goring wound
At once he lifts him from the ground:
Aloft the sprawling hero flies,
Mangled he falls, he howls, and dies.

THE

ELEPHANT AND THE BOOKSELLER.

The man who with undaunted toils
Sails unknown seas to unknown soils,
With various wonders feasts his sight:
What stranger wonders does he write?
We read, and in description view
Creatures which Adam never knew;
For when we risk no contradiction,
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.
Those things that startle me or you
I grant are strange; yet may be true.
Who doubts that Elephants are found
For science and for sense renown'd?
Borri records their strength of parts,
Extent of thought, and skill in arts;
How they perform the law's decrees,
And save the state the hangman's fees;

And how by travel understand
The language of another land.
Let those who question this report,
To Pliny's ancient page resort.
How learn'd was that sagacious breed!
Who now (like them) the Greek can read?

As one of these, in days of yore,
Rummag'd a shop of learning o'er;
Not, like our modern dealers, minding
Only the margin's breadth and binding:
A book his curious eye detains,
Where, with exactest care and pains,
Were every beast and bird portray'd,
That e'er the search of man survey'd;
Their natures and their powers were writ
With all the pride of human wit:
The page he with attention spread,
And thus remark'd on what he read.

'Man with strong reason is endow'd,
A beast scarce instinct is allow'd:
But let this author's worth be tried,
'Tis plain that neither was his guide.
Can he discern the different natures,
And weigh the pow'r of other creatures,
Who by the partial work hath shown
He knows so little of his own?
How falsely is the spaniel drawn!
Did man from him first learn to fawn?
A dog proficient in the trade!
He, the chief flatterer Nature made!
Go, Man! the ways of courts discern,
You'll find a spaniel still might learn.
How can the fox's theft and plunder
Provoke his censure or his wonder?

From courtier's tricks and lawyer's arts,
The fox might well improve his parts.
The lion, wolf, and tiger's brood,
He curses, for their thirst of blood:
But is not man to man a prey?
Beasts kill for hunger, men for pay.'

The Bookseller, who heard him speak,
And saw him turn a page of Greek,
Thought, 'what a genius have I found!'
Then thus address'd with bow profound.

"Learn'd Sir, if you'd employ your pen
Against the senseless sons of men,
Or write the history of Siam,
No man is better pay than I am;
Or, since you're learn'd in Greek, let's see
Something against the Trinity."

When wrinkling with a sneer his trunk,
"Friend, (quoth the Elephant) you're drunk:
E'en keep your money, and be wise;
Leave man on man to criticise:
For that you ne'er can want a pen
Among the senseless sons of men.
They unprovok'd will court the fray;
Envy's a sharper spur than pay:
No author ever spar'd a brother;
Wits are gamecocks to one another."

THE

PEACOCK, TURKEY, AND GOOSE.

In beauty faults conspicuous grow;
The smallest speck is seen on snow.

As near a barn, by hunger led,
A Peacock with the poultry fed,

All view'd him with an envious eye,
And mock'd his gaudy pageantry.
He, conscious of superior merit,
Contemns their base reviling spirit;
His state and dignity assumes,
And to the sun displays his plumes,
Which, like the Heaven's o'er-arching skies,
Are spangled with a thousand eyes.
The circling rays, and varied light,
At once confound their dazzled sight;
On every tongue detraction burns,
And malice prompts their spleen by turns.
"Mark with what insolence and pride
The creature takes his haughty stride,
(The Turkey cries.) Can spleen contain?
Sure never bird was half so vain.
But were intrinsic merit seen,
We Turkeys have the whiter skin."
From tongue to tongue they caught abuse,
And next was heard the hissing goose:
"What hideous legs! what filthy claws!
I scorn to censure little flaws:
Then what a horrid squalling throat!
E'en owls are frighted at the note."
"True: those are faults, (the Peacock cries)
My scream, my shanks, you may despise;
But such blind critics rail in vain:
What, overlook my radiant train!
Know, did my legs (your scorn and sport)
The Turkey or the Goose support,
And did ye scream with harsher sound,
Those faults in you had ne'er been found:
To all apparent beauties blind,
Each blemish strikes an envious mind."

Thus in assemblies have I seen
A nymph, of brightest charms and mien,
Wake envy in each ugly face,
And buzzing scandal fill the place.

CUPID, HYMEN, AND PLUTUS.

As Cupid in Cythera's grove
Employ'd the lesser powers of Love;
Some shape the bow, or fit the string,
Some give the taper shaft its wing,
Or turn the polish'd quiver's mould,
Or head the darts with temper'd gold.
Amidst their toil and various care
Thus Hymen, with assuming air,
Address'd the god: "Thou purblind Chit,
Of awkward and ill-judging wit,
If matches are not better made,
At once I must forswear my trade.
You send me such ill-coupled folks,
That 'tis a shame to sell them yokes,
They squabble for a pin, a feather,
And wonder how they came together.
The husband's sullen, dogged, shy,
The wife grows flippant in reply:
He loves command and due restriction,
And she as well likes contradiction;
She never slavishly submits;
She'll have her will, or have her fits.
He this way tugs, she t' other draws;
The man grows jealous, and with cause.
Nothing can save him but divorce;
And here the wife complies of course."

"When, (says the Boy) had I to do
With either your affairs or you?
I never idly spend my darts;
You trade in mercenary hearts.
For settlements the lawyer's fee'd;
Is my hand witness to the deed?
If they like cat and dog agree,
Go rail at Plutus, not at me."

Plutus appear'd, and said, "'Tis true,
In marriage gold is all their view;
They seek not beauty, wit, or sense,
And love is seldom the pretence.
All offer incense at my shrine,
And I alone the bargain sign.
How can Belinda blame her fate?
She only ask'd a great estate.
Doris was rich enough, 'tis true;
Her lord must give her title too:
And every man, or rich or poor,
A fortune asks, and asks no more."

Avarice, whatever shape it bears,
Must still be coupled with its cares.

THE TAME STAG.

As a young Stag the thicket past,
The branches held his antlers fast;
A clown, who saw the captive hung,
Across the horns his halter flung.

Now safely hamper'd in the cord,
He bore the present to his lord.
His lord was pleas'd, as was the clown,
When he was tipp'd with half-a-crown.

The Stag was brought before his wife;
The tender lady begg'd his life:
"How sleek's the skin! how speck'd like ermine!
Sure never creature was so charming!"
At first within the yard confin'd,
He flies and hides from all mankind;
Now bolder grown, with fix'd amaze,
And distant awe presumes to gaze;
Munches the linen on the lines,
And on a hood or apron dines:
He steals my little master's bread,
Follows the servants to be fed:
Nearer and nearer now he stands,
To feel the praise of patting hands;
Examines every fist for meat,
And, though repuls'd, disdains retreat:
Attacks again with levell'd horns,
And man, that was his terror, scorns.
Such is the country maiden's fright,
When first a Redcoat is in sight;
Behind the door she hides her face,
Next time at distance eyes the lace:
She now can all his terrors stand,
Nor from his squeeze withdraws her hand.
She plays familiar in his arms,
And every soldier hath his charms:
From tent to tent she spreads her flame;
For custom conquers fear and shame.

THE MONKEY

WHO HAD SEEN THE WORLD.

A MONKEY, to reform the times,
Resolv'd to visit foreign climes;
For men in distant regions roam
To bring politer manners home.
So forth he fares, all toil defies:
Misfortune serves to make us wise.

At length the treacherous snare was laid;
Poor Pug was caught; to Town convey'd;
There sold. (How envied was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room!)
Proud as a lover of his chains,
He day by day her favour gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day
The toilet calls, with mimic play
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other gentleman.
In visits, too, his parts and wit,
When jests grew dull, were sure to hit.
Proud with applause, he thought his mind
In every courtly art refin'd;
Like Orpheus, burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the Monkey-weal;
So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
And sought his native woods again.

The hairy silvans round him press,
Astonish'd at his strut and dress:
Some praise his sleeve, and others glote
Upon his rich embroider'd coat,

His dapper periwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending;
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary frosts or fleecy snow;
But all, with envy and desire,
His fluttering shoulder-knot admire.
"Hear and improve, (he pertly cries)
I come to make a nation wise.
Weigh your own worth; support your place,
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I pass'd my days,
Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways.
Their dress, their courtly manners see;
Reform your state, and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive? in flattery deal;
Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal.
Seem only to regard your friends,
But use them for your private ends.
Stint not to truth the flow of wit;
Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit.
Bend all your force to spatter merit;
Scandal is conversation's spirit.
Boldly to every thing pretend,
And men your talents shall commend.
I knew the great. Observe me right;
So shall you grow, like man, polite."
He spoke, and bow'd. With muttering jaws
The wondering circle grinn'd applause.
Now, warm'd with malice, envy, spite,
Their most obliging friends they bite;
And, fond to copy human ways,
Practise new mischiefs all their days.
Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,
With travel finishes the fool;

Studious of every coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dresses, whores, and swears;
O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts,
For vice is fitted to his parts.

THE

PHILOSOPHER AND THE PHEASANTS.

The Sage, awak'd at early day,
Through the deep forest took his way;
Drawn by the music of the groves,
Along the winding gloom he roves:
From tree to tree the warbling throats
Prolong the sweet alternate notes:
But where he past he terror threw,
The song broke short, the warblers flew;
The thrushes chatter'd with affright,
And nightingales abhor'd his sight;
All animals before him ran,
To shun the hateful sight of man.
"Whence is this dread of every creature?
Fly they our figure, or our nature?"
As thus he walk'd in musing thought,
His ear imperfect accents caught;
With cautious step he nearer drew,
By the thick shade conceal'd from view.
High on the branch a Pheasant stood,
Around her all her listening brood;
Proud of the blessings of her nest,
She thus a mother's care express'd:
"No dangers here shall circumvent;
Within the woods enjoy content.

Sooner the hawk or vulture trust
Than man, of animals the worst:
In him ingratitude you find,
A vice peculiar to the kind.
The sheep, whose annual fleece is dy'd
To guard his health, and serve his pride;
Forc'd from his fold and native plain,
Is in the cruel shambles slain.
The swarms, who, with industrious skill,
His hives with wax and honey fill,
In vain whole summer days employ'd;
Their stores are sold, the race destroy'd.
What tribute from the goose is paid!
Does not her wing all science aid?
Does it not lovers' hearts explain,
And drudge to raise the merchant's gain?
What now rewards this general use?
He takes the quills, and eats the goose.
Man then avoid, detest his ways,
So safety shall prolong your days.
When services are thus acquitted,
Be sure we Pheasants must be spitted."

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.

A PIN who long had serv'd a beauty,
Proficient in the toilet's duty,
Had form'd her sleeve, confin'd her hair,
Or given her knot a smarter air,
Now nearest to her heart was plac'd,
Now in her manteau's tail disgrac'd;
But could she partial Fortune blame,
Who saw her lovers serv'd the same?

At length from all her honours cast,
Through various turns of life she past:
Now glitter'd on a tailor's arm,
Now kept a beggar's infant warm;
Now, rang'd within a miser's coat,
Contributes to his yearly groat;
Now, rais'd again from low approach,
She visits in the doctor's coach:
Here, there, by various fortune tost,
At last in Gresham-hall was lost.
Charm'd with the wonders of the show,
On every side, above, below,
She now of this or that inquires;
What least was understood, admires.
'Tis plain, each thing so struck her mind,
Her head's of virtuoso kind.
"And pray what's this, and this, dear Sir?"
"A Needle," says the' interpreter.
She knew the name; and thus the fool
Address'd her as a tailor's tool.
"A Needle with that filthy stone,
Quite idle, all with rust o'ergrown!
You better might employ your parts,
And aid the sempstress in her arts;
But tell me how the friendship grew
Between that paltry flint and you."
"Friend, (says the Needle) cease to blame;
I follow real worth and fame.
Know'st thou the loadstone's power and art,
That virtue virtues can impart?
Of all his talents I partake,
Who then can such a friend forsake?
'Tis I direct the pilot's hand
To shun the rocks and treacherous sand:

By me the distant world is known,
And either India is our own.
Had I with milliners been bred,
What had I been? the guide of thread;
And drudg'd as vulgar Needles do,
Of no more consequence than you."

THE

SHEPHERD'S DOG AND THE WOLF.

A WOLF, with hunger fierce and bold,
Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold;
Deep in the wood, secure he lay,
The thefts of night regal'd the day.
In vain the shepherd's wakeful care
Had spread the toils, and watch'd the snare;
In vain the dog pursued his pace,
The fleeter robber mock'd the chase.
As Lightfoot rang'd the forest round,
By chance his foe's retreat he found.
"Let us a while the war suspend,
And reason as from friend to friend."
"A truce!" replies the Wolf. 'Tis done.
The Dog the parley thus begun.
"How can that strong intrepid mind
Attack a weak defenceless kind?
Those jaws should prey on nobler food,
And drink the boar's and lion's blood.
Great souls with generous pity melt,
Which coward tyrants never felt.
How harmless is our fleecy care!
Be brave, and let thy mercy spare."
"Friend, (says the Wolf) the matter weigh;
Nature design'd us beasts of prey;

As such, when hunger finds a treat,
'Tis necessary Wolves should eat.
If, mindful of the bleating weal,
Thy bosom burn with real zeal,
Henee, and thy tyrant lord beseech;
To him repeat the moving speech:
A Wolf eats sheep but now and then,
Ten thousands are devour'd by men.
An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse."

THE PAINTER

WHO PLEASED NO BODY AND EVERY BODY.

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The traveller leaping o'er those bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes e'en his real courage doubted.
But flattery never seems absurd;
The flatter'd always take your word:
Impossibilities seem just:
They take the strongest praise on trust.
Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.
So very like a Painter drew,
That every eye the picture knew;
He hit complexion, feature, air,
So just, the life itself was there.
No flattery with his colours laid,
To bloom restor'd the faded maid;

He gave each muscle all its strength;
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length;
His honest pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.
He lost his friends, his practice fail'd;
Truth should not always be reveal'd:
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.
Two bustos, fraught with every grace,
A Venus' and Apollo's face,
He plac'd in view: resolv'd to please,
Whoever sat he drew from these,
From these corrected every feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.
All things were set; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb;
My Lord appear'd; and, seated right,
In proper attitude and light,
The Painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,
Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of Greece,
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;
"Those eyes, my Lord, the spirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire;
The features, fraught with sense and wit,
You'll grant are very hard to hit;
But yet with patience you shall view
As much as paint and art can do."
Observe the work. My Lord replied,
"Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
Besides, my nose is somewhat long;
Dear Sir, for me, 'tis far too young."
"Oh! pardon me, (the artist cried)
In this we Painters must decide.

The picce e'en common eyes must strike.
I warrant it extremely like."
My Lord examin'd it anew;
No looking-glass seem'd half so true.
A lady came, with borrow'd grace
He from his Venus form'd her face.
Her lover prais'd the Painter's art;
So like the picture in his heart!
To every age some charm he lent;
E'en beauties were almost content.
Through all the town his art they prais'd;
His custom grew, his price was rais'd.
Had he the real likeness shown,
Would any man the picture own?
But when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likencss in his thought.

THE LION AND THE CUB

How fond are men of rule and place,
Who court it from the mean and base!
These cannot bear an equal nigh,
But from superior merit fly.
They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
And lose their hours in ale and smoke.
There o'er some petty club preside;
So poor, so paltry, is their pride!
Nay, e'en with fools whole nights will sit,
In hopes to be supreme in wit.
If these can read, to these I write,
To set their worth in truest light.
A Lion-cub, of sordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind;

Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;
With asses all his time he spent,
Their club's perpetual president.
He caught their manners, looks, and airs;
An ass in every thing but ears!
If e'er his Highness meant a joke,
They grinn'd applause before he spoke;
But at each word what shouts of praise!
"Good gods! how natural he brays!"
Elate with flattery and conceit,
He seeks his royal sire's retreat;
Forward, and fond to show his parts,
His Highness brays; the Lion starts.
"Puppy! that curs'd vociferation
Betrays thy life and conversation:
Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,
Are trumpets of their own disgrace."
"Why so severe? (the Cub replies)
Our senate always held me wise."
"How weak is pride! (returns the sire)
All fools are vain when fools admire!
But know, what stupid asses prize,
Lions and noble beasts despise."

THE OLD HEN AND THE COCK.

Restrain your child; you'll soon believe
The text which says we sprung from Eve.
As an old Hen led forth her train,
And seem'd to peck to show the grain,
She rak'd the chaff, she scratch'd the ground,
And glean'd the spacious yard around:

A giddy chick, to try her wings,
On the well's narrow margin springs,
And prone she drops. The mother's breast
All day with sorrow was possest.
A Cock she met; her son she knew;
And in her heart affection grew.
"My Son, (says she) I grant your years
Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares.
I see you vigorous, strong, and bold;
I hear with joy your triumphs told.
'Tis not from Cocks thy fate I dread;
But let thy ever-wary tread
Avoid yon well; that fatal place
Is sure perdition to our race.
Print this my counsel on thy breast;
To the just gods I leave the rest."
He thank'd her care; yet day by day
His bosom burn'd to disobey,
And every time the well he saw,
Scorn'd in his heart the foolish law:
Near and more near each day he drew,
And long'd to try the dangerous view.
"Why was this idle charge? (he cries)
Let courage female fears despise.
Or did she doubt my heart was brave,
And therefore this injunction gave?
Or does her harvest store the place,
A treasure for her younger race?
And would she thus my search prevent?
I stand resolv'd, and dare the' event."
Thus said, he mounts the margin's round,
And pries into the depth profound.
He stretch'd his neck; and from below
With stretching neck advanc'd a foe:

With wrath his ruffled plumes he rears,
The foe with ruffled plumes appears:
Threat answer'd threat; his fury grew;
Headlong to meet the war he flew;
But when the watry death he found,
He thus lamented as he drown'd:
"I ne'er had been in this condition,
But for my mother's prohibition."

THE RATCATCHER AND CATS.

The rats by night such mischief did,
Betty was every morning chid:
They undermin'd whole sides of bacon,
Her cheese was sap'd, her tarts were taken;
Her pasties, fenc'd with thickest paste,
Were all demolish'd and laid waste:
She curs'd the Cat, for want of duty,
Who left her foes a constant booty.
An engineer, of noted skill,
Engag'd to stop the growing ill.
From room to room he now surveys
Their haunts, their works, their secret ways;
Finds where they 'scape an ambuscade,
And whence the nightly sally's made.
An envious Cat from place to place,
Unseen, attends his silent pace:
She saw that if his trade went on,
The purring race must be undone;
So secretly removes his baits,
And every stratagem defeats.
Again he sets the poison'd toils,
And Puss again the labour foils.

"What foe, to frustrate my designs,
My schemes thus nightly countermines?
(Incens'd, he cries) this very hour
The wretch shall bleed beneath my power."
So said, a pond'rous trap he brought,
And in the fact poor Puss was caught.
"Smuggler, (says he) thou shalt be made
A victim to our loss of trade."
The captive Cat, with piteous mews,
For pardon, life, and freedom sues:
"A sister of the science spare;
One interest is our common care."
"What insolence! (the man replied)
Shall Cats with us the game divide?
Were all your interloping band
Extinguish'd, or expell'd the land,
We Ratcatchers might raise our fees,
Sole guardians of a nation's cheese!"
A Cat, who saw the lifted knife,
Thus spoke, and sav'd her sister's life:
"In every age and clime we see
Two of a trade can ne'er agree.
Each hates his neighbour for encroaching;
'Squire stigmatizes 'squire for poaching;
Beauties with beauties are in arms,
And scandal pelts each other's charms;
Kings, too, their neighbour kings dethrone,
In hope to make the world their own:
But let us limit our desires,
Not war like beauties, kings, and 'squires;
For though we both one prey pursue,
There's game enough for us and you."

THE GOAT WITHOUT A BEARD.

'Tis certain that the modish passions
Descend among the crowd, like fashions.
Excuse me, then, if pride, conceit,
(The manners of the fair and great)
I give to monkies, asses, dogs,
Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies, and hogs.
I say that these are proud; what then?
I never said they equal men.
A Goat (as vain as Goat can be)
Affected singularity:
Whene'er a thymy bank he found,
He roll'd upon the fragrant ground;
And then with fond attention stood,
Fix'd o'er his image in the flood.
"I hate my frowzy beard, (he cries)
My youth is lost in this disguise.
Did not the females know my vigour,
Well might they loathe this reverend figure."
Resolv'd to smooth his shaggy face,
He sought the barber of the place.
A flippant monkey, spruce and smart,
Hard by, profess'd the dapper art;
His pole with pewter basons hung,
Black rotten teeth in order strung,
Rang'd cups, that in the window stood,
Lin'd with red rags to look like blood,
Did well his threefold trade explain,
Who shav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.
The goat he welcomes with an air,
And seats him in his wooden chair:

Mouth, nose, and cheek, the lather hides;
Light, smooth, and swift, the razor glides.
"I hope your custom, Sir, (says Pug)
Sure never face was half so smug!"
The Goat, impatient for applause,
Swift to the neighbouring hill withdraws;
The shaggy people grinn'd and star'd:
"Heyday! what's here? without a beard!
Say, brother, whence the dire disgrace?
What envious hand hath robb'd your face?"
When thus the fop with smiles of scorn:
"Are beards by civil nations worn?—
E'en Muscovites have mow'd their chins.
Shall we, like formal Capuchins,
Stubborn in pride retain the mode,
And bear about the hairy load?
Whene'er we through the village stray,
Are we not mock'd along the way,
Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,
By boys our beards disgrac'd and torn?"
"Were you no more with goats to dwell,
Brother, I grant you reason well:
(Replies a bearded chief.) Beside,
If boys can mortify thy pride,
How wilt thou stand the ridicule
Of our whole flock? Affected fool!
Coxcombs, distinguish'd from the rest,
To all but coxcombs are a jest."

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER CATS.

Who friendship with a knave hath made,
Is judg'd a partner in the trade.
The matron who conducts abroad
A willing nymph is thought a bawd;
And if a modest girl is seen
With one who cures a lover's spleen,
We guess her not extremely nice,
And only wish to know her price.
'Tis thus that on the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends.
A wrinkled hag, of wicked fame,
Beside a little smoky flame
Sate hovering, pinch'd with age and frost;
Her shrivell'd hands, with veins emboss'd,
Upon her knees her weight sustains,
While palsy shook her crazy brains:
She mumbles forth her backward prayers,
An untam'd scold of fourscore years:
About her swarm'd a numerous brood
Of cats, who lank with hunger mew'd.
Teaz'd with their cries, her choler grew,
And thus she sputter'd, "Hence, ye crew!
Fool that I was to entertain
Such imps, such fiends, a hellish train!
Had ye been never hous'd and nurs'd,
I for a witch had ne'er been curs'd.
To you I owe that crowds of boys
Worry me with eternal noise;

Straws laid across my pace retard,
The hŏrseshoe's nail'd, (each threshold's guard)
The stunted broom the wenches hide,
For fear that I should up and ride;
They stick with pins my bleeding seat,
And bid me show my secret teat."
" To hear you prate would vex a saint:
Who hath most reason of complaint?
(Replies a Cat) Let's come to proof.
Had we ne'er starv'd beneath your roof,
We had, like others of our race,
In credit liv'd, as beasts of chase.
'Tis infamy to serve a hag;
Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag!
And boys against our lives combine,
Because, 'tis said, your Cats have nine."

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE SNAIL.

All upstarts, insolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race.
As in the sunshine of the morn
A Butterfly, (but newly born)
Sate proudly perking on a rose,
With pert conceit its bosom glows;
His wings (all glorious to behold)
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he displays; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes and various hue.
His now-forgotten friend, a Snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail
Crawls o'er the grass, whom when he spies,
In wrath he to the gard'ner cries,

"What means yon peasant's daily toil,
From choking weeds to rid the soil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why grows the peach with crimson hue?
And why the plum's inviting blue?
Were they to feast his taste design'd,
That vermin of voracious kind?
Crush then the slow, the pilfering race,
So purge thy garden from disgrace."
"What arrogance! (the Snail replied)
How insolent is upstart pride!
Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth:
For scarce nine suns have wak'd the hours,
To swell the fruit, and paint the flow'rs,
Since I thy humbler life survey'd,
In base, in sordid guise array'd;
A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
You drag'd a slow and noisome train;
And from your spider-bowels drew
Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.
I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born, and Snail shall end.
And, what's a Butterfly? at best,
He's but a caterpillar drest;
And all thy race (a numerous seed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed."

THE SCOLD AND THE PARROT.

The husband thus reprov'd his wife:
"Who deals in slander, lives in strife.
Art thou the herald of disgrace,
Denouncing war to all thy race?
Can nothing quell thy thunder's rage,
Which spares nor friend, nor sex, nor age?
That vixen tongue of your's, my dear,
Alarms our neighbours far and near.
Good gods! 'tis like a rolling river,
That murmuring flows, and flows for ever!
Ne'er tir'd, perpetual discord sowing!
Like fame, it gathers strength by going."
"Heyday! (the flippant tongue replies)
How solemn is the fool! how wise!
Is Nature's choicest gift debar'd?—
Nay, frown not; for I will be heard.
Women of late are finely ridden,
A Parrot's privilege forbidden!
You praise his talk, his squalling song,
But wives are always in the wrong."
Now reputations flew in pieces
Of mothers, daughters, aunts, and nieces:
She ran the Parrot's language o'er,
Bawd, hussy, drunkard, slattern, whore;
On all the sex she vents her fury,
Tries and condemns without a jury.
At once the torrent of her words
Alarm'd cat, monkey, dogs, and birds:

All join their forces to confound her,
Puss spits, the monkey chatters round her;
The yelping cur her heels assaults;
The magpie blabs out all her faults;
Poll, in the uproar, from his cage,
With this rebuke outscream'd her rage:
" A Parrot is for talking priz'd,
But prattling women are despis'd.
She who attacks another's honour,
Draws every living thing upon her:
Think, Madam, when you stretch your lungs,
That all your neighbours too have tongues:
One slander must ten thousand get;
The world with interest pays the debt."

THE CUR AND THE MASTIFF.

A SNEAKING Cur, the master's spy,
Rewarded for his daily lie,
With secret jealousies and fears
Set all together by the ears.
Poor puss to-day was in disgrace,
Another cat supplied her place;
The hound was beat, the mastiff chid,
The monkey was the room forbid;
Each to his dearest friend grew shy,
And none could tell the reason why.
A plan to rob the house was laid:
The thief with love seduc'd the maid,
Cajol'd the Cur, and strok'd his head,
And bought his secresy with bread:
He next the Mastiff's honour try'd,
Whose honest jaws the bribe defied:

He stretch'd his hand to proffer more;
The surly dog his fingers tore.
Swift ran the cur; with indignation
The master took his information,
"Hang him, the villain's curs'd," he cries;
And round his neck the halter ties.
The Dog his humble suit prefer'd,
And begg'd in justice to be heard.
The master sat. On either hand
The cited Dogs confronting stand;
The Cur the bloody tale relates,
And, like a lawyer, aggravates.
"Judge not unheard, (the Mastiff cried)
But weigh the cause of either side.
Think not that treachery can be just;
Take not informers' words on trust;
They ope their hand to every pay,
And you and me by turns betray."
He spoke; and all the truth appear'd:
The Cur was hang'd, the Mastiff clear'd.

THE SICK MAN AND THE ANGEL.

"Is there no hope?" the sick man said.
The silent doctor shook his head:
And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.
When thus the Man, with gasping breath;
"I feel the chilling wound of Death!
Since I must bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant my bargains well were made;
But all men over-reach in trade:

'Tis self-defence in each profession ;
Sure self-defence is no transgression.
The little portion in my hands,
By good security on lands
Is well increas'd. If, unawares,
My justice to myself and heirs
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good sufficient bail;
If I by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need,
My will hath made the world amends;
My hope on charity depends.
When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heav'n and earth 'twill then be known
My charities were amply shown."
An Angel came: "Ah! friend, (he cried)
No more in flattering hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action's in thy power,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is sincere:
This instant give a hundred pound;
Your neighbours want, and you abound."
"But why such haste, (the sick Man whines)
Who knows as yet what Heav'n designs?
Perhaps I may recover still:—
That sum and more are in my will."
"Fool, (says the Vision) now 'tis plain
Your life, your soul, your heav'n, was gain.

From every side, with all your might,
You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right;
And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own."
"While there is life, there's hope, (he cried)
Then why such haste?"—so groan'd and died.

THE

PERSIAN, THE SUN, AND THE CLOUD.

Is there a bard whom genius fires,
Whose every thought the god inspires?
When Envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines;
Her hissing snakes with venom swell;
She calls her venal train from hell:
The servile fiends her nod obey,
And all Curl's authors are in pay.
Fame calls up Calumny and Spite:
Thus shadow owes its birth to light.
As prostrate to the god of Day,
With heart devout, a Persian lay,
His invocation thus begun:
"Parent of light! all-seeing Sun!
Prolific beam, whose rays dispense
The various gifts of providence;
Accept our praise, our daily prayer,
Smile on our fields, and bless the year."
A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
The day with sudden darkness hung;
With pride and envy swell'd aloud
A voice thus thunder'd from the Cloud.

"Weak is this gaudy god of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to shine.
Shall I nor vows nor incense know?—
Where praise is due the praise bestow."
With fervent zeal the Persian mov'd,
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd:
"It was that god who claims my pray'r,
Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there;
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,
Thy substance is but plainer shown:
A passing gale, a puff of wind,
Dispels thy thickest troops combin'd."
The gale arose; the vapour tost
(The sport of winds) in air was lost;
The glorious orb the day refines:
Thus envy breaks, thus merit shines.

THE FOX AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

A FOX, in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay;
All appetite had left his maw,
And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His numerous race around him stand,
To learn their dying sire's command:
He rais'd his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone:
"Ah, sons! from evil ways depart;
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
See, see the murder'd geese appear:
Why are those bleeding turkeys there?

Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chicken slain?"
The hungry Foxes round them star'd,
And for the promis'd feast prepar'd:
"Where, Sir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor turkey, goose, nor hen, is here.
These are the phantoms of your brain,
And your sons lick their lips in vain."
"O gluttons! (says the drooping sire)
Restrain inordinate desire:
Your liquorish taste you shall deplore,
When peace of conscience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins and guns destroy our race?
Thieves dread the searching eye of pow'r,
And never feel the quiet hour.
Old age (which few of us shall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happiness attain,
Let honesty your passions rein;
So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost redeem."
"The counsel's good, (a Fox replies)
Could we perform what you advise.
Think what our ancestors have done;
A line of thieves from son to son:
To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath mark'd our race.
Though we, like harmless sheep, should feed;
Honest in thought in word, and deed;
Whatever hen-roost is decreas'd,
We shall be thought to share the feast.
The change shall never be believ'd.
A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd."

"Nay, then; (replies the feeble Fox)
But, hark; I hear a hen that clucks:
Go, but be moderate in your food;
A chicken, too, might do me good."

THE

SETTING-DOG AND THE PARTRIDGE.

The ranging Dog the stubble tries,
And searches every breeze that flies;
The scent grows warm; with cautious fear
He creeps, and points the covey near;
The men, in silence, far behind,
Conscious of game the net unbind.
A Partridge, with experience wise,
The fraudful preparation spies;
She mocks their toils, alarms her brood,
The covey springs, and seeks the wood;
But, ere her certain wing she tries,
Thus to the creeping Spaniel cries:
"Thou fawning slave to man's deceit,
Thou pimp of luxury, sneaking cheat,
Of thy whole species thou disgrace,
Dogs should disown thee of their race!
For, if I judge their native parts,
They're born with honest open hearts;
And, ere they serv'd man's wicked ends,
Were generous foes, or real friends."
When thus the dog, with scornful smile:
"Secure of wing, thou dar'st revile.
Clowns are to polish'd manners blind;
How ignorant is the rustic mind!

My worth sagacious courtiers see,
And to preferment rise like me.
The thriving pimp, who beauty sets,
Hath oft enchanc'd a nation's debts:
Friend sets his friend, without regard,
And ministers his skill reward:
Thus train'd by man, I learnt his ways,
And growing favour feasts my days."
"I might have guess'd, (the partridge said)
The place where you were train'd and fed;
Servants are apt, and in a trice
Ape to a hair their masters' vice.
You came from court, you say: Adieu!"
She said, and to the covey flew.

THE UNIVERSAL APPARITION.

A RAKE, by every passion rul'd,
With every vice his youth had cool'd;
Disease his tainted blood assails;
His spirits droop, his vigour fails:
With secret ills at home he pines,
And, like infirm old age, declines.
As twing'd with pain, he pensive sits.
And raves, and prays, and swears, by fits;
A ghastly phantom, lean and wan,
Before him rose, and thus began:
"My name, perhaps, hath reach'd your ear;
Attend and be advis'd by Care.
Nor love, nor honour, wealth, nor pow'r,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour
When health is lost. Be timely wise:
With health all taste of pleasure flies."

Thus said, the Phantom disappears.
The wary counsel wak'd his fears:
He now from all excess abstains,
With physic purifies his veins;
And to procure a sober life,
Resolves to venture on a wife.
But now again the Sprite ascends.
Where'er he walks his ear attends;
Insinuates that beauty's frail,
That perseverance must prevail;
With jealousies his brain inflames,
And whispers all her lovers' names.
In other hours she represents
His household charge, his annual rents,
Increasing debts, perplexing duns,
And nothing for his younger sons.
Straight all his thought to gain he turns,
And with the thirst of lucre burns.
But when possess'd of fortune's store,
The Spectre haunts him more and more;
Sets want and misery in view,
Bold thieves and all the murdering crew;
Alarms him with eternal frights,
Infests his dream, or wakes his nights:
How shall he chase this hideous guest?
Power may perhaps protect his rest.
To power he rose. Again the Sprite
Besets him morning, noon, and night;
Talks of Ambition's tottering seat,
How envy persecutes the great;
Of rival hate, of treacherous friends,
And what disgrace his fall attends.
The court he quits, to fly from Care,
And seeks the peace of rural air:

His groves, his fields, amus'd his hours;
He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flow'rs.
But Care again his steps pursues,
Warns him of blasts, of blighting dews,
Of plundering insects, snails, and rains,
And droughts that starv'd the labour'd plains.
Abroad, at home, the Spectre's there;
In vain we seek to fly from Care.
At length he thus the Ghost addrest:
"Since thou must be my constant guest,
Be kind, and follow me no more;
For Care, by right, should go before."

THE TWO OWLS AND THE SPARROW.

Two formal owls together sat,
Conferring thus in solemn chat:
"How is the modern taste decay'd!
Where's the respect to wisdom paid?
Our worth the Grecian sages knew;
They gave our sires the honour due;
They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,
And pry'd into the depth of Owls.
Athens, the seat of learned fame,
With general voice rever'd our name;
On merit title was confer'd,
And all ador'd the Athenian bird."
"Brother, you reason well; (replies
The solomn mate, with half-shut eyes)
Right: Athens was the seat of learning;
And, truly, wisdom is discerning.
Besides, on Pallas' helm we sit,
The type and ornament of wit:

But now, alas! we're quite neglected,
And a pert Sparrow's more respected."
A Sparrow, who was lodg'd beside,
O'erhears them soothe each other's pride,
And thus he nimbly vents his heat:
"Who meets a fool, must find conceit.
I grant you were at Athens grac'd,
And on Minerva's helm were plac'd;
But every bird that wings the sky,
Except the Owl, can tell you why.
From hence they taught their schools to know,
How false we judge by outward show;
That we should never looks esteem,
Since fools as wise as you might seem.
Would ye contempt and scorn avoid,
Let your vain-glory be destroy'd:
Humble your arrogance of thought,
Pursue the ways by Nature taught;
So shall you find delicious fare,
And grateful farmers praise your care;
So shall sleek mice your chase reward,
And no keen cat find more regard."

THE COURTIER AND PROTEUS.

Whene'er a Courtier's out of place,
The country shelters his disgrace;
Where, doom'd to exercise and health,
His house and gardens own his wealth.
He builds new schemes, in hope to gain
The plunder of another reign;
Like Philip's son, would fain be doing,
And sighs for other realms to ruin.

As one of these (without his wand)
Pensive along the winding strand
Employ'd the solitary hour,
In Projects to regain his pow'r,
The waves in spreading circles ran,
Proteus arose, and thus began:
"Came you from court? for in your mein
A self-important air is seen."
He frankly own'd his friends had trick'd him,
And how he fell his party's victim.
"Know, (says the god) by matchless skill
I change to every shape at will;
But yet I'm told, at court you see
Those who presume to rival me."
Thus said: a snake, with hideous trail,
Proteus extends his scaly mail.
"Know, (says the Man) though proud in place,
All Courtiers are of reptile race.
Like you, they take that dreadful form,
Bask in the sun, and fly the storm;
With malice hiss, with envy glote,
And for convenience change their coat;
With new-got lustre rear their head,
Though on a dunghill born and bred."
Sudden the god a lion stands;
He shakes his mane, he spurns the sands;
Now a fierce lynx, with fiery glare,
A wolf, an ass, a fox, a bear.
"Had I ne'er liv'd at court (he cries)
Such transformation might surprise;
But there, in quest of daily game,
Each able Courtier acts the same.
Wolves, lions, lynxes, while in place,
Their friends and fellows are their chase.

They play the bear's and fox's part,
Now rob by force, now steal with art.
They sometimes in the senate bray,
Or, chang'd again to beasts of prey,
Down from the lion to the ape,
Practise the frauds of every shape.
So said: upon the god he flies,
In cords the struggling captive ties.
"Now, Proteus! now (to truth compell'd)
Speak, and confess thy art excell'd.
Use strength, surprise, or what you will,
The Courtier finds evasion still;
Not to be bound by any ties,
And never forc'd to leave his lies."

THE MASTIFFS.

Those who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.
A Mastiff, of true English blood,
Lov'd fighting better than his food.
When dogs were snarling for a bone,
He long'd to make the war his own,
And often found (when two contend)
To interpose obtain'd his end;
He gloried in his limping pace;
The scars of honour seam'd his face;
In every limb a gash appears,
And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.
As on a time he heard from far
Two dogs engag'd in noisy war,
Away he scours, and lays about him,
Resolv'd no fray should be without him.

Forth from his yard a tanner flies,
And to the bold intruder cries,
"A cudgel shall correct your manners:
Whence sprung this cursed hate to tanners?
While on my dog you vent your spite,
Sirrah! 'tis me you dare not bite."
To see the battle thus perplex'd,
With equal rage a butcher vex'd,
Hoarse-screaming from the circled crowd;
To the curs'd mastiff cries aloud,
"Both Hockley-hole and Mary-bone
The combats of my dog have known:
He ne'er, like bullies, coward-hearted,
Attacks in public,—to be parted.
Think not, rash fool, to share his fame;
Be his the honour or the shame."
Thus said, they swore, and rav'd like thunder;
Then drag'd their fasten'd dogs asunder;
While clubs and kicks from every side
Rebounded from the Mastiff's hide.
All reeking now with sweat and blood,
Awhile the parted warriors stood;
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe,
Who, worried, howl'd, and sprawl'd below.
He rose; and, limping from the fray,
By both sides mangled, sneak'd away.

THE

BARLEY-MOW AND THE DUNGHILL.

How many saucy airs we meet
From Temple Bar to Aldgate Street!
Proud rogues, who shar'd the South-sea prey,
And sprung like mushrooms in a day!
They think it mean to condescend
To know a brother or a friend;
They blush to hear their mother's name,
And by their pride expose their shame.

As cross his yard, at early day,
A careful farmer took his way,
He stop'd, and leaning on his fork,
Observ'd the flail's incessant work.
In thought he measur'd all his store,
His geese, his hogs, he number'd o'er;
In fancy weigh'd the fleeces shorn,
And multiplied the next year's corn.

A Barley-mow, which stood beside,
Thus to its musing master cried:
"Say, good Sir, is it fit or right
To treat me with neglect and slight?
Me, who contribute to your cheer,
And raise your mirth with ale and beer?
Why thus insulted, thus disgrac'd,
And that vile Dunghill near me plac'd?
Are those poor sweepings of a groom,
That filthy sight, that nauseous fume,
Meet objects here? command it hence;
A thing so mean must give offence."

The humble dunghill thus replied:
"Thy master hears and mocks thy pride:—
Insult not thus the meek and low;
In me thy benefactor know;
My warm assistance gave thee birth,
Or thou hadst perish'd low in earth;
But upstarts, to support their station,
Cancel at once all obligation."

PYTHAGORAS AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

Pythag'ras rose at early dawn,
By soaring meditation drawn;
To breathe the fragrance of the day,
Through flowery fields he took his way.
In musing contemplation warm,
His steps misled him to a farm,
Where on a ladder's topmost round
A peasant stood; the hammer's sound
Shook the weak barn. "Say, friend, what care,
Calls for thy honest labour there?"
The Clown, with surly voice, replies,
"Vengeance aloud for justice cries.
This kite, by daily rapine fed,
My hens' annoy, my turkeys' dread,
At length his forfeit life hath paid;
See on the wall his wings display'd.
Here nail'd, a terror to his kind,
My fowls shall future safety find;
My yard the thriving poultry feed,
And my barns' refuse fat the breed."
"Friend, (says the sage) the doom is wise;
For public good the murderer dies:

But if these tyrants of the air
Demand a sentence so severe,
Think how the glutton, man, devours;
What bloody feasts regale his hours!
O impudence of power and might,
Thus to condemn a hawk or kite,
When thou, perhaps, carnivorous sinner,
Hadst pullets yesterday for dinner!"
"Hold, (cried the Clown, with passion heated)
Shall kites and men alike be treated?
When Heaven the world with creatures stor'd,
Man was ordain'd their sovereign lord."
"Thus tyrants boast, (the Sage replied)
Whose murders spring from pow'r and pride.
Own then this manlike kite is slain
Thy greater luxury to sustain;
For, 'Petty rogues submit to Fate,
That great ones may enjoy their state.'"*

THE

FARMER'S WIFE AND THE RAVEN.

"Why are those tears? why droops your head?
Is then your other husband dead?
Or does a worse disgrace betide:
Hath no one since his death applied?"
"Alas! you know the cause too well;
The salt is spilt, to me it fell:
Then to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across:

* See Garth's Dispensary.

On Friday, too! the day I dread!
Would I were safe at home in bed!
Last night (I vow to Heaven 'tis true)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
Next post some fatal news shall tell:
God send my Cornish friends be well!"

"Unhappy Widow, cease thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears;
Let not thy stomach be suspended;
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended;
And when the butler clears the table,
For thy desert I'll read my Fable."

Betwixt her swagging pannier's load
A Farmer's Wife to market rode,
And, jogging on, with thoughtful care,
Sum'd up the profits of her ware:
When, starting from her silver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her scream:

"That Raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak)
Bodes me no good." No more she said,
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread
Fell prone; o'erturn'd the pannier lay,
And her mash'd eggs bestrow'd the way.

She, sprawling in the yellow road,
Rail'd, swore, and curs'd: "Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whoreson throat!
I knew misfortune in the note."

"Dame (quoth the Raven) spare your oaths,
Unclench your fist, and wipe your clothes.
But why on me those curses thrown?
Goody, the fault was all your own;
For had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,

Though all the Ravens of the Hundred,
With croaking had your tongue out-thunder'd,
Sure-footed Dun had kept her legs,
And you, good woman, sav'd your eggs."

THE TURKEY AND THE ANT.

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye;
Each little speck and blemish find,
To our own stronger errors blind.
A Turkey, tir'd of common food,
Forsook the barn, and sought the wood;
Behind her ran an infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.
"Draw near, my Birds! (the mother cries)
This hill delicious fare supplies;
Behold the busy negro race,
See millions blacken all the place!
Fear not; like me with freedom eat;
An Ant is most delightful meat.
How bless'd, how envied, were our life,
Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife!
But man, curs'd man, on Turkeys preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days.
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the savoury chine;
From the low peasant to the lord,
The Turkey smokes on every board.
Sure men for gluttony are curs'd,
Of the seven deadly sins the worst."
An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,
Thus answer'd from the neighbouring beech:

"Ere you remark another's sin,
Bid thy own conscience look within;
Controul thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfast nations kill."

THE FATHER AND JUPITER.

The Man to Jove his suit preferr'd;
He begg'd a wife: his prayer was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing;
For how precarious is the blessing!
A wife he takes: and now for heirs
Again he worries Heav'n with prayers.
Jove nods assent: two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.
Now more solicitous he grew,
And set their future lives in view;
He saw that all respect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty.
"Once more (he cries) accept my prayer;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care:
Let my first hope, my favourite boy,
All Fortune's richest gifts enjoy:
My next with strong ambition fire;
May favour teach him to aspire,
Till he the step of power ascend,
And courtiers to their idol bend.
With every grace, with every charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If Heaven approve, a Father's bless'd."—
Jove smiles, and grants his full request.
The first, a miser at the heart,
Studious of every griping art,

Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain:
He feels no joy, his cares increase,
He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace;
In fancied want (a wretch complete)
He starves, and yet he dares not eat.
The next to sudden honours grew;
The thriving art of courts he knew;
He reach'd the height of power and place,
Then fell, the victim of disgrace.

Beauty with early bloom supplies
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.
The vain coquet each suit disdains,
And glories in her lovers' pains.
With age she fades, each lover flies;
Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.

When Jove the Father's grief survey'd,
And heard him Heav'n and Fate upbraid,
Thus spoke the God: "By outward show
Men judge of happiness and woe:
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct the' eternal will?
Seek virtue; and, of that possest,
To Providence resign the rest."

THE TWO MONKIES

The learned, full of inward pride,
The fops of outward show deride;
The fop, with learning at defiance,
Scoffs at the pedant and the science:
The Don, a formal solemn strutter,
Despises Monsieur's airs and flutter;

While Monsieur mocks the formal fool,
Who looks, and speaks, and walks, by rule.
Britain, a medley of the twain,
As pert as France, as grave as Spain,
In fancy wiser than the rest,
Laughs at them both, of both the jest.
Is not the Poet's chiming close
Censur'd by all the sons of Prose?
While bards of quick imagination
Despise the sleepy prose narration.
Men laugh at apes; they men contemn;
For what are we but apes to them?

Two Monkeys went to Southwark fair,
No critics had a sourer air:
They fore'd their way through draggled folks,
Who gap'd to catch Jack Pudding's jokes;
Then took their tickets for the show,
And got by chance the foremost row.
To see their grave observing face
Provok'd a laugh through all the place.

"Brother, (says Pug, and turn'd his head)
The rabble's monstrously ill-bred."

Now through the booth loud hisses ran,
Nor ended till the show began.
The tumbler whirls the flip-flap round,
With sommersets he shakes the ground;
The cord beneath the dancer springs;
Aloft in air the vaulter swings;
Distorted now, now prone depends,
Now through his twisted arms ascends;
The crowd, in wonder and delight,
With clapping hands applaud the sight.

With smiles, quoth Pug, "If pranks like these
The giant apes of reason please,

How would they wonder at our arts!
They must adore us for our parts.
High on the twig I've seen you cling,
Play, twist, and turn in airy ring:
How can those clumsy things like me,
Fly with a bound from tree to tree?
But yet, by this applause, we find
These emulators of our kind
Discern our worth, our parts regard,
Who our mean mimics thus reward."
"Brother, (the grinning mate replies)
In this I grant that man is wise:
While good example they pursue,
We must allow some praise is due;
But when they strain beyond their guide,
I laugh to scorn the mimic pride;
For how fantastic is the sight,
To meet men always bolt upright,
Because we sometimes walk on two!
I hate the imitating crew."

THE OWL AND THE FARMER.

An Owl of grave deport and mien,
Who (like the Turk) was seldom seen,
Within a barn had chose his station,
As fit for prey and contemplation:
Upon a beam aloft he sits,
And nods, and seems to think, by fits.
(So have I seen a man of news,
Or Post-boy or Gazette peruse,
Smoke, nod, and talk with voice profound,
And fix the fate of Europe round.)

Sheaves pil'd on sheaves hid all the floor:—
At dawn of morn, to view his store,
The Farmer came. The hooting guest
His self-importance thus exprest:
"Reason in man is mere pretence:
How weak, how shallow, is his sense!
To treat with scorn the Bird of Night,
Declares his folly or his spite.
Then, too, how partial is his praise!
The lark's, the linnet's chirping lays,
To his ill-judging ears are fine,
And nightingales are all divine:
But the more knowing feather'd race
See wisdom stamp'd upon my face.
Whene'er to visit light I deign,
What flocks of fowl compose my train!
Like slaves, they crowd my flight behind,
And own me of superior kind."
The Farmer laugh'd, and thus replied:
"Thou dull important lump of pride!
Dar'st thou with that harsh grating tongue
Depreciate birds of warbling song?
Indulge thy spleen: know men and fowl
Regard thee, as thou art, an Owl.
Besides, proud blockhead! be not vain
Of what thou call'st thy slaves and train:
Few follow Wisdom or her rules;
Fools in derision follow fools."

THE JUGGLERS.

A JUGGLER long through all the Town
Had rais'd his fortune and renown;
You'd think (so far his art transcends)
The devil at his fingers' ends.

Vice heard his fame, she read his bill;
Convinc'd of his inferior skill,
She sought his booth, and from the crowd
Defied the man of art aloud.

"Is this then he so fam'd for sleight?
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight?
Dares he with me dispute the prize?
I leave it to impartial eyes."

Provok'd, the Juggler cried, "'Tis done;
In science I submit to none."

Thus said, the cups and balls he play'd;
By turns this here, that there, convey'd.
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds.
His little boxes change the grain:
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He shakes his bag, he shows all fair:
His fingers spread, and nothing there;
Then bids it rain with showers of gold;
And now his ivory eggs are told;
But when from thence the hen he draws,
Amaz'd spectators hum applause.

Vice now stept forth, and took the place,
With all the forms of his grimace.

"This magic looking-glass, (she cries)
(There, hand it round,) will charm your eyes."

Each eager eye the sight desir'd,
And every man himself admir'd.
Next, to a senator addressing,
" See this bank-note ; observe the blessing.
Breathe on the bill. Hey, pass! 'Tis gone."
Upon his lips a padlock shown.
A second puff the magic broke ;
The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.
Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board
All full with heady liquor stor'd,
By clean conveyance disappear,
And now two bloody swords are there.
A purse she to a thief expos'd ;
At once his ready fingers clos'd.
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled ;
He sees a halter in its stead.
She bids ambition hold a wand :
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.
A box of charity she shows.
Blow here ; and a churchwarden blows.
'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.
She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.
She next a meagre rake addrest:
" This picture see ; her shape, her breast!
What youth, and what inviting eyes!
Hold her, and have her." With surprise,
His hand expos'd a box of pills,
And a loud laugh proclam'd his ills.
A counter in a miser's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command :
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.

A guinea with her touch you see
Take every shape but Charity;
And not one thing you saw, or drew,
But chang'd from what was first in view.
The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this submission own'd her art:
"Can I such matchless sleight withstand!
How practice hath improv'd your hand!
But now and then I cheat the throng;
You every day, and all day long."

THE COUNCIL OF HORSES.

Upon a time a neighing steed,
Who graz'd among a numerous breed,
With mutiny had fir'd the train,
And spread dissension through the plain.
On matters that concern'd the state
The council met in grand debate.
A Colt, whose eyeballs flam'd with ire,
Elate with strength and youthful fire,
In haste stept forth before the rest,
And thus the listening throng addrest:
"Good gods! how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to slavery and disgrace;
Shall we our servitude retain,
Because our sires have borne the chain?
Consider, friends! your strength and might;
'Tis conquest to assert your right.
How cumbrous is the gilded coach!
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we design'd for daily toil,
To drag the ploughshare through the soil,

To sweat in harness through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?
How feeble are the two legg'd kind:
What force is in our nerves combin'd!
Shall then our nobler jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling bit?
Shall haughty man my back bestride?
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side?
Forbid it, heavens! Reject the rein;
Your shame, your infamy disdain.
Let him the lion first control,
And still the tiger's famish'd growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name."
A general nod approv'd the cause,
And all the circle neigh'd applause.
When, lo! with grave and solemn pace,
A steed advanc'd before the race,
With age and long experience wise;
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes,
And, to the murmurs of the train,
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain:
"When I had health and strength, like you,
The toils of servitude I knew;
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all these wide domains.
At will, I crop the year's increase:
My latter life is rest and peace.
I grant to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains;
But doth not he divide the care,
Through all the labours of the year?
How many thousand structures rise,
To fence us from inclement skies!

For us he bears the sultry day,
And stores up all our winter's hay;
He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain;
We share the toil and share the grain.
Since every creature was decreed
To aid each other's mutual need,
Appease your discontented mind,
And act the part by Heav'n assign'd."
The tumult ceas'd. The Colt submitted;
And, like his ancestors, was bitted.

THE HOUND AND THE HUNTSMAN.

Impertinence at first is borne
With heedless slight, or smiles of scorn:
Teas'd into wrath, what patience bears
The noisy fool who perseveres?
The morning wakes, the Huntsman sounds,
At once rush forth the joyful Hounds;
They seek the wood with eager pace,
Through bush, through brier, explore the chace:
Now scatter'd wide they try the plain,
And snuff the dewy turf in vain.
What care, what industry, what pains!
What universal silence reigns!
Ringwood, a dog of little fame,
Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
At once displays his babbling throat;
The pack, regardless of the note,
Pursue the scent; with louder strain
He still persists to vex the train.
The Huntsman to the clamour flies,
The smacking lash he smartly plies.

His ribs all welk'd, with howling tone
The puppy thus express'd his moan.
"I know the music of my tongue
Long since the pack with envy stung.
What will not spite? these bitter smarts
I owe to my superior parts."
"When Puppies prate, (the Huntsman cried)
They show both ignorance and pride:
Fools may our scorn, not envy, raise;
For envy is a kind of praise.
Had not thy forward noisy tongue
Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong,
Thou might'st have mingled with the rest,
And ne'er thy foolish nose confest;
But fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known."

THE POET AND THE ROSE.

I HATE the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame:
Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raise their own;
Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
Think slander can transplant the bays.
Beauties and bards have equal pride,
With both all rivals are decried:
Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,
Must call her sister 'awkward creature;'
For the kind flattery's sure to charm,
When we some other nymph disarm.
As in the cool of early day
A Poet sought the sweets of May,

The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And every stalk with odour bends:
A Rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus singing, as the muse inspir'd:—
"Go, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envied place
With never-fading love!
There, Phœnix-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.
"Know, hapless flower! that thou shalt find
More fragrant Roses there:
I see thy withering head reclin'd
With envy and despair!
One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love."
"Spare your comparisons, (replied
An angry Rose, who grew beside)
Of all mankind you should not flout us!
What can a Poet do without us!
In every love-song Roses bloom;
We lend you colour and perfume:
Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
To found her praise on our abuse?
Must we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?"

THE

CUR, HORSE, AND SHEPHERD'S DOG.

The lad of all-sufficient merit,
With modesty ne'er damps his spirit;
Presuming on his own deserts,
On all alike his tongue exerts:
His noisy jokes at random throws,
And pertly spatters friends and foes.
In wit and war the bully race
Contribute to their own disgrace:
Too late the forward youth shall find
That jokes are sometimes paid in kind;
Or if they canker in the breast,
He makes a foe who makes a jest.
A village Cur, of snappish race,
The pertest puppy of the place,
Imagin'd that his treble throat
Was bless'd with Music's sweetest note;
In the mid road he basking lay,
The yelping nuisance of the way;
For not a creature pass'd along
But had a sample of his song.
Soon as the trotting Steed he hears,
He starts, he cocks his dapper ears:
Away he scowers, assaults his hoof;
Now near him snarls, now barks aloof;
With shrill impertinence attends,
Nor leaves him till the village ends.
It chanc'd upon his evil day,
A Pad came passing down the way;
The Cur, with never-ceasing tongue,
Upon the passing traveller sprung.

The Horse, from scorn provok'd to ire,
Flung backward: rolling in the mire,
The Puppy howl'd, and bleeding lay;
The Pad in peace pursued his way.
A Shepherd's Dog, who saw the deed,
Detesting the vexatious breed,
Bespoke him thus: "When coxcombs prate,
They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate;
Thy teasing tongue had judgment tied,
Thou hadst not like a puppy died."

THE COURT OF DEATH.

Death, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terror sate:
The attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, a ghastly train!
Crowd the vast court. With hollow tone
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne;
"This night our minister we name;
Let every servant speak his claim:
Merit shall bear this ebon wand."
All, at the word, stretch'd forth their hand.
Fever, with burning heat possest,
Advanc'd, and for the wand addrest:
"I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let those express my fervent zeal;
On every slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere."
Next Gout appears with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place;
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And every joint and sinew plies;

Still working when he seems suppress't,
A most tenacious stubborn guest.
A haggard Spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due:
"'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of Love destroy:
My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
Prove my pretension to the place."
Stone urg'd his ever-growing force;
And next, Consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice, that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferr'd:
"Let none object my lingering way,
I gain, like Fabius, by delay;
Fatigue and weaken every foe
By long attack, secure, though slow."
Plague represents his rapid power,
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.
All spoke their claim, and hop'd the wand.—
Now expectation hush'd the band,
When thus the Monarch from the throne:
"Merit was ever modest known.
What, no Physician speak his right!
None here! but fees their toils requite.
Let then Intemperance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest,
(Whom wary men, as foes, detest)
Forego your claim; no more pretend;
Intemperance is esteem'd a friend;
He shares their mirth, their social joys,
And as a courted guest destroys:
The charge on him must justly fall,
Who finds employment for you all."

THE GARDENER AND THE HOG.

A GARD'NER of peculiar taste,
On a young Hog his favour plac'd,
Who fed not with the common herd;
His tray was to the hall prefer'd:
He wallow'd underneath the board,
Or in his master's chamber snor'd,
Who fondly strok'd him every day,
And taught him all the puppy's play.
Where'er he went, the grunting friend
Ne'er fail'd his pleasure to attend.
As on a time the loving pair
Walk'd forth to tend the garden's care,
The Master thus address'd the Swine:
"My house, my garden, all is thine!
On turnips feast whene'er you please;
And riot in my beans and pease;
If the potatoe's taste delights,
Or the red carrot's sweet invites,
Indulge thy morn and evening hours,
But let due care regard my flow'rs:
My tulips are my garden's pride:
What vast expense those beds supplied!"
The Hog by chance one morning roam'd,
Where with new ale the vessels foam'd:
He munches now the steaming grains,
Now with full swill the liquor drains.
Intoxicating fumes arise;
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes;
Then staggering through the garden scours,
And treads down painted ranks of flowers:

With delving snout he turns the soil,
And cools his palate with the spoil.
The Master came, the ruin spied;
"Villain! suspend thy rage, (he cried)
Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot,
My charge, my only charge, forgot?
What, all my flowers!" no more he said,
But gaz'd, and sigh'd, and hung his head.
The Hog with stuttering speech returns;
"Explain, Sir, why your anger burns.
See there, untouch'd your tulips strown;
For I devour'd the roots alone."
At this the Gard'ner's passion grows;
From oaths and threats he fell to blows:
The stubborn brute the blows sustains,
Assaults his leg, and tears the veins.
Ah! foolish Swain! too late you find
That styes were for such friends design'd!
Homeward he limps with painful pace,
Reflecting thus on past disgrace;
"Who cherishes a brutal mate,
Shall mourn the folly soon or late."

THE MAN AND THE FLEA

WHETHER on earth, in air, or main,
Sure every thing alive is vain!
Does not the hawk all fowls survey,
As destin'd only for his prey?
And do not tyrants, prouder things,
Think men were born for slaves to kings?
When the crab views the pearly strands,
Or Tagus, bright with golden sands;

Or crawls beside the coral grove,
And hears the ocean roll above;
"Nature is too profuse, (says he,)
Who gave all these to pleasure me!"
When bordering pinks and roses bloom,
And every garden breathes perfume;
When peaches glow with sunny dyes,
Like Laura's cheek when blushes rise;
When the huge figs the branches bend,
When clusters from the vine depend,
The snail looks round on flower and tree,
And cries, "All these were made for me!"
"What dignity's in human nature?"
Says Man, the most conceited creature,
As from a cliff he cast his eye,
And view'd the sea and arched sky.
The sun was sunk beneath the main;
The moon and all the starry train
Hung the vast vault of heaven: the Man
His contemplation thus began:
"When I behold this glorious show,
And the wide wat'ry world below,
The scaly people of the main,
The beasts that range the wood or plain,
The wing'd inhabitants of air,
The day, the night, the various year,
And know all these by Heaven design'd
As gifts to pleasure human-kind,
I cannot raise my worth too high;
Of what vast consequence am I!"
"Not of the importance you suppose,
(Replies a Flea upon his nose:)
Be humble, learn thyself to scan;
Know, pride was never made for man.

'Tis vanity that swells thy mind.
What, Heaven and earth for thee design'd!
For thee, made only for our need,
That more important Fleas might feed."

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

Friendship, like love, is but name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendships; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare who, in a civil way,
Complied with every thing, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood or graze the plain;
Her care was never to offend,
And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went, at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies:
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy ground,
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appear'd in view!

"Let me, (says she) your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.

You know my feet betray my flight:
To friendship every burden's light."
The Horse replied, "Poor honest puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."
She next the stately Bull implor'd;
And thus replied the mighty lord:
"Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well;
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a favourite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind,
But see, the Goat is just behind."
The Goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye:
"My back, (says he) may do you harm;
The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."
The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd
His sides a load of wool sustain'd;
Said he was slow; confess'd his fears;
For hounds eat sheep as well as Hares.
She now the trotting Calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd:
"Shall I, (says he) of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler pass'd you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!

Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then: you know my heart;
But dearest friends, alas! must part,
How shall we all lament! Adieu;
For see the hounds are just in view."

FABLES.

PART II.

ADVERTISEMENT.

These Fables were finished by Mr. GAY, and intended for the press a short time before his death; when they were left, with his other papers, to the care of his noble friend and patron the Duke of Queensberry; who permitted them to be printed from the originals in the Author's own hand-writing.

THE DOG AND THE FOX.

TO A LAWYER.

I KNOW you lawyers can, with ease,
Twist words and meanings as you please;
That language, by your skill made pliant,
Will bend to favour every client;
That 'tis the fee directs the sense,
To make out either side's pretence.
When you peruse the clearest case,
You see it with a double face:
For scepticism is your profession;
You hold there's doubt in all expression.
Hence is the bar with fees supplied,
Hence eloquence takes either side.
Your hand would have but paltry gleaning,
Could every man express his meaning.

Who dares presume to pen a deed,
Unless you previously are fee'd?
'Tis drawn; and, to augment the cost,
In dull prolixity engrost.
And now we're well secur'd by law,
Till the next brother find a flaw.
Read o'er a will. Was't ever known
But you could make the will your own?
For when you read, 'tis with intent
To find out meanings never meant.
Since things are thus, *se defendendo*,
I bar fallacious *inuendo*.
Sagacious Porta's skill could trace
Some beast or bird in every face.
The head, the eye, the nose's shape,
Prov'd this an owl, and that an ape;
When, in the sketches thus design'd,
Resemblance brings some friend to mind,
You show the piece, and give the hint,
And find each feature in the print;
So monstrous-like the portrait's found,
All know it, and the laugh goes round.
Like him I draw from general nature;
Is't I or you, then, fix the satire?—
So, Sir, I beg you spare your pains
In making comments on my strains.
All private slander I detest,
I judge not of my neighbour's breast:
Party and prejudice I hate,
And write no libels on the state.
Shall not my Fable censure vice,
Because a knave is over nice?
And, lest the guilty hear and dread,
Shall not the decalogue be read?

If I lash vice in general fiction,
Is't I apply, or self-conviction?
Brutes are my theme: am I to blame,
If men in morals are the same?
I no man call or ape or ass;
'Tis his own conscience holds the glass.
Thus void of all offence I write:
Who claims the fable knows his right.

A shepherd's Dog, unskill'd in sports,
Pick'd up acquaintance of all sorts;
Among the rest a Fox he knew;
By frequent chat their friendship grew.

Says Reynard, "'Tis a cruel case,
That man should stigmatize our race.
No doubt, among us rogues you find,
As among dogs and human kind;
And yet (unknown to me and you)
There may be honest men and true.
Thus slander tries whate'er it can
To put us on the foot with man.
Let my own actions recommend;
No prejudice can blind a friend:
You know me free from all disguise;
My honour as my life I prize."

By talk like this, from all mistrust
The Dog was cur'd, and thought him just.

As on a time the Fox held forth
On conscience, honesty, and worth,
Sudden he stop'd; he cock'd his ear;
Low dropt his bushy tail with fear.

"Bless us! the hunters are abroad:
What's all that clatter on the road?"

"Hold, (says the Dog) we're safe from harm,
'Twas nothing but a false alarm:

At yonder town 'tis market-day;
Some farmer's wife is on the way;
'Tis so; I know her pyebald mare,
Dame Dobbins with her poultry-ware."
Reynard grew huff. Says he, "This sneer
From you I little thought to hear;
Your meaning in your looks I see:
Pray what's dame Dobbins, friend, to me?
Did I e'er make her poultry thinner?
Prove that I owe the dame a dinner."
"Friend, (quoth the Cur) I meant no harm;
Then why so captious? why so warm?
My words, in common acceptation,
Could never give this provocation.
No lamb, for aught I ever knew,
May be more innocent than you."
At this, gall'd Reynard winc'd, and swore
Such language ne'er was given before.
"What's lamb to me? this saucy hint
Shows me, base knave, which way you squint.
If t' other night your master lost
Three lambs, am I to pay the cost?
Your vile reflections would imply
That I'm the thief. You Dog, you lie."
"Thou knave, thou fool, (the Dog replied)
The name is just, take either side;
Thy guilt these applications speak:
Sirrah, 'tis conscience makes you squeak."
So saying, on the Fox he flies:
The self-convicted felon dies.

THE VULTURE, THE SPARROW, AND OTHER BIRDS.

TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

ERE I begin, I must premise
Our ministers are good and wise;
So, though malicious tongues apply,
Pray what care they, or what care I?
If I am free with courts, be't known,
I ne'er presume to mean our own.
If general morals seem to joke
On ministers, and such-like folk,
A captious fool may take offence;
What then? He knows his own pretence.
I meddle with no state affairs;
But spare my jest to save my ears.
Our present schemes are too profound,
For Machiavel himself to sound:
To censure 'em I've no pretension;
I own they're past my comprehension.
You say, your brother wants a place,
('Tis many a younger brother's case)
And that he very soon intends
To ply the court and tease his friends.
If there his merits chance to find
A patriot of an open mind,
Whose constant actions prove him just
To both a king's and people's trust;
May he, with gratitude, attend,
And owe his rise to such a friend.
You praise his parts, for business fit,
His learning, probity and wit;

But those alone will never do,
Unless his patron have 'em too.
I've heard of times (pray GOD defend us!
We're not so good but he can mend us)
When wicked ministers have trod
On kings and people, law and GOD;
With arrogance they girt the throne,
And knew no interest but their own.
Then virtue, from preferment barr'd,
Gets nothing but its own reward.
A gang of petty knaves attend 'em,
With proper parts to recommend 'em.
Then if his patron burn with lust,
The first in favour's pimp the first.
His doors are never clos'd to spies,
Who cheer his heart with double lies;
They flatter him, his foes defame,
So lull the pangs of guilt and shame.
If schemes of luere haunt his brain,
Projectors swell his greedy train:
Vile brokers ply his private ear
With jobs of plunder for the year;
All conscienees must bend and ply;
You must vote on, and not know why:
Through thick and thin you must go on;
One scruple, and your place is gone.
Since plagues like these have curs'd a land,
And favourites cannot always stand,
Good courtiers should for change be ready,
And not have principles too steady;
For should a knave engross the pow'r,
(GOD shield the realm from that sad hour)
He must have rogues or slavish fools;
For what's a knave without his tools?

Wherever those a people drain,
And strut with infamy and gain,
I envy not their guilt and state,
And scorn to share the public hate.
Let their own servile creatures rise,
By screening fraud, and venting lies:
Give me kind Heaven, a private station*,
A mind serene for contemplation:
Title and profit I resign;
The post of honour shall be mine.
My Fable read, their merits view,
Then herd who will with such a crew.

In days of yore (my cautious rhymes
Always except the present times)
A greedy Vulture, skill'd in game,
Inur'd to guilt, unaw'd by shame,
Approach'd the throne in evil hour,
And step by step intrudes to pow'r:
When at the royal Eagle's ear,
He longs to ease the monarch's care.
The monarch grants. With pride elate,
Behold him minister of state!
Around him throng the feather'd rout;
Friends must be serv'd, and some must out;
Each thinks his own the best pretension;
This asks a place, and that a pension.

The Nightingale was set aside:
A forward Daw his room supplied.

"This bird (says he) for business fit,
Hath both sagacity and wit:
With all his turns, and shifts, and tricks,
He's docile, and at nothing sticks:

*———When impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station. *Addison.*

Then with his neighbours one so free
At all times will connive at me."
The Hawk had due distinction shown,
For parts and talents like his own.
Thousands of hircling Cocks attend him,
As blustering bullies to defend him.
At once the Ravens were disearded,
And Magpies with their posts rewarded.
Those fowls of omen I detest,
That pry into another's nest.
State-lics must lose all good intent,
For they foresee and croak the' evcnt.
My friends ne'er think, but talk by rote,
Speak what they're taught, and so to vote.
" When rogues like these (a Sparrow cries)
To honours and employments rise,
I court no favour, ask no place,
From sueh preferment is disgrace.
Within my thatch'd retreat I find
(What these ne'er feel) true peace of mind."

THE BABOON AND THE POULTRY.

TO A LEVEE-HUNTER.

We frequently misplaee esteem,
By judging men by what they seem.
To birth, wealth, power, we should allow
Precedence, and our lowest bow:
In that is due distinction shown;
Esteem is Virtue's right alone.
With partial eye we're apt to see
The man of noble pedigree:

We're prepossest my Lord inherits,
In some degree, his grandsire's merits;
For those we find upon record,
But find him nothing but 'my Lord.'
When we, with superficial view,
Gaze on the rich, we're dazzled too.
We know that wealth, well understood,
Hath frequent power of doing good,
Then fancy that the thing is done,
As if the power and will were one.
Thus oft the cheated crowd adore
The thriving knaves that keep 'em poor.
The cringing train of power survey;
What creatures are so low as they!
With what obsequiousness they bend!
To what vile actions condescend!
Their rise is on their meanness built,
And flattery is their smallest guilt.
What homage, reverence, adoration,
In every age, in every nation,
Have sycophants to power address'd!
No matter who the power possess'd.
Let ministers be what they will,
You find their levees always fill:
E'en those who have perplex'd a state,
Whose actions claim contempt and hate,
Had wretches to applaud their schemes,
Though more absurd than madmen's dreams.
When barbarous Moloch was invok'd,
The blood of infants only smok'd,
But here (unless all History lies)
Whole realms have been a sacrifice.
Look through all courts: 'tis power we find
The general idol of mankind;

There worship'd under every shape:
Alike the lion, fox, and ape,
Are follow'd by time-serving slaves,
Rich prostitutes and needy knaves.
Who then shall glory in his post?
How frail his pride, how vain his boast!
The followers of his prosperous hour
Are as unstable as his power.
Power, by the breath of Flattery nurst,
The more it swells is nearer burst.
The bubble breaks, the gewgaw ends,
And in a dirty tear descends.
Once on a time an ancient maid,
By wishes and by time decay'd,
To cure the pangs of restless thought,
In birds and beasts amusement sought:
Dogs, parrots, apes, her hours employ'd;
With these alone she talk'd and toy'd.
A huge Baboon her fancy took,
(Almost a man in size and look)
He finger'd every thing he found;
And mimic'd all the servants round;
Then, too, his parts and ready wit
Show'd him for every business fit.
With all these talents 'twas but just
That Pug should hold a place of trust.
So to her favourite was assign'd
The charge of all her feather'd kind.
'Twas his to tend 'em eve and morn,
And portion out their daily corn.
Behold him now, with haughty stride,
Assume a ministerial pride.
The morning rose. In hope of picking,
Swans, turkeys, peacocks, ducks, and chicken,

Fowls of all ranks surround his hut,
To worship his important strut.
The minister appears. The crowd,
Now here, now there obsequious bow'd.
This prais'd his parts, and that his face,
T' other his dignity in place.
From bill to bill the flattery ran:
He hears and bears it like a man;
For when we flatter Self-conceit,
We but his sentiments repeat.
If we're too scrupulously just,
What profit's in a place of trust?
The common practice of the great
Is to secure a snug retreat:
So Pug began to turn his brain
(Like other folks in place) on gain.
An apple-woman's stall was near,
Well stock'd with fruits through all the year;
Here every day he cram'd his guts,
Hence were his hoards of pears and nuts;
For 'twas agreed (in way of trade)
His payments should in corn be made.
The stock of grain was quickly spent,
And no account which way it went:
Then, too, the Poultry's starv'd condition
Caus'd speculations of suspicion.
The facts were prov'd beyond dispute;
Pug must refund his hoards of fruit;
And, though then minister in chief,
Was branded as a public thief,
Disgrac'd, despis'd, confin'd to chains,
He nothing but his pride retains.
A Goose pass'd by; he knew the face,
Seen every levee while in place.

"What, no respect! no reverence shown!
How saucy are those creatures grown!
Not two days since (says he) you bow'd
The lowest of my fawning crowd."
"Proud fool! (replies the Goose) 'tis true
Thy corn a fluttering levee drew;
For that I join'd the hungry train,
And sold the flattery for thy grain:
But then, as now, conceited Ape,
We saw thee in thy proper shape."

THE ANT IN OFFICE.

TO A FRIEND.

You tell me that you apprehend
My verse may touchy folks offend.
In prudence, too, you think my rhymes
Should never squint at courtiers' crimes;
For though nor this nor that is meant,
Can we another's thoughts prevent?
You ask me, if I ever knew
Court-chaplains thus the lawn pursue?
I meddle not with gown or lawn;
Poets, I grant, to rise, must fawn:
They know great ears are over nice,
And never shock their patron's vice.
But I this hackney path despise;
'Tis my ambition not to rise:
If I must prostitute the Muse,
The base conditions I refuse.
I neither flatter nor defame,
Yet own I would bring guilt to shame.

If I Corruption's hand expose,
I make corrupted men my foes;
What then? I hate the paltry tribe:
Be virtue mine; be theirs the bribe.
I no man's property invade;
Corruption's yet no lawful trade.
Nor would it mighty ills produce,
Could I shame bribery out of use.
I know 'twould cramp most politicians,
Were they tied down to these conditions:
'Twould stint their power, their riches bound,
And make their parts seem less profound.
Were they denied their proper tools,
How could they lead their knaves and fools?
Were this the case, let's take a view
What dreadful mischiefs would ensue.
Though it might aggrandize the state;
Could private luxury dine on plate?
Kings might indeed their friends reward;
But ministers find less regard.
Informers, sycophants, and spies,
Would not augment the year's supplies.
Perhaps, too, take away this prop,
An annual job or two might drop.
Besides, if pensions were denied,
Could Avarice support its pride?
It might even ministers confound,
And yet the state be safe and sound.
I care not though 'tis understood;
I only mean my country's good:
And (let who will my freedom blame)
I wish all courtiers did the same,
Nay, though some folks the less might get,
I wish the nation out of debt.

I put no private man's ambition
With public good in competition:
Rather than have our laws defac'd,
I'd vote a minister disgrac'd.
I strike at vice, be't where it will;
And what if great folks take it ill?
I hope corruption, bribery, pension,
One may with detestation mention:
Think you the law (let who will take it)
Can *scandalum magnatum* make it?
I vent no slander, owe no grudge,
Nor of another's conscience judge:
At him or him I take no aim,
Yet dare against all vice declaim.
Shall I not censure breach of trust,
Because knaves know themselves unjust?
That steward whose account is clear,
Demands his honour may appear;
His actions never shun the light;
He is, and would be prov'd upright.
But then you think my Fable bears
Allusion too, to state-affairs.
I grant it does: and who's so great,
That has the priv'lege to cheat?
If then in any future reign
(For ministers may thirst for gain)
Corrupted hands defraud the nation,
I bar no reader's application.
An Ant there was whose forward prate
Controll'd all matters in debate;
Whether he knew the thing or no,
His tongue eternally would go;
For he had impudence at will,
And boasted universal skill,

Ambition was his point in view:
Thus by degrees to power he grew.
Behold him now his drift attain:
He's made chief-treasurer of the grain.
But as their ancient laws are just,
And punish breach of public trust,
'Tis order'd (lest wrong application
Should starve that wise industrious nation)
That all accounts be stated clear,
Their stock, and what defray'd the year;
That auditors shall these inspect,
And public rapine thus be check'd.
For this the solemn day was set;
The auditors in council met.
The granary-keeper must explain,
And balance his account of grain.
He brought (since he could not refuse 'em)
Some scraps of paper to amuse 'em.
An honest Pismire, warm with zeal,
In justice to the public weal,
Thus spoke:—"The nation's hoard is low;
From whence does this profusion flow?
I know our annual fund's amount;
Why such expense? and where's the' account?"
With wonted arrogance and pride,
The Ant in office thus replied:
"Consider, Sirs, were secrets told,
How could the best-schem'd projects hold?
Should we state-mysteries disclose,
'Twould lay us open to our foes.
My duty and my well-known zeal
Bid me our present schemes conceal:
But, on my honour, all the' expense
(Though vast) was for the swarm's defence."

They pass'd th' account as fair and just;
And voted him implicit trust.
Next year again the granary drain'd,
He thus his innocence maintain'd.
"Think how our present matters stand,
What dangers threat from every hand;
What host of turkeys stroll for food,
No farmer's wife but hath her brood.
Consider, when invasion's near,
Intelligence must cost us dear;
And, in this ticklish situation,
A secret told betrays the nation:
But on my honour, all the' expense
(Though vast) was for the swarm's defence."
Again, without examination,
They thank'd his sage administration.
The year revolves. Their treasure spent,
Again in secret service went:
His honour, too, again was pledg'd,
To satisfy the charge alleg'd.
When thus, with panic shame possess'd,
An auditor his friends address'd:
"What are we? ministerial tools?
We little knaves are greater fools.
At last this secret is explor'd,
'Tis our corruption thins the hoard.
For every grain we touch'd, at least,
A thousand his own heaps increas'd.
Then for his kin and favourite spies,
A hundred hardly could suffice.
Thus for a paltry sneaking bribe,
We cheat ourselves and all the tribe;
For all the magazine contains
Grows from our annual toil and pains."

They vote th' account shall be inspected;
The cunning plunderer is detected;
The fraud is sentenc'd; and his hoard,
As due, to public use restor'd.

THE BEAR IN A BOAT.

TO A COXCOMB.

That man must daily wiser grow,
Whose search is bent himself to know;
Impartially he weighs his scope,
And on firm reason founds his hope;
He tries his strength before the race,
And never seeks his own disgrace:
He knows the compass, sail, and oar,
Or never launches from the shore:
Before he builds, computes the cost,
And in no proud pursuit is lost:
He learns the bounds of human sense,
And safely walks within the fence.
Thus, conscious of his own defect,
Are pride and self-importance check'd.
If then, self-knowledge to pursue,
Direct our life in every view,
Of all the fools that pride can boast,
A Coxcomb claims distinction most.
Coxcombs are of all ranks and kind;
They're not to sex or age confin'd,
Or rich, or poor, or great, or small,
And vanity besots 'em all.
By ignorance is pride increas'd:
Those most assume who know the least;

Their own false balance gives 'em weight,
But every other finds 'em light.
Not that all Coxcombs' follies strike,
And draw our ridicule alike;
To different merits each pretends;
This in love-vanity transcends;
That smitten with his face and shape,
By dress distinguishes the ape;
T'other with learning crams his shelf,
Knows books, and all things but himself.
All these are fools of low condition,
Compar'd with Coxcombs of ambition:
For those, puff'd up with flattery, dare
Assume a nation's various care.
They ne'er the grossest praise mistrust,
Their sycophants seem hardly just;
For these, in part alone, attest
The flattery their own thoughts suggest.
In this wide sphere a Coxcomb's shown
In other realms besides his own:
The self-deem'd Machiavel at large
By turns controls in every charge.
Does Commerce suffer in her rights?
'Tis he directs the naval flights.
What sailor dares dispute his skill?
He'll be an admiral when he will.
Now, meddling in the soldier's trade,
Troops must be hir'd, and levies made:
He gives ambassadors their cue,
His cobbled treaties to renew;
And annual taxes must suffice
The current blunders to disguise.
When his crude schemes in air are lost,
And millions scarce defray the cost,

His arrogance (nought undismay'd)
Trusting in self-sufficient aid,
On other rocks misguides the realm,
And thinks a pilot at the helm.
He ne'er suspects his want of skill,
But blunders on from ill to ill;
And when he fails of all intent,
Blames only unforeseen event.—
Lest you mistake the application,
The Fable calls me to relation.

A Bear of shag and manners rough,
At climbing trees expert enough;
For dext'rously, and safe from harm,
Year after year he robb'd the swarm:
Thus thriving on industrious toil,
He gloried in his pilfer'd spoil.

This trick so swell'd him with conceit,
He thought no enterprise too great.
Alike in sciences and arts
He boasted universal parts:
Pragmatic, busy, bustling, bold,
His arrogance was uncontroll'd:
And thus he made his party good,
And grew—dictator of the wood.

The beasts, with admiration, stare,
And think him a prodigious Bear.
Were any common booty got,
'Twas his each portion to allot:
For why? he found there might be picking,
E'en in the carving of a chicken.
Intruding thus, he by degrees
Claim'd, too, the butcher's larger fees.

And now his over-weening pride
In every province will preside.
No task too difficult was found:
His blundering nose misleads the hound,
In stratagem and subtle arts
He over-rules the fox's parts.
It chanc'd as, on a certain day,
Along the bank he took his way,
A Boat, with rudder, sail, and oar,
At anchor floated near the shore.
He stopt, and turning to his train,
Thus pertly vents his vaunting strain:
"What blundering puppies are mankind,
In every science always blind!
I mock the pedantry of schools:
What are their compasses and rules?
From me that helm shall conduct learn,
And man his ignorance discern."
So saying, with audacious pride
He gains the Boat, and climbs the side.
The beasts, astonish'd, line the strand:
The anchor's weigh'd; he drives from land:
The slack sail shifts from side to side;
The Boat untrim'd admits the tide.
Borne down, adrift, at random tost,
His oar breaks short, the rudder's lost.
The Bear, presuming in his skill,
Is here and there officious still;
Till, striking on the dangerous sands,
Aground the shatter'd vessel stands.
To see the bungler thus distrest,
The very fishes sneer and jest:

E'en gudgeons join in ridieule,
To mortify the meddling fool.
The elamorous watermen appear;
Threats, curses, oaths, insult his ear:
Seiz'd, thrash'd, and ehain'd, he's drag'd to land;
Derision shouts along the strand.

THE SQUIRE AND HIS CUR.

TO A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

The man of pure and simple heart
Through life disdains a double part;
He never needs the sereen of lies,
His inward bosom to disguise:
In vain malieious tongues assail;
Let Envy snarl, let Slander rail,
From Virtue's shield (seeure from wound)
Their blunted venom'd shafts rebound.
So shines his light before mankind,
His actions prove his honest mind.
If in his country's cause he rise,
Debating senates to advise,
Unbrib'd, unaw'd, he dares impart
The honest dietates of his heart:
No ministerial frown he fears,
But in his virtue perseveres.

But would you play the politieian,
Whose heart's averse to intuition,
Your lips at all times, nay, your reason,
Must be eontroll'd by plaee and season.
What statesman eould his power support,
Were lying tongues forbid the court?

Did princely ears to truth attend,
What minister could gain his end?
How could he raise his tools to place,
And how his honest foes disgrace?
That politician tops his part,
Who readily can lie with art:
The man's proficient in his trade;
His power is strong, his fortune's made:
By that the interest of the throne
Is made subservient to his own:
By that have kings of old, deluded,
All their own friends for his excluded:
By that, his selfish schemes pursuing,
He thrives upon the public ruin.
Antiochus,* with hardy pace,
Provok'd the dangers of the chase;
And, lost from all his menial train,
Travers'd the wood and pathless plain.
A cottage lodg'd the royal guest;
The Parthian clown brought forth his best.
The King, unknown, his feast enjoy'd,
And various chat the hours employ'd.
From wine what sudden friendship springs!
Frankly they talk'd of courts and kings.
"We country-folks (the Clown replies)
Could ope our gracious monarch's eyes.
The King, (as all our neighbours say)
Might he (God bless him!) have his way,
Is sound at heart, and means our good,
And he would do it if he could.
If truth in courts were not forbid,
Nor kings nor subjects would be rid.

* Plutarch.

Were he in power we need not doubt him;
But that transfer'd to those about him,
On them he throws the regal cares;
And what mind they? Their own affairs.
If such rapacious hands he trust,
The best of men may seem unjust.
From kings to coblers 'tis the same;
Bad servants wound their master's fame.
In this our neighbours all agree:
Would the King knew as much as we!"—
Here he stopt short. Repose they sought;
The Peasant slept, the Monarch thought.

The courtiers learn'd, at early dawn,
Where their lost sovereign was withdrawn.
The guards' approach our host alarms;
With gaudy coats the cottage swarms.
The crown and purple robes they bring,
And prostrate fall before the King.
The Clown was call'd; the royal guest
By due reward his thanks exprest.
The King then, turning to the crowd,
Who fawningly before him bow'd,
Thus spoke: "Since, bent on private gain,
Your counsels first misled my reign,
Taught and inform'd by you alone,
No truth the royal ear hath known,
Till here conversing: hence, ye crew,
For now I know myself and you."

Whene'er the royal ear's engrost,
State-lies but little genius cost:
The favourite then securely robs,
And gleans a nation by his jobs.
Franker and bolder grown in ill,
He daily poisons dares instil;

And, as his present views suggest,
Inflames or soothes the royal breast:
Thus wicked ministers oppress,
When oft the monarch means redress.
Would kings their private subjects hear,
A minister must talk with fear;
If honesty oppos'd his views,
He dar'd not innocence accuse;
'Twould keep him in such narrow bound,
He could not right and wrong confound.
Happy were kings, could they disclose
Their real friends and real foes!
Were both themselves and subjects known,
A monarch's will might be his own.
Had he the use of ears and eyes,
Knaves would no more be counted wise.
But then a minister might lose
(Hard case!) his own ambitious views.
When such as these have vex'd a state,
Pursued by universal hate,
Their false support at once hath fail'd,
And persevering truth prevail'd:
Expos'd, their train of fraud is seen;
Truth will at last remove the screen.
A Country 'Squire, by whim directed,
The true staunch dogs of chase neglected:
Beneath his board no hound was fed;
His hand ne'er strok'd the spaniel's head.
A snappish Cur, alone carest,
By lies had banish'd all the rest.
Yap had his ear; and defamation
Gave him full scope of conversation.
His sycophants must be prefer'd;
Room must be made for all his herd:

Wherefore, to bring his schemes about,
Old faithful servants all must out.
The Cur on every creature flew,
(As other great men's puppies do)
Unless due court to him were shown,
And both their face and business known:
No honest tongue an audience found;
He worried all the tenants round;
For why? he liv'd in constant fear,
Lest truth by chance should interfere.
If any stranger dar'd intrude,
The noisy Cur his heels pursued.
Now fierce with rage, now struck with dread,
At once he snarled, bit, and fled.
Aloof he bays, with bristling hair,
And thus in secret growls his fear:
"Who knows but Truth, in this disguise,
May frustrate my best-guarded lies?
Should she (thus mask'd) admittance find,
That very hour my ruin's sign'd."
Now in his howl's continued sound,
Their words were lost, the voice was drown'd.
Ever in awe of honest tongues,
Thus every day he strain'd his lungs.
It happen'd, in ill-omen'd hour,
That Yap, unmindful of his pow'r,
Forsook his post, to love inclin'd;
A favourite bitch was in the wind.
By her seduc'd, in amorous play,
They frisk'd the joyous hours away:
Thus by untimely love pursuing,
Like Antony, he sought his ruin.
For now the 'Squire, unvex'd with noise,
An honest neighbour's chat enjoys:

"Be free, (says he) your mind impart;
I love a friendly, open heart.
Methinks my tenants shun my gate;
Why such a stranger grown of late?
Pray tell me what offence they find:
'Tis plain they're not so well inclin'd."
"Turn off your Cur, (the Farmer cries)
Who feeds your ear with daily lies.
His snarling insolence offends:
'Tis he that keeps you from your friends.
Were but that saucy puppy checkt,
You'd find again the same respect.
Hear only him, he'll swear it too,
That all our hatred is to you:
But learn from us your true estate;
'Tis that curs'd Cur alone we hate."
The 'Squire heard Truth. Now Yap rush'd in;
The wide hall echoes with his din:
Yet truth prevail'd; and, with disgrace,
The dog was cudgell'd out of place.

THE COUNTRYMAN AND JUPITER.

TO MYSELF.

Have you a friend (look round and spy)
So fond, so prepossess'd as I?
Your faults, so obvious to mankind,
My partial eyes could never find.
When, by the breath of Fortune blown,
Your airy castles were o'erthrown;
Have I been ever prone to blame,
Or mortified your hours with shame?

Was I e'er known to damp your spirit,
Or twit you with the want of merit?
'Tis not so strange that Fortune's frown
Still perseveres to keep you down.
Look round, and see what others do.
Would you be rich and honest too?
Have you (like those she rais'd to place)
Been opportunely mean and base?
Have you (as times requir'd) resign'd
Truth, honour, virtue, peace of mind?
If these are scruples, give her o'er;
Write, practise morals, and be poor.
The gifts of fortune truly rate;
Then, tell me what would mend your state.
If happiness on wealth were built,
Rich rogues might comfort find in guilt.
As grows the miser's hoarded store,
His fears, his wants, increase the more.
Think, GAY, (what ne'er may be the case)
Should Fortune take you into grace;
Would that your happiness augment?
What can she give beyond content?
Suppose yourself a wealthy heir,
With a vast annual income clear!
In all the affluence you possess,
You might not feel one care the less.
Might you not then (like others) find
With change of fortune change of mind?
Perhaps, profuse beyond all rule,
You might start out a glaring fool;
Your luxury might break all bounds:
Plate, table, horses, stewards, hounds,
Might swell your debts: then, lust of play
No regal income can defray.

Sunk is all credit, writs assail,
And doom your future life to jail.
Or were you dignified with pow'r,
Would that avert one pensive hour?
You might give avarice its swing,
Defraud a nation, blind a king:
Then from the hirelings in your cause,
Though daily fed with false applause,
Could it a real joy impart?—
Great guilt knew never joy at heart.
Is happiness your point in view?
(I mean the' intrinsic and the true)
She nor in camps or courts resides,
Nor in the humble cottage hides;
Yet found alike in every sphere;
Who finds content will find her there.
O'erspent with toil, beneath the shade,
A Peasant rested on his spade:
"Good gods! (he cries) 'tis hard to bear
This load of life from year to year!
Soon as the morning streaks the skies,
Industrious Labour bids me rise;
With sweat I earn my homely fare,
And every day renews my care."
Jove heard the discontented strain,
And thus rebuk'd the murmuring swain:
"Speak out your wants, then, honest friend:
Unjust complaints the gods offend.
If you repine at partial Fate,
Instruct me what could mend your state.
Mankind in every station see.
What wish you? tell me what you'd be."
So said, upborne upon a cloud,
The Clown survey'd the anxious crowd.

"Yon face of Care, (says Jove) behold,
His bulky bags are fill'd with gold:
See with what joy he counts it o'er!
That sum to-day hath swell'd his store."
"Were I that man, (the Peasant cried)
What blessing could I ask beside?"
"Hold, (says the god) first learn to know
True happiness from outward show.
This optic glass of intuition—
Here, take it, view his true condition."
He look'd, and saw the miser's breast
A troubled ocean, ne'er at rest:
Want ever stares him in the face,
And fear anticipates disgrace:
With conscious guilt he saw him start;
Extortion gnaws his throbbing heart;
And never, or in thought or dream,
His breast admits one happy gleam.
"May Jove, (he cries) reject my pray'r,
And guard my life from guilt and care.
My soul abhors that wretch's fate:
O keep me in my humble state!
But see, amidst a gaudy crowd,
Yon minister so gay and proud;
On him what happiness attends,
Who thus rewards his grateful friends!"
"First take the glass, (the god replies)
Man views the world with partial eyes."
"Good gods! (exclaims the startled wight)
Defend me from this hideous sight!
Corruption with corrosive smart
Lies cankering on his guilty heart:
I see him with polluted hand
Spread the contagion o'er the land.

Now Avarice with insatiate jaws,
Now Rapine with her harpy claws,
His bosom tears: his conscious breast
Groans with a load of crimes opprest.
See him, mad and drunk with power,
Stand tottering on Ambition's tower.
Sometimes, in speeches vain and proud,
His boasts insult the nether crowd;
Now, seiz'd with giddness and fear,
He trembles lest his fall is near.
"Was ever wretch like this! (he cries)
Such misery in such disguise!
The change, O Jove! I disavow;
Still be my lot the spade and plough."
He next, confirm'd by speculation,
Rejects the lawyer's occupation;
For he the statesman seem'd in part,
And bore similitude of heart.
Nor did the soldier's trade inflame
His hopes with thirst of spoil and fame
The miseries of war he mourn'd;
Whole nations into deserts turn'd.
By these have laws and rights been brav'd;
By these was free-born man enslav'd:
When battles and invasion cease,
Why swarm they in the lands of peace?
"Such change (says he) may I decline;
The scythe and civil arms be mine!"
Thus, weighing life in each condition,
The Clown withdrew his rash petition.
When thus the God: "How mortals err!
If you true happiness prefer,
'Tis to no rank of life confin'd,
But dwells in every honest mind.

Be justice then your sole pursuit:
Plant virtue, and content's the fruit."
So Jove, to gratify the Clown,
Where first he found him set him down.

THE MAN, THE CAT, THE DOG, AND THE FLY.

TO MY NATIVE COUNTRY.

Hail, happy land! whose fertile grounds
The liquid fence of Neptune bounds;
By bounteous Nature set apart,
The seat of Industry and Art.
O Britain! chosen port of trade,
May luxury ne'er thy sons invade;
May never minister (intent
His private treasures to augment)
Corrupt thy state. If jealous foes
Thy rights of commerce dare oppose,
Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe?
Who is't prescribes the ocean law?
Whenever neighbouring states contend,
'Tis thine to be the general friend.
What is't who rules in other lands?
On trade alone thy glory stands:
That benefit is unconfin'd,
Diffusing good among mankind:
That first gave lustre to thy reigns,
And scatter'd plenty o'er thy plains:
'Tis that alone thy wealth supplies,
And draws all Europe's envious eyes.

Be commerce, then, thy sole design;
Keep that, and all the world is thine.
When naval traffic ploughs the main,
Who shares not in the merchant's gain?
'Tis that supports the regal state,
And makes the farmer's heart elate:
The numerous flocks that clothe the land
Can scarce supply the loom's demand;
Prolific culture glads the fields,
And the bare heath a harvest yields.
Nature expects mankind should share
The duties of the public care.
Who's born for sloth?* To some we find
The ploughshare's annual toil assign'd:
Some at the sounding anvil glow;
Some the swift-sliding shuttle throw;
Some, studious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide:
Some (taught by industry) impart
With hands and feet the works of art;
While some, of genius more refin'd,
With head and tongue assist mankind;
Each aiming at one common end,
Proves to the whole a needful friend.
Thus, born each other's useful aid,
By turns are obligations paid.
The monarch, when his table's spread,
Is to the clown oblig'd for bread;
And when in all his glory drest,
Owes to the loom his royal vest.
Do not the mason's toil and care
Protect him from the inclement air?

* Barrow.

Does not the cutler's art supply
The ornament that guards his thigh?
All these, in duty to the throne,
Their common obligations own.
'Tis he (his own and people's cause)
Protects their properties and laws:
Thus they their honest toil employ,
And with content the fruits enjoy.
In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.

The animals, by want oppress'd,
To man their services address'd,
While each pursued their selfish good,
They hunger'd for precarious food:
Their hours with anxious cares were vext;
One day they fed, and starv'd the next:
They saw that plenty, sure and rife,
Was found alone in social life;
That mutual industry profess'd,
The various wants of man redress'd.

The Cat, half famish'd, lean and weak,
Demands the privilege to speak.
"Well, Puss, (says Man) and what can you,
To benefit the public, do?"
The Cat replies: "These teeth, these claws,
With vigilance shall serve the cause.
The mouse, destroy'd by my pursuit,
No longer shall your feasts pollute;
Nor rats, from nightly ambuscade,
With wasteful teeth your stores invade."
"I grant (says Man) to general use
Your parts and talents may conduce;
For rats and mice purloin our grain,
And threshers whirl the flail in vain:

Thus shall the Cat, a foe to spoil,
Protect the farmer's honest toil."
Then turning to the Dog, he cried,
"Well, Sir, be next your merits tried."
"Sir, (says the Dog) by self-applause
We seem to own a friendless cause.
Ask those who know me, if distrust
E'er found me treacherous or unjust?
Did I e'er faith or friendship break?
Ask all those creatures; let them speak.
My vigilance and trusty zeal
Perhaps might serve the public weal.
Might not your flocks in safety feed,
Were I to guard the fleecy breed?
Did I the nightly watches keep,
Could thieves invade you while you sleep?"
The Man replies: "'Tis just and right;
Rewards such service should requite.
So rare, in property, we find
Trust uncorrupt among mankind,
That, taken in a public view,
The first distinction is your due.
Such merits all reward transcend:
Be then my comrade and my friend."
Addressing now the Fly: "From you
What public service can accrue?"
"From me! (the fluttering insect said)
I thought you knew me better bred.
Sir, I'm a gentleman: Is't fit
That I to industry submit?
Let mean mechanics, to be fed
By business earn ignoble bread:
Lost in excess of daily joys,
No thought, no care, my life annoys.

At noon (the lady's matin hour)
I sip the tea's delicious flower;
On cates luxuriously I dine,
And drink the fragrance of the vine:
Studious of elegance and ease,
Myself alone I seek to please."
The Man his pert conceit derides,
And thus the useless coxcomb chides:
"Hence, from that peach, that downy seat;
No idle fool deserves to eat.
Could you have sap'd the blushing rind,
And on that pulp ambrosial din'd,
Had not some hand, with skill and toil,
To raise the tree prepar'd the soil?
Consider, sot, what would ensue,
Were all such worthless things as you.
You'd soon be forc'd (by hunger stung)
To make your dirty meals on dung,
On which such despicable need,
Unpitied, is reduc'd to feed.
Besides, vain selfish Insect, learn,
(If you can right and wrong discern)
That he who, with industrious zeal,
Contributes to the public weal,
By adding to the common good,
His own hath rightly understood."
So saying, with a sudden blow,
He laid the noxious vagrant low.
Crush'd in his luxury and pride,
The spunger on the public died.

THE JACKAL, LEOPARD, AND OTHER BEASTS.

TO A MODERN POLITICIAN.

I GRANT corruption sways mankind;
That interest, too, perverts the mind;
That bribes have blinded common sense,
Foil'd reason, truth, and eloquence:
I grant you, too, our present crimes
Can equal those of former times.
Against plain facts shall I engage,
To vindicate our righteous age?
I know that in a modern fist
Bribes in full energy subsist.
Since then these arguments prevail,
And itching palms are still so frail,
Hence Politicians, you suggest,
Should drive the nail that goes the best;
That it shows parts and penetration,
To ply men with the right temptation.
To this I humbly must dissent,
Premising, no reflection's meant.
Does justice or the client's sense
Teach lawyers either side's defence?
The fee gives eloquence its spirit;
That only is the client's merit.
Dose art, wit, wisdom, or address,
Obtain the prostitute's caress!
The guinea (as in other trades)
From every hand alike persuades.
'Man, Scripture says, is prone to evil;'
But does that vindicate the devil!

Besides, the more mankind are prone,
The less the devil's parts are shown.
Corruption's not of modern date;
It hath been tried in every state.
Great knaves of old their power have fenc'd,
By places, pensions, bribes, dispens'd;
By these they gloried in success,
And impudently dar'd oppress;
By these despoticly they sway'd,
And slaves extoll'd the hand that paid;
Nor parts nor genius were employ'd,
By these alone were realms destroy'd.

Now see these wretches in disgrace,
Stript of their treasures, power, and place;
View 'em abandon'd and forlorn,
Expos'd to just reproach and scorn.
What now is all your pride, your boast?
Where are your slaves, your flattering host?
What tongues now feed you with applause?
Where are the champions of your cause?
Now e'en that very fawning train,
Which shar'd the gleanings of your gain,
Press foremost who shall first accuse
Your selfish jobs, your paltry views,
Your narrow schemes, your breach of trust,
And want of talents to be just.

What fools were these amidst their pow'r!
How thoughtless of their adverse hour!
What friends were made? A hireling herd,
For temporary votes prefer'd.
Was it these sycophants to get,
Your bounty swell'd a nation's debt?
You're bit: for these, like Swiss, attend;
No longer pay, no longer friend.

The lion is (beyond dispute)
Allow'd the most majestic brute;
His valour and his generous mind
Prove him superior of his kind:
Yet to jackals (as 'tis aver'd)
Some lions have their power transfer'd;
As if the parts of pimps and spies
To govern forests could suffice.
Once studious of his private good,
A proud Jackal oppress'd the wood;
To cram his own insatiate jaws,
Invaded property and laws.
The forest groans with discontent,
Fresh wrongs the general hate foment.
The spreading murmurs reach'd his ear;
His secret hours were vex'd with fear.
Night after night he weighs the case;
And feels the terrors of disgrace.
"By friends (says he) I'll guard my seat,
By those malicious tongues defeat;
I'll strengthen power by new allies,
And all my clamorous foes despise."
To make the generous beasts his friends,
He cringes, fawns, and condescends;
But those repuls'd his abject court,
And scorn'd oppression to support.
Friends must be had. He can't subsist.
Bribes shall new proselytes enlist;
But these nought weigh'd in honest paws:
For bribes confess a wicked cause:
Yet think not every paw withstands
What hath prevail'd in human hands.
A tempting turnip's silver skin
Drew a base Hog through thick and thin:

Bought with a Stag's delicious haunch,
The mercenary Wolf was staunch:
The convent Fox grew warm and hearty,
A pullet gain'd him to the party:
The golden pippin in his fist,
A chattering Monkey join'd the list.
But soon, expos'd to public hate,
The favourite's fall redress'd the state.
The Leopard, vindicating right,
Had brought his secret frauds to light.
As rats, before the mansion falls,
Desert late hospitable walls,
In shoals the servile creatures run,
To bow before the rising sun.
The Hog with warmth express'd his zeal,
And was for hanging those that steal;
But hop'd, though low, the public hoard
Might half a turnip still afford.
Since saving measures were profest,
A lamb's head was the Wolf's request.
The Fox submitted,—if to touch
A gosling would be deem'd too much?
The Monkey thought his grin and chatter
Might ask a nut, or some such matter.
"Ye Hirelings! hence (the Leopard cries)
Your venal conscience I despise:
He who the public good intends,
By bribes needs never purchase friends.
Who acts this just, this open part,
Is propt by every honest heart.
Corruption now too late has show'd,
That bribes are always ill-bestow'd:
By you your bubbled master's taught,
Time-serving tools, not friends, are bought."

THE DEGENERATE BEES.

TO THE REV. DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

Though courts the practice disallow,
A friend at all times I'll avow.
In politics I know 'tis wrong;
A friendship may be kept too long;
And what they call the prudent part,
Is to wear interest next the heart:
As the times take a different face,
Old friendships should to new give place.
I know, too, you have many foes;
That owning you, is sharing those;
That every knave in every station,
Of high and low denomination,
For what you speak, and what you write,
Dread you at once, and bear you spite.
Such freedoms in your works are shown,
They can't enjoy what's not their own.
All dunces, too, in church and state,
In frothy nonsense show their hate;
With all the petty scribbling crew,
(And those pert sots are not a few)
'Gainst you and Pope their envy spurt:
The booksellers alone are hurt.
Good gods! by what a powerful race
(For blockheads may have power and place)
Are scandals rais'd, and libels writ,
To prove your honesty and wit!
Think with yourself: those worthy men,
You know, have suffer'd by your pen.

From them you've nothing but your due.
From hence, 'tis plain, your friends are few.
Except myself, I know of none,
Besides the wise and good alone.
To set the case in fairer light,
My Fable shall the rest recite;
Which (though unlike our present state)
I for the moral's sake relate.

A Bee of cunning, not of parts,
Luxurious, negligent of arts,
Rapacious, arrogant, and vain,
Greedy of power, but more of gain,
Corruption sow'd throughout the hive:
By petty rogues the great ones thrive.

As power and wealth his views supplied;
'Twas seen in overbearing pride.
With him loud impudence had merit;
The Bee of conscience wanted spirit;
And those who follow'd honour's rules
Were laugh'd to scorn for squeamish fools.
Wealth claim'd distinction, favour, grace,
And poverty alone was base.
He treated industry with slight,
Unless he found his profit by't.
Rights, laws, and liberties, give way,
To bring his selfish schemes in play.
The swarm forgot the common toil,
To share the gleanings of his spoil.

"While vulgar souls, of narrow parts,
Waste life in low mechanic arts;
Let us, (says he) to genius born,
The drudgery of our fathers scorn.
The Wasp and Drone, you must agree,
Live with more elegance than we.

Like gentlemen they sport and play;
No business interrupts the day:
Their hours to luxury they give,
And nobly on their neighbours live."
A stubborn Bee among the swarm,
With honest indignation warm,
Thus from his cell with zeal replied:
"I slight thy frowns, and hate thy pride.
The laws our native rights protect;
Offending thee, I those respect.
Shall luxury corrupt the hive,
And none against the torrent strive?
Exert the honour of your race;
He builds his rise on your disgrace.
'Tis industry our state maintains,
'Twas honest toil and honest gains
That rais'd our sires to power and fame.
Be virtuous; save yourselves from shame.
Know that in selfish ends pursuing,
You scramble for the public ruin."
He spoke; and, from his cell dismiss'd,
Was insolently scoff'd and hiss'd;
With him a friend or two resign'd,
Disdaining the degenerate kind.
"These Drones (says he) these insects vile
(I treat 'em in their proper style)
May for a time oppress the state:
They own our virtue by their hate;
By that our merits they reveal,
And recommend our public zeal;
Disgrac'd by this corrupted crew,
We're honour'd by the virtuous few."

THE

PACK-HORSE AND THE CARRIER.

TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

Begin, my Lord, in early youth,
To suffer, nay, encourage truth;
And blame me not for disrespect,
If I the flatterer's stile reject;
With that, by menial tongues supplied,
You're daily cocker'd up in pride.
The tree's distinguish'd by the fruit:
Be virtue then your first pursuit;
Set your great ancestors in view,
Like them deserve the title too;
Like them ignoble actions scorn;
Let virtue prove you greatly born.
Though with less plate their side-board shone,
Their conscience always was their own;
They ne'er at levees meanly fawn'd,
Nor was their honour yearly pawn'd;
Their hands, by no corruption stain'd,
The ministerial bribe disdain'd;
They serv'd the crown with loyal zeal,
Yet, jealous of the public weal,
They stood the bulwark of our laws,
And wore at heart their country's cause;
By neither place or pension bought,
They spoke and voted as they thought:
Thus did your sires adorn their seat;
And such alone are truly great.
If you the paths of learning slight,
You're but a dunce in stronger light.

In foremost rank the coward plac'd,
Is more conspicuously disgrac'd.
If you, to serve a paltry end,
To knavish jobs can condescend;
We pay you the contempt that's due:
In that you have precedence too.
Whence had you this illustrious name:
From virtue and unblemish'd fame.
By birth the name alone descends;
Your honour on yourself depends:
Think not your coronet can hide
Assuming ignorance and pride.
Learning by study must be won;
'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son.
Superior worth your rank requires;
For that mankind reveres your sires:
If you degenerate from your race,
Their merits heighten your disgrace.
A Carrier, every night and morn,
Would see his horses eat their corn:
This sunk the hostler's vails, 'tis true;
But then his horses had their due.
Were we so cautious in all cases,
Small gain would rise from greater places.
The manger now had all its measure;
He heard the grinding teeth with pleasure;
When all at once confusion rung;
They snorted, jostled, bit, and flung.
A Pack-horse turn'd his head aside,
Foaming, his eye-balls swell'd with pride.
"Good gods! (says he) how hard's my lot!
Is then my high descent forgot?
Reduc'd to drudgery and disgrace,
(A life unworthy of my race)

Must I, too, bear the vile attacks
Of ragged scrubs and vulgar hacks?
See scurvy Roan, that brute ill-bred,
Dares from the manger thrust my head!
Shall I, who boast a noble line,
On offals of these creatures dine?
Kick'd by old Ball! so mean a foe!
My honour suffers by the blow.
Newmarket speaks my grandsire's fame,
All jockeys still revere his name:
There, yearly, are his triumphs told,
There all his massy plates enroll'd.
Whene'er led forth upon the plain,
You saw him with a livery train;
Returning too, with laurels crown'd,
You heard the drums and trumpets sound.
Let it then, Sir, be understood,
Respect's my due, for I have blood."
"Vain-glorious fool! (the Carrier cried)
Respect was never paid to pride.
Know 'twas thy giddy wilful heart
Reduc'd thee to this slavish part.
Did not thy headstrong youth disdain
To learn the conduct of the rein?
Thus coxcombs, blind to real merit,
In vicious frolics fancy spirit.
What is't to me by whom begot?
Thou restive, pert, conceited sot?
Your sires I reverence; 'tis their due:
But worthless fool, what's that to you?
Ask all the Carriers on the road,
They'll say thy keeping's ill bestow'd:
Then vaunt no more thy noble race,
That neither mends thy strength or pace.

What profits me thy boast of blood?
An ass hath more intrinsic good.
By outward show let's not be cheated;
An ass should like an ass be treated.

PAN AND FORTUNE.

TO A YOUNG HEIR.

Soon as your father's death was known,
(As if the' estate had been their own)
The gamesters outwardly exprest
The decent joy within your breast:
So lavish in your praise they grew,
As spoke their certain hopes in you.
One counts your income of the year;
How much in ready money clear.
"No house (says he) is more complete;
The garden's elegant and great.
How fine the park around it lies!
The timber's of a noble size!
Then, count his jewels and his plate!
Besides, 'tis no entail'd estate.
If cash run low, his lands in fee
Are, or for sale or mortgage, free."
Thus they, before you threw the main,
Seem to anticipate their gain.
Would you, when thieves are known abroad,
Bring forth your treasures in the road?
Would not the fool abet the stealth,
Who rashly thus expos'd his wealth?
Yet this you do, whene'er you play
Among the gentlemen of prey.

Could fools to keep their own contrive,
On what, on whom, could gamesters thrive?
Is it in charity you game,
To save your worthy gang from shame?
Unless you furnish'd daily bread,
Which way could idleness be fed?
Could these professors of deceit
Within the law no longer cheat;
They must run bolder risks for prey,
And strip the traveller on the way.
Thus in your annual rents they share,
And 'scape the noose from year to year.
Consider, ere you make the bet.
That sum might cross your tailor's debt.
When you the pilfering rattle shake,
Is not your honour, too, at stake?
Must you not by mean lies evade
To-morrow's duns from every trade?
By promises so often paid,
Is yet your tailor's bill defray'd?
Must you not pitifully fawn,
To have your butcher's writ withdrawn?
This must be done. In debts of play
Your honour suffers no delay:
And not this year's and next year's rent
The sons of rapine can content.
Look round, the wrecks of play behold;
Estates dismember'd, mortgag'd, sold!
Their owners now to jails confin'd,
Show equal poverty of mind.
Some, who the spoil of knaves were made,
Too late attempt to learn their trade.
Some, for the folly of one hour,
Become the dirty tools of pow'r,

And, with the mercenary list,
Upon court-charity subsist.
You'll find at last this maxim true,—
Fools are the game which knaves pursue.
The forest (a whole century's shade)
Must be one wasteful ruin made:
No mercy's shown to age or kind;
The general massacre is sign'd.
The park, too, shares the dreadful fate;
For duns grow louder at the gate.
Stern clowns, obedient to the 'squire,
(What will not barbarous hands for hire?)
With brawny arms repeat the stroke;
Fallen are the elm and reverend oak.
Through the long wood loud axes sound,
And Echo groans with every wound.
To see the desolation spread,
Pan drops a tear, and hangs his head:
His bosom now with fury burns;
Beneath his hoof the dice he spurns.
Cards, too, in peevish passion torn,
The sport of whirling winds are borne.
"To snails inveterate hate I bear,
Who spoil the verdure of the year;
The caterpillar I detest,
The blooming Spring's voracious pest;
The locust, too, whose ravenous band
Spreads sudden famine o'er the land.
But what are these? The dice's throw
At once hath laid a forest low.
The cards are dealt, the bet is made.
And the wide park hath lost its shade.
Thus is my kingdom's pride defac'd,
And all its ancient glories waste.

All this (he cries) is Fortune's doing:
'Tis thus she meditates my ruin.
By Fortune, that false, fickle jade!
More havoc in one hour is made,
Than all the hungry insect-race,
Combin'd, can in an age deface."
Fortune, by chance, who near him past,
O'erheard the vile aspersion cast:
"Why, Pan, (says she) what's all this rant?
'Tis every country-bubble's cant.
Am I the patroness of vice?
Is't I who cog or palm the dice?
Did I the shuffling art reveal,
To mark the cards, or range the deal?
In all the' employments men pursue,
I mind the least what gamesters do.
There may (if computation's just)
One now and then my conduct trust.
I blame the fool, for what can I,
When ninety-nine my power defy?
These trust alone their fingers' ends,
And not one stake on me depends.
Whene'er the gaming board is set,
Two classes of mankind are met;
But if we count the greedy race,
The knaves fill up the greater space.
'Tis a gross error held in schools,
That Fortune always favours fools.
In play it never bears dispute;
That doctrine these fell'd oaks confute.
Then why to me such rancour show?
'Tis Folly, Pan, that is thy foe.
By me his late estate he won,
But he by Folly was undone."

PLUTUS, CUPID, AND TIME.

Of all the burdens man must bear,
Time seems most galling and severe:
Beneath this grievous load oppress'd,
We daily meet some friend distress'd.
"What can one do? I rose at nine;
'Tis full six hours before we dine;
Six hours! no earthly thing to do!
Would I had doz'd in bed till two."
A pamphlet is before him spread,
And almost half a page is read;
Tir'd with the study of the day,
The fluttering sheets are toss'd away:
He opes his snuff-box, hums an air,
Then yawns, and stretches in his chair.
"Not twenty by the minute-hand!
Good gods! (says he) my watch must stand:
How muddling 'tis on books to pore!
I thought I'd read an hour or more.
The morning, of all hours, I hate:
One can't contrive to rise too late."
To make the minutes faster run,
Then, too, his tiresome self to shun,
To the next coffee-house he speeds,
Takes up the news, some scraps he reads.
Sauntering, from chair to chair he trails;
Now drinks his tea, now bites his nails.
He spies a partner of his woe;
By chat afflictions lighter grow;
Each other's grievances they share,
And thus their dreadful hours compare.

Says Tom, "Since all men must confess,
That time lies heavy, more or less,
Why should it be so hard to get,
Till two, a party at piquet?
Play might relieve the lagging morn:
By cards long wint'ry nights are borne.
Does not Quadrille amuse the fair,
Night after night, throughout the year?
Vapours and spleen forgot, at play
They cheat uncounted hours away."
"My case, (says Will) then must be hard,
By want of skill from play debarr'd.
Courtiers kill Time by various ways;
Dependance wears out half their days.
How happy these, whose Time ne'er stands!
Attendance takes it off their hands.
Were it not for this cursed show'r,
The Park had whil'd away an hour.
At court, without or place or view,
I daily lose an hour or two.
It fully answers my design,
When I have pick'd up friends to dine;
The tavern makes our burden light;
Wine puts our time and care to flight.
At six (hard case!) they call to pay.
Where can one go? I hate the play.
From six till ten! unless in sleep,
One cannot spend the hours so cheap.
The comedy's no sooner done,
But some assembly is begun;
Loitering from room to room I stray,
Converse, but nothing hear or say:
Quite tir'd, from fair to fair I roam.
So soon! I dread the thoughts of home.

From thence, to quicken slow-pac'd Night,
Again my tavern-friends invite:
Here, too, our early mornings pass,
Till drowsy sleep retard the glass."
Thus they their wretched life bemoan,
And make each other's case their own.
Consider, friends, no hour rolls on
But something of your grief is gone.
Were you to schemes of business bred,
Did you the paths of learning tread,
Your hours, your days, would fly too fast;
You'd then regret the minute past.
Time's fugitive and light as wind;
'Tis indolence that clogs your mind:
That load from off your spirits shake,
You'll own, and grieve for your mistake.
A while your thoughtless spleen suspend,
Then read, and (if you can) attend.
As Plutus, to divert his care,
Walk'd forth one morn to take the air,
Cupid o'ertook his strutting pace.
Each star'd upon the stranger's face,
Till recollection set 'em right,
For each knew t' other but by sight.
After some complimental talk,
Time met 'em, bow'd, and join'd their walk:
Their chat on various subjects ran,
But most, what each had done for man.
Plutus assumes a haughty air,
Just like our purse-proud fellows here:
"Let kings (says he) let cobblers tell,
Whose gifts among mankind excel.
Consider courts; what draws their train?
Think you 'tis loyalty or gain?

That statesman hath the strongest hold,
Whose tool of politics is gold;
By that, in former reigns, 'tis said,
The knave in power hath senates led:
By that alone he sway'd debates,
Enrich'd himself, and beggar'd states.
Forego your boast. You must conclude
That's most esteem'd that's most pursued.
Think, too, in what a woful plight
That wretch must live whose pocket's light.
Are not his hours by want deprest?
Penurious care corrodes his breast:
Without respect, or love, or friends,
His solitary day descends.
"You might (says Cupid) doubt my parts,
My knowledge, too, in human hearts,
Should I the power of gold dispute,
Which great examples might confute.
I know when nothing else prevails,
Persuasive money seldom fails;
That beauty, too, (like other wares)
Its price, as well as conscience, bears.
Then marriage (as of late profest)
Is but a money-job at best.
Consent, compliance, may be sold;
But love's beyond the price of gold.
Smugglers there are who, by retail,
Expose what they call love to sale;
Such bargains are an arrant cheat:
You purchase flattery and deceit.
Those who true love have ever tried,
(The common cares of life supplied)
No wants endure, no wishes make,
But every real joy partake.

All comfort on themselves depends;
They want nor power, nor wealth, nor friends.
Love, then, hath every bliss in store;
'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more.
Each other every wish they give:
Not to know love is not to live."

"Or love, or money, (Time replied)
Were men the question to decide,
Would bear the prize: on both intent,
My boon's neglected or mispent.
'Tis I who measure vital space,
And deal out years to human race.
Though little priz'd, and seldom sought,
Without me love and gold are nought.
How does the miser time employ?
Did I e'er see him life enjoy?
By me forsook, the hoards he won
Are scatter'd by his lavish son.
By me all useful arts are gain'd;
Wealth, learning, wisdom, is attain'd.
Who then would think (since such my pow'r)
That e'er I knew an idle hour?
So subtle and so swift I fly,
Love's not more fugitive than I.
Who hath not heard coquets complain
Of days, months, years, mispent in vain?
For time misus'd they pine and waste,
And love's sweet pleasures never taste.
Those who direct their time aright,
If love or wealth their hopes excite,
In each pursuit fit hours employ'd,
And both by time have been enjoy'd.
How heedless then are mortals grown!
How little is their interest known;

In every view they ought to mind me,
For when once lost they never find me."
He spoke. The gods no more contest,
And his superior gift confest,
That time (when truly understood)
Is the most precious earthly good.

THE

OWL, SWAN, COCK, SPIDER, ASS, AND FARMER.

TO A MOTHER.

Conversing with your sprightly boys,
Your eyes have spoke the Mother's joys.
With what delight I've heard you quote
Their sayings, in imperfect note!
I grant, in body and in mind
Nature appears profusely kind.
Trust not to that. Act you your part;
Imprint just morals on their heart;
Impartially their talents scan:
Just education forms the man.
Perhaps (their genius yet unknown)
Each lot of life's already thrown;
That this shall plead, the next shall fight,
The last assert the church's right.
I censure not the fond intent;
But how precarious is the' event!
By talents misapplied and crost,
Consider, all your sons are lost.

One day (the tale's by Martial pen'd)
A father thus address'd his friend:
"To train my boy, and call forth sense,
You know I've stuck at no expense;
I've tried him in the several arts;
(The lad, no doubt, hath latent parts)
Yet trying all, he nothing knows,
But, crab-like, rather backward goes.
Teach me what yet remains undone;
'Tis your advice shall fix my son."
"Sir, (says the friend) I've weigh'd the matter;
Excuse me, for I scorn to flatter:
Make him, (nor think his genius checkt)
A herald, or an architect."
Perhaps (as commonly 'tis known)
He heard the' advice, and took his own.
The boy wants wit; he's sent to school,
Where learning but improves the fool:
The college next must give him parts,
And cram him with the liberal arts.
Whether he blunders at the bar,
Or owes his infamy to war;
Or if by license or degree
The sexton share the doctor's fee;
Or from the pulpit by the hour
He weekly floods of nonsense pour,
We find (the' intent of Nature foil'd)
A tailor or a butcher spoil'd.
Thus ministers have royal boons
Confer'd on blockheads and buffoons:
In spite of nature, merit, wit,
Their friends for every post were fit.
But now let every Muse confess
That merit finds its due success.

The' examples of our days regard;
Where's virtue seen without reward?
Distinguish'd, and in place, you find
Desert and worth of every kind.
Survey the reverend bench, and see
Religion, learning, piety:
The patron, ere he recommends,
Sees his own image in his friend's.
Is honesty disgrac'd and poor?
What is't to us what was before?
We all of times corrupt have heard,
When paltry minions were prefer'd;
When all great offices, by dozens,
Were fill'd by brothers, sons, and cousins.
What matter ignorance and pride?
The man was happily allied.
Provided that his clerk was good,
What though he nothing understood?
In church and state the sorry race
Grew more conspicuous fools in place.
Such heads, as then a treaty made,
Had bungled in the cobbler's trade.
Consider, patrons, that such elves
Expose your folly with themselves.
'Tis yours, as 'tis the parent's care,
To fix each genius in its sphere.
Your partial hand can wealth dispense,
But never give a blockhead sense.
An owl of magisterial air,
Of solemn voice, of brow austere,
Assum'd the pride of human race,
And bore his wisdom in his face;
Not to depreciate learned eyes,
I've seen a pedant look as wise.

Within a barn, from noise retir'd,
He scorn'd the world, himself admir'd;
And, like an ancient sage, conceal'd
The follies public life reveal'd.
Philosophers of old, he read,
Their country's youth to science bred,
Their manners form'd for every station,
And destin'd each his occupation.
When Xenophon, by numbers brav'd,
Retreated, and a people sav'd,
That laurel was not all his own;
The plant by Socrates was sown.
To Aristotle's greater name
The Macedonian own'd his fame.
The Athenian bird, with pride replete,
Their talents equall'd in conceit;
And, copying the Socratic rule,
Set up for master of a school.
Dogmatic jargon learnt by heart,
Trite sentences, hard terms of art,
To vulgar ears seem'd so profound,
They fancied learning in the sound.
The school had fame; the crowded place
With pupils swarm'd of every race.
With these the Swan's maternal care
Had sent her scarce-fledg'd cygnet heir:
The Hen (though fond and loath to part)
Here lodg'd the darling of her heart:
The Spider, of mechanic kind,
Aspir'd to science more refin'd;
The Ass learnt metaphors and tropes,
But most on music fix'd his hopes.
The pupils now, advanc'd in age,
Were call'd to tread life's busy stage;

And to the Master 'twas submitted,
That each might to his part be fitted:—
'The Swan (says he) in arms shall shine;
The soldier's glorious toil be thine.'
'The Cock shall mighty wealth attain:—
Go, seek it on the stormy main.'
'The Court shall be the Spider's sphere:
Power, fortune, shall reward him there.'
'In music's art the Ass's fame
Shall emulate Corelli's name.'
Each took the part that he advis'd,
And all were equally despis'd.
A Farmer, at his folly mov'd,
The dull preceptor thus reprov'd:
"Blockhead, (says he) by what you've done,
One would have thought 'em each your son;
For parents to their offspring blind,
Consult nor parts nor turn of mind,
But e'en in infancy decree
What this, what t' other son shall be.
Had you with judgment weigh'd the case,
Their genius thus had fix'd their place;
The Swan had learnt the sailor's art;
The Cock had play'd the soldier's part;
The Spider in the weaver's trade
With credit had a fortune made;
But for the fool, in every class,
The blockhead had appear'd an Ass."

THE

COOK-MAID, TURNSPIT, AND OX.

TO A POOR MAN.

Consider man in every sphere,
Then tell me is your lot severe?
'Tis murmur, discontent, distrust,
That makes you wretched. God is just!
I grant that hunger must be fed,
That toil, too, earns thy daily bread.
What then? Thy wants are seen and known,
But every mortal feels his own.
We're born a restless needy crew:
Show me the happier man than you.
Adam, though blest above his kind,
For want of social woman pin'd.
Eve's wants the subtle serpent saw,
Her fickle taste transgress'd the law:
Thus fell our sire, and their disgrace
The curse entail'd on human race.
When Philip's son, by glory led,
Had o'er the globe his empire spread;
When altars to his name were dress'd,
That he was man his tears confess'd.
The hopes of avarice are check'd:
The proud man always wants respect.
What various wants on power attend?
Ambition never gains its end.
Who hath not heard the rich complain
Of surfeits and corporeal pain?
He, barr'd from every use of wealth,
Envies the ploughman's strength and health.

Another, in a beauteous wife
Finds all the miseries of life:
Domestic jars and jealous fear
Imbitter all his days with care.
This wants an heir; the line is lost:
Why was that vain entail engrost?
Canst thou discern another's mind?
What is't you Envy? Envy's blind.
Tell envy, when she would annoy,
That thousands want what you enjoy.
" The dinner must be dish'd at one.
Where's this vexatious Turnspit gone?
Unless the skulking Cur is caught,
The sirloin's spoil'd, and I'm in fault."
Thus said, (for sure you'll think it fit
That I the Cook-maid's oaths omit)
With all the fury of a cook,
Her cooler kitchen Nan forsook:
The broomstick o'er her head she waves;
She sweats, she stamps, she puffs, she raves:
The sneaking Cur before her flies;
She whistles, calls; fair speech she tries.
These nought avail. Her choler burns;
The fist and cudgel threat by turns:
With hasty stride she presses near:
He slinks aloof, and howls with fear.
" Was ever Cur so curs'd! (he cried)
What star did at my birth preside!
Am I for life by compact bound
To tread the wheel's eternal round?
Inglorious task! of all our race
No slave is half so mean and base.
Had Fate a kinder lot assign'd,
And form'd me of the lap dog kind,

I then, in higher life employ'd,
Had indolence and ease enjoy'd;
And, like a gentleman, carest,
Had been the lady's favourite guest:
Or were I sprung from spaniel line,
Was his sagacious nostril mine,
By me, their never-erring guide,
From wood and plain their feasts supplied,
Knights, squires, attendant on my pace,
Had shar'd the pleasures of the chase.
Endu'd with native strength and fire,
Why call'd I not the lion sire?
A lion! such mean views I scorn:
Why was I not of woman born?
Who dares with reason's power contend?
On man we brutal slaves depend:
To him all creatures tribute pay,
And luxury employs his day."

An Ox by chance o'erheard his moan,
And thus rebuk'd the lazy drone;

Dare you at partial Fate repine?
How kind's your lot compar'd with mine!
Decreed to toil, the barbarous knife
Hath sever'd me from social life;
Urg'd by the stimulating goad,
I drag the cumbrous waggon's load:
'Tis mine to tame the stubborn plain,
Break the stiff soil, and house the grain:
Yet I without a murmur bear
The various labours of the year.
But then, consider, that one day
(Perhaps the hour's not far away)
You, by the duties of your post,
Shall turn the spit when I'm the roast;

And for reward shall share the feast,
I mean, shall pick my bones at least."
" Till now, (the' astonish'd Cur replies)
I look'd on all with envious eyes.
How false we judge by what appears!
All creatures feel their several cares.
If thus you mighty beast complains,
Perhaps man knows superior pains.
Let envy then no more torment:
Think on the Ox, and learn content."
Thus said, close following at her heel,
With cheerful heart he mounts the wheel.

THE

RAVENS, SEXTON, AND EARTH-WORM.

TO LAURA.

Laura, methinks you're over nice.
True; flattery is a shocking vice:
Yet sure, whene'er the praise is just,
One may commend without disgust.
Am I a privilege denied,
Indulg'd by every tongue beside?
How singular are all your ways!
A woman, and averse to praise!
If 'tis offence such truths to tell,
Why do your merits thus excel?
Since then I dare not speak my mind,
A truth conspicuous to mankind;
Though in full lustre every grace
Distinguish your celestial face;

Though beauties of inferior ray
(Like stars before the orb of day)
Turn pale and fade: I check my lays,
Admiring what I dare not praise.
If you the tribute due disdain,
The Muse's mortifying strain
Shall, like a woman in mere spite,
Set beauty in a moral light.
Though such revenge might shock the ear
Of many a celebrated fair,
I mean that superficial race
Whose thoughts ne'er reach beyond their face,—
What's that to you? I but displease
Such ever-girlish ears as these.
Virtue can brook the thoughts of age,
That lasts the same through every stage.
Though you by time must suffer more
Than ever woman lost before,
To age is such indifference shown,
As if your face were not your own.
Were you by Antoninus taught?
Or is it native strength of thought
That thus, without concern or fright,
You view yourself by Reason's light?
Those eyes, of so divine a ray,
What are they? mouldering, mortal clay.
Those features, cast in heavenly mould,
Shall, like my coarser earth, grow old;
Like common grass the fairest flow'r
Must feel the hoary season's pow'r.
How weak, how vain, is human pride!
Dares man upon himself confide?
The wretch who glories in his gain,
Amasses heaps on heaps in vain.

Why lose we life in anxious cares,
To lay in hoards for future years?
Can those (when tortur'd by disease)
Cheer our sick heart, or purchase ease?
Can those prolong one gasp of breath,
Or calm the troubled hour of death?

What's beauty? Call ye that your own?—
A flower that fades as soon as blown.
What's man in all his boast of sway?—
Perhaps the tyrant of a day.

Alike the laws of life take place
Through every branch of human race:
The monarch of long regal line
Was rais'd from dust as frail as mine.
Can he pour health into his veins?
Or cool the fever's restless pains?
Can he (worn down in Nature's course)
New-brace his feeble nerves with force?
Can he (how vain is mortal pow'r!)
Stretch life beyond the destin'd hour?

Consider, man; weigh well thy frame;
The king, the beggar is the same.
Dust form'd us all. Each breathes his day,
Then sinks into his native clay.

Beneath a venerable yew,
That in the lonely churchyard grew,
Two ravens sate. In solemn croak
Thus one his hungry friend bespoke.

"Methinks I scent some rich repast;
The savour strengthens with the blast;
Snuff then, the promis'd feast inhale;
I taste the carcass in the gale.
Near yonder trees, the farmer's steed,
From toil and every drudgery freed,

Hath groan'd his last: a dainty treat!
To birds of taste delicious meat."
A Sexton, busy at his trade,
To hear their chat, suspends his spade.
Death struck him with no farther thought,
Than merely as the fees he brought.
" Was ever two such blundering fowls;
In brains and manners less than owls!
Blockheads, (says he) learn more respect:
Know ye on whom ye thus reflect?
In this same grave (who does me right,
Must own the work is strong and tight)
The 'Squire that yon fair hall possest,
To-night shall lay his bones at rest.
Whence could the gross mistake proceed?
The 'Squire was somewhat fat indeed.
What then? the meanest bird of prey
Such want of sense could ne'er betray;
For sure some difference must be found
(Suppose the smelling organ sound)
In carcasses, (say what we can)
Or where's the dignity of man?"
With due respect to human race,
The Ravens undertook the case.
In such similitude of scent,
Man ne'er could think reflections meant.
As epicures extol a treat,
And seem their savoury words to eat,
They prais'd dead horse, luxurious food,
The venison of the prescient brood!
The Sexton's indignation mov'd,
The mean comparison reprov'd;
Their undiscerning palate blam'd,
Which two-legged carrion thus defam'd.

Reproachful speech from either side
The want of argument supplied:
They rail, revile; as often ends
The contest of disputing friends.
"Hold, (says the fowl) since human pride
With confutation ne'er complied,
Let's state the case, and then refer
The knotty point; for taste may err."
As thus he spoke, from out the mould
An Earth-worm huge of size, unroll'd
His monstrous length: they straight agree
To choose him as their referee:
So to the' experience of his jaws
Each states the merits of the cause.
He paus'd, and with a solemn tone,
Thus made his sage opinion known:
"On carcasses of every kind
This maw hath elegantly din'd;
Provok'd by luxury or need,
On beast, or fowl, or man, I feed:
Such small distinction's in the savour,
By turns I choose the fancied flavour:
Yet I must own (that human beast)
A glutton is the rankest feast.
Man, cease this boast; for human pride
Hath various tracts to range beside.
The prince who kept the world in awe;
The judge whose dictate fix'd the law;
The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
Are levell'd; death confounds 'em all.
Then think not that we reptiles share
Such cates, such elegance of fare;
The only true and real good
Of man was never vermin's food:

'Tis seated in the' immortal mind;
Virtue distinguishes mankind,
And that (as yet ne'er harbour'd here)
Mounts with the soul, we know not where.
So good-man Sexton, since the case
Appears with such a dubious face,
To neither I the cause determine,
For different tastes please different vermin."*

AY AND NO.

A FABLE.*

In Fable all things hold discourse;
Then Words, no doubt, must talk of course.
Once on a time, near Cannon-row,
Two hostile adverbs, Ay and No,
Were hastening to the field of fight,
And front to front stood opposite;
Before each general join'd the van,
Ay, the more courteous knight, began:
"Stop, peevish Particle! beware!
I'm told you are not such a bear,
But sometimes yield, when offer'd fair.
Suffer yon folks a while to tattle;
'Tis we who must decide the battle.
Whene'er we war on yonder stage,
With various fate and equal rage,
The nation trembles at each blow
That No gives Ay, and Ay gives No;

* Taken from the Miscellanies, published by Swift and Pope.

Yet in expensive long contention,
We gain nor office, grant, or pension.
Why then should kinsfolk quarrel thus!
(For two of you make one of us.)
To some wise statesman let us go,
Where each his proper use may know:
He may admit two such commanders,
And make those wait who serv'd in Flanders.
Let's quarter on a great man's tongue,
A treasury lord, not Maister Y——g.
Obsequious at his high command,
Ay shall march forth to tax the land;
Impeachments No can best resist,
And Ay support the Civil list:
Ay, quick as Cæsar, wins the day,
And No, like Fabius, by delay.
Sometimes in mutual sly disguise,
Let Ay's seem No's, and No's seem Ay's;
Ay's be in courts denials meant,
And No's in bishops' give consent."
Thus Ay propos'd—and, for reply,
No, for the first time, answer'd, "Ay!"
They parted with a thousand kisses,
And fight e'er since for pay, like Swisses.

RURAL SPORTS.

A GEORGIC.

IN TWO CANTOS.

INSCRIBED TO MR. POPE.

——Securi prælia ruris
Pandimus. *Nemesian.*

CANTO I.

You, who the sweets of rural life have known,
Despise the' ungrateful hurry of the Town;
In Windsor-groves your easy hours employ,
And undisturb'd, yourself and Muse enjoy:
Thames listens to thy strains, and silent flows,
And no rude wind through rustling osiers blows,
While all his wondering nymphs around thee throng,
To hear the Sirens warble in thy song.

But I, who ne'er was bless'd by Fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd ploughshares in paternal land;
Long in the noisy Town have been immur'd,
Respir'd its smoke, and all its cares endur'd;
Where news and politics divide mankind,
And schemes of state involve the' uneasy mind;
Faction embroils the world, and every tongue
Is mov'd by flattery, or with scandal hung:

Friendship, for silvan shades, the palace flies,
Where all must yield to interest's dearer ties;
Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,
And honesty forsakes them all by turns;
While calumny upon each party's thrown,
Which both promote, and both alike disown.
Fatigu'd at last, a calm retreat I chose,
And sooth'd my harass'd mind with sweet repose,
Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing clime,
Inspire the silvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
My Muse shall rove through flowery meads and plains,
And deck with Rural Sports her native strains,
And the same road ambitiously pursue,
Frequented by the Mantuan swain and you.

'Tis not that Rural Sports alone invite,
But all the grateful country breathes delight;
Here blooming Health exerts her gentle reign,
And strings the sinews of the' industrious swain.
Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care,
In the revolving labours of the year.

When the fresh Spring in all her state is crown'd,
And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,
The labourer with the bending scythe is seen,
Shaving the surface of the waving green;
Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand;
While with the mounting sun the meadow glows,
The fading herbage round he loosely throws;
But if some sign portend a lasting show'r,
The' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour,

His sun burnt hands the scattering fork forsake,
And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake;
In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
And spreads along the field in equal rows.
Now when the height of Heaven bright Phœbus gains,
And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
And in the middle pathway basks the snake,
O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours!
Hide me, ye Forests! in your closest bowers:
Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
And with the beech a mutual shade combines;
Where flows the murmuring brook, inviting dreams,
Where bordering hazel overhangs the streams,
Whose rolling current winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the wood resound,
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
And ev'n at noon the sweets of evening taste.
Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgic strains,
And learn the labours of Italian swains;
In every page I see new landscapes rise,
And all Hesperia opens to my eyes:
I wander o'er the various rural toil,
And know the nature of each different soil.
This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,
That, spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn;
Here I survey the purple vintage grow,
Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row:
Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,
And paw with restless hoof the smoking ground:
The dewlapp'd bull now chafes along the plain,
While burning love ferments in every vein;
His well-arm'd front against his rival aims,
And by the dint of war his mistress claims:

The careful insect midst his works I view,
Now from the flowers exhaust the fragrant dew;
With golden treasure load his little thighs,
And steer its distant journey through the skies;
Some against hostile drones their hive defend,
Others with sweets the waxen cells distend;
Each in their toil his destin'd office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears.

Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,
And trudging homeward whistles on the way;
When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,
Waiting the strokings of the damsel's hand;
No warbling cheers the woods; the feather'd choir
To court kind slumbers to their sprays retire;
When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze;
Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,
To take my farewell of the parting day;
Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,
A streak of gold the sea and sky divides;
The purple clouds their amber linings show,
And edg'd with flame rolls every wave below;
Here pensive I behold the fading light,
And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.

Now Night in silent state begins to rise,
And twinkling orbs bestrow the' uncloudy skies:
Her borrow'd lustre growing Cynthia lends,
And on the main a glittering path extends;
Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,
Which round their suns their annual circle steer;
Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
While I survey the works of providence.
O could the Muse in loftier strains rehearse,
The glorious Author of the universe,

Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
And circumscribes the floating worlds their bounds;
My soul should overflow in songs of praise,
And my Creator's name inspire my lays!
As in successive course the seasons roll,
So circling pleasures recreate the soul.
When genial Spring a living warmth bestows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No swelling inundation hides the grounds,
But crystal currents glide within their bounds;
The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
Float in the sun, and skim along the lake;
With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams:
Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
And arm himself with every wat'ry snare;
His hooks, his lines, peruse with careful eye,
Increase his tackle, and his rod re-tie.
When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,
Troubling the streams with swift-descending rain,
And waters tumbling down the mountain's side,
Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide;
Then, soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
And drive the liquid burden through the skies,
The fisher to the neighbouring current speeds,
Whose rapid surface purls, unknown to weeds;
Upon a rising border of the brook
He sits him down, and ties the treacherous hook:
Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught;
Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
Where every guest applauds his skilful hand.
Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
Which down the murmuring current gently flows;

When if, or chance of hunger's powerful sway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:
Now, happy fisherman; now twich the line!
How thy rod bends: behold the prize is thine!
Cast on the bank, he dies, with gasping pains,
And trickling blood his silver mail distains.

You must not every worm promiscuous use;
Judgment will tell thee, proper bait to choose;
The worm that draws a long immoderate size
The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies;
And if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,
Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains;
Cleanse them from filth to give a tempting gloss,
Cherish the sullied reptile race with moss;
Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native soil.

But when the sun displays his glorious beams,
And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
Bask in the sun, and look into the day:
You now a more delusive art must try,
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride:
Let Nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the growing insect proper wings:

Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
And every fur promote the fisher's art
So the gay lady, with expensive care,
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air; [plays,
Furs pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing dis-
Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays.

Mark well the various Seasons of the year,
How the succeeding insect-race appear;
In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.
Oft have I seen a skilful angler try
The various colours of the treacherous fly;
When he with fruitless pain hath skim'd the brook,
And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,
He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw,
When if an insect fall, (his certain guide)
He gently takes him from the whirling tide,
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size;
Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,
And on the back a speckled feather binds;
So just the colours shine through every part,
That nature seems to live again in Art.

Let not thy wary step advance too near,
While all thy hope hangs on a single hair;
The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
The speckled trout the curious snare approves;
Upon the curling surface let it glide,
With natural motion from thy hand supplied,
Against the stream now let it gently play,
Now in the rapid eddy roll away:
The scaly shoals float by, and, siez'd with fear,
Behold their fellows tost in thinner air;

But soon they leap and catch the swimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.

When a brisk gale against the current blows,
And all the watery plain in wrinkles flows,
Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
If an enormous salmon chance to spy
The wanton errors of the floating fly,
He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
And greedily sucks in the' unfaithful food;
Then downward plunges with the fraudful prey,
And bears with joy the little spoil away:
Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake;
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears;
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and wreathes his shining body round;
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide:
Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art;
He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,
While the line stretches with the' unwieldy prize;
Each motion humours with his steady hands,
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands;
Till tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes;
Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,
And lifts his nostrils in the sickening air:
Upon the burden'd stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quivering fins, and gasping dies.

Would you preserve a numerous finny race,
Let your fierce dogs the ravenous otter chase:
The amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
Darts through the waves, and every haunt explores:
Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.
I never wander where the bordering reeds
O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds
Perplex the fisher: I nor choose to bear
The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear;
Nor drain I ponds, the golden carp to take,
Nor trowl for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake.
Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,
No blood of living insect stain my line:
Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook
With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
Silent along the mazy margin stray,
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.

CANTO II.

Now, sporting Muse! draw in the flowing reins,
Leave the clear streams awhile for sunny plains.
Should you the various arms and toils rehearse,
And all the fisherman adorn thy verse!
Should you the wide-encircling net display,
And in its spacious arch enclose the sea;
Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
And with the sole and turbot hide the sand;
It would extend the growing theme too long,
And tire the reader with the watery song.
Let the keen hunter from the chase refrain,
Nor render all the ploughman's labour vain,

When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.
Now, now, ye Reapers! to your task repair;
Haste, save the produet of the bounteous year:
To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,
And rising sheaves extend through all the field.
Yet if for silvan sports thy bosom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe.
With what delight the rapid course I view!
How does my eye the eireling raee pursue!
He snaps deeeitful air with empty jaws,
The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws:
She flies, he stretehes: now with nimble bound
Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground:
She turns, he winds, and soon regains the way,
Then tears with gory mouth the sereaming prey.
What various sport does rural life afford!
What unbought dainties heap the wholesome board!
Nor less the spaniel, skilful to betray,
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
Soon as the labouring horse, with swelling veins,
Hath safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
To sweet repast the' unwary partridge flies,
With joy amid the seatter'd harvest lies;
Wandering in plenty, danger he forgets,
Nor dreads the slavery of entangling nets,
The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose
Along the field, and snuffs eaeh breeze that blows;
Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the strong gale direets him to the prey:
Now the warm scent assures the eovey near,
He treads with eaution, and he points with fear;
Then (lest some sentry fowl the fraud descry,
And bid his fellows from the danger fly)

Close to the ground in expectation lies,
Till in the snare the fluttering covey rise.
Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,
And glancing Phœbus gilds the mountain's head,
His early flight the ill-fated partridge takes,
And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes:
Or when the sun casts a declining ray,
And drives his chariot down the western way,
Let your obsequious ranger search around,
Where yellow stubble withers on the ground;
Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,
But numerous coveys gratify thy pain.
When the meridian sun contracts the shade,
And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade;
Or when the country floats with sudden rains,
Or driving mists defface the moisten'd plains,
In vain his toils the' unskilful fowler tries,
While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.
Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear,
But what's the fowler's be the Muse's care.
See how the well-taught pointer leads the way:
The scent grows warm; he stops; he springs the prey:
The fluttering coveys from the stubble rise,
And on swift wing divide the sounding skies;
The scattering lead pursues the certain sight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
Cool breathes the morning air, and Winter's hand
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land;
Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take,
Teach him to range the ditch and force the brake;
Not closest coverts can protect the game:
Hark! the dog opens; take thy certain aim:
The woodcock flutters; how he wavering flies!
The wood resounds: he wheels, he drops, he dies.

The towering hawk let future poets sing,
Who terror bears upon his soaring wing:
Let them on high the frighted hern survey,
And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.
Nor shall the mounting lark the Muse detain,
That greets the morning with his early strain;
When, midst his song, the twinkling glass betrays;
While from each angle flash the glancing rays,
And in the sun the transient colours blaze,
Pride lures the little warbler from the skies:
The light-enamour'd bird deluded dies.

But still the chase, a pleasing task, remains;
The hound must open in these rural strains.
Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,
The healthy huntsman, with the cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn:
The jocund thunder wakes the' enliven'd hounds,
They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for sounds:
Wide through the furzy field their route they take,
Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake:
The flying game their smoking nostrils trace,
No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace;
The distant mountains echo from afar,
And hanging woods resound the flying war:
The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears:
The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,
Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed;
Hills, dales, and forests, far behind remain,
While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd train.
Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find?
Hark! death advances in each gust of wind:

New stratagems and doubling wiles she tries,
Now circling turns, and now at large she flies;
Till, spent at last, she pants, and heaves for breath,
Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.

But stay, adventurous Muse! hast thou the force
To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse?
To keep thy seat unmov'd hast thou the skill,
O'er the high gate and down the headlong hill?
Canst thou the stag's laborious chase direct,
Or the strong fox through all his arts detect?
The theme demands a more experienc'd lay;
Ye mighty Hunters! spare this weak essay.

O happy plains! remote from wars alarms,
And all the ravages of hostile arms:
And happy shepherds! who, secure from fear,
On open downs preserve your fleecy care:
Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store,
And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor:
No barbarous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,
Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil;
No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,
Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain;
No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar,
The dreadful signal of invasive war;
No trumpet's clangor wounds the mother's ear,
And calls the lover from his swooning fair.

What happiness the rural maid attends,
In chearful labour while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what Heaven has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content:
(Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame,
Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame:)
She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;

She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring equipage she sighs:
Her reputation, which is all her boast,
In a malicious visit ne'er was lost:
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
If love's soft passion in her bosom reign,
An equal passion warms her happy swain.
No home-bred jars her quiet state control,
Nor watchful jealousy torments her soul:
With secret joy she sees her little race
Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace;
The fleecy ball their little fingers cull,
Or from the spindle draw the lengthening wool.
Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,
Till age the latest thread of life unwind.

Ye happy Fields! unknown to noise and strife,
The kind rewarders of industrious life;
Ye shady Woods! where once I us'd to rove,
Alike indulgent to the Muse and love;
Ye murmuring Streams! that in meanders roll,
The sweet composers of the pensive soul,
Farewell.—The City calls me from your bow'rs:
Farewell, amusing thoughts and peaceful hours!

TRIVIA:

OR,

THE ART OF WALKING THE STREETS OF LONDON.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Quo te, Mœri, pedes? An, quo via ducit, in urbem?
Virg.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE world, I believe, will take so little notice of me, that I need not take much of it. The critics may see by this Poem, that I walk on foot, which probably may save me from their envy. I should be sorry to raise that passion in men whom I am so much obliged to, since they allow me an honour hitherto only shown to better writers,—that of denying me to be the author of my own works.

Gentlemen, if there be any thing in this Poem good enough to displease you, and if it be any advantage to you to ascribe it to some person of greater merit; I shall acquaint you, for your comfort, that, among many other obligations, I owe several hints of it to Dr. Swift: and if you will so far continue your favour as to write against it, I beg you to oblige me in accepting the following motto:

——Non tu, in Triviis, indocte, solebas
Stridenti miserum stipula disperdere carmen?

BOOK I.

OF THE IMPLEMENTS FOR WALKING THE STREETS, AND SIGNS OF THE WEATHER.

THROUGH winter streets to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night,
How jostling crowds, with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing: thou, Trivia! goddess, aid my song,
Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along;
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,
The silent court and opening square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.
To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays;
For thee the sturdy paver thumps the ground,
Whilst every stroke his labouring lungs resound;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name,
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a Civic crown:
But more, my country's love demands the lays;
My country's be the profit; mine, the praise.

When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And 'Clean your shoes,' resounds from every voice;
When late their miry sides stage-coaches show,
And their stiff horses through the Town move slow;

When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster-cries;
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide;
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scallop'd top his step be crown'd:
Let firm, well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet
Thro' freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet.
Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,
Each stone will wrench the' unwary step aside;
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain;
And when too short the modish shoes are worn,
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.

Nor should it prove thy less important care
To choose a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy d'oily habit fold,
The silken drugget ill can fence the cold;
The frieze's spongy nap is soak'd with rain, [grain;
And showers soon drench the camlet's cockled
True Witney* broad-cloth, with its shag unshorn,
Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn:
Be this the horseman's fence; for who would wear
Amid the Town the spoils of Russia's bear?
Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
Hands that stretch'd forth invading harms prevent.
Let the loop'd bavaroy the fop embrace,
Or his deep cloak, bespatter'd o'er with lace:
That garment best the winter's rage defends
Whose shapeless form in ample plaits depends;
By various names† in various counties known,
Yet held in all the true surtout alone;

* A town in Oxfordshire. † A Joseph, a Wraprascal, &c.

Be thine of kersey firm, though small the cost,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost.
If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command:
Ev'n sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
And rattling coaches stop—to make thee way:
This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
Let beaux their canes, with amber tipt, produce;
Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
And lazily insure a life's disease;
While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
To court, to White's,* assemblies, or the play;
Rosy-complexion'd Health thy steps attends,
And exercise thy lasting youth defends.
Imprudent men Heaven's choicest gifts profane.
Thus some beneath their arm support the cane;
The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,
And miry spots thy clean cravat disgrace:
O! may I never such misfortune meet,
May no such vicious walkers crowd the street;
May Providence o'ershade me with her wings,
While the bold Muse experienc'd dangers sings.
Not that I wander from my native home,
And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam.
Let Paris be the theme of Gallia's Muse,
Where slavery treads the street in wooden shoes:
Nor do I rove in Belgia's frozen clime,
And teach the clumsy boor to skate in rhyme,
Where, if the warmer clouds in rain descend,
No miry ways industrious steps offend,

* White's chocolate-house, in St. James's Street.

The rushing flood from sloping pavements pours,
And blackens the canals with dirty show'rs.
Let others Naples' smoother streets rehearse,
And with proud Roman structures grace their verse,
Where frequent murders wake the night with groans,
And blood in purple torrents dyes the stones:
Nor shall the Muse through narrow Venice stray,
Where gondolas their painted oars display.
O happy streets! to rumbling wheels unknown,
No carts, no coaches, shake the floating town!
Thus was of old Britannia's city bless'd,
Ere pride and luxury her sons possess'd;
Coaches and chariots yet unfashion'd lay,
Nor late-invented chairs perplex'd the way:
Then the proud lady tripp'd along the Town,
And tuck'd-up petticoats secur'd her gown,
Her rosy cheek with distant visits glow'd,
And exercise unartful charms bestow'd;
But since in braided gold her foot is bound,
And a long trailing mantua sweeps the ground,
Her shoe disdains the street: the lazy fair
With narrow step affects a limping air.
Now gaudy pride corrupts the lavish age,
And the streets flame with glaring equipage:
The tricking gamester insolently rides,
With Loves and Graces on his chariot-sides:
In saucy state the griping broker sits,
And laughs at honesty and trudging wits.
For you, O honest men! these useful lays
The Muse prepares; I seek no other praise.

When sleep is first disturb'd by morning-cries,
From sure prognostics learn to know the skies,

Lest you of rheums and coughs at night complain,
Surpris'd in dreary fogs or driving rain.
When suffoeating mists obscure the morn,
Let thy worst wig, long us'd to storms, be worn;
This knows the powder'd footman, and, with care,
Beneath his flapping hat seeures his hair.
Be thou, for every season, justly drest,
Nor brave the piercing frost with open breast;
And when the bursting clouds a deluge pour,
Let thy surtout defend the drenehing show'r.

The ehanging weather certain signs reveal:
Ere winter sheds her snow, or frosts eongeal,
You'll see the coals in brighter flames aspire,
And sulphur tinge with blue the rising fire;
Your tender shins the scorehing heat deeline,
And at the dearth of eoals the poor repine:
Before her kitehen-hearth the nodding dame,
In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame;
Hovering, upon her feeble knees she bends,
And all around the grateful warmth ascends.

Nor do less certain signs the Town advise
Of milder weather and serener skies.
The ladies, gaily dress'd, the Mall adorn
With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn;
The wanton fawns with frisking pleasure range,
And ehirping sparrows greet the welcome ehange:
Not that their minds with greater skill are fraught,*
Endued by instinct, or by reason taught;
The seasons operate on every breast:
'Tis hence that fawns are brisk, and ladies drest.

* Haud equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis
Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major.
Virg. Georg. 1.

When on his box the nodding coachman snores,
And dreams of fancied fares; when tavern-doors
The chairmen idly crowd, then ne'er refuse
To trust thy busy steps in thinner shoes.
But when the swinging signs your ears offend
With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend;
Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,
And rush in muddy torrents to the Thames.
The bookseller, whose shop's an open square,
Foresees the tempest, and with early care
Of learning, strips the rails: the rowing crew,
To tempt a fare, clothe all their tilts in blue.
On hosiers' poles depending stockings tied,
Flag with the slacken'd gale from side to side.
Church-monuments foretel the changing air;
The Niobe dissolves into a tear,
And sweats with secret grief. You'll hear the sounds
Of whistling winds, ere kennels break their bounds;
Ungrateful odours common-sewers diffuse.
And dropping vaults distil unwholesome dews,
Ere the tiles rattle with the smoking show'r,
And spouts on heedless men their torrents pour.
All superstition from thy breast repel:
Let credulous boys, and prattling nurses tell
How, if the festival of Paul be clear,
Plenty from liberal horn shall strow the year;
When the dark skies dissolve in snow or rain,
The labouring hind shall yoke the steer in vain;
But if the threatening winds in tempests roar,
Then War shall bathe her wasteful sword in gore:
How, if on Swithin's feast the welkin lours,
And every penthouse streams with hasty show'rs,
Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain,
And wash the pavements with incessant rain.

Let not such vulgar tales debase thy mind;
Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind.
If you the precepts of the Muse despise,
And slight the faithful warning of the skies,
Others you'll see, when all the Town's afloat,
Wrapt in the' embraces of a kersey coat,
Or double-button'd frieze; their guarded feet
Defy the muddy dangers of the street,
While you, with hat unloop'd, the fury dread
Of spouts high streaming, and with cautious tread
Shun every dashing pool; or idly stop,
To seek the kind protection of a shop.
But business summons: now with hasty scud
You jostle for the wall; the spatter'd mud
Hides all thy hose behind; in vain you scour;
Thy wig, alas! uncurl'd, admits the show'r:
So fierce Alecto's snaky tresses fell,
When Orpheus charm'd the rigorous powers of hell;
Or thus hung Glaucus' beard, with briny dew
Clotted and strait, when first his amorous view
Surpris'd the bathing fair; the frighted maid
Now stands a rock, transform'd by Circe's aid.
Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
Defending by the riding-hood's disguise;
Or, underneath the' umbrella's oily shade,
Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.
Let Persian dames the' umbrella's ribs display,
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
Or sweating slaves support the shady load,
When eastern monarchs show their state abroad;
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilly showers the walking maid.
But, O! forget not, Muse! the patten's praise,
That female implement shall grace thy lays;

Say from what art divine the' invention came,
And from its origin deduce the name.
Where Lincoln wide extends her fenny soil,
A goodly yeoman liv'd, grown white with toil;
One only daughter blest his nuptial bed,
Who from her infant hand the poultry fed:
Martha (her careful mother's name) she bore,
But now her careful mother was no more.
Whilst on her father's knee the damsel play'd
Patty he fondly call'd the smiling maid:
As years increas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
And Patty's fame o'er all the village flew.
Soon as the grey-ey'd Morning streaks the skies,
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears,
And singing to the distant field repairs;
And when the plains with evening dews are spread,
The milky burden smokes upon her head:
Deep through a miry lane she pick'd her way,
Above her ankle rose the chalky clay.
Vulcan by chance the gloomy maiden spies,
With innocence and beauty in her eyes;
He saw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known
Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.
Ah! Mulciber! recall thy nuptial vows,
Think on the graces of thy Paphian spouse;
Think how her eyes dart inexhausted charms,
And canst thou leave her bed for Patty's arms?
The Lemnian Pow'r forsakes the realms above,
His bosom glowing with terrestrial love.
Far in the lane a lonely hut he found,
No tenant ventur'd on the' unwholesome ground.
Here smokes his forge, he bares his sinewy arm,
And early strokes the sounding anvil warm:

Around his shop the steely sparkles flew,
As for the steed he shap'd the bending shoe.
When blue-ey'd Patty near his window came,
His anvil rests, his forge forgets to flame:
To hear his smoothing tales she feigns delays;
What woman can resist the force of praise?
At first she coyly every kiss withstood,
And all her cheek was flush'd with modest blood:
With heedless nails he now surrounds her shoes,
To save her steps from rains and piercing dews.
She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents wore,
And granted kisses, but would grant no more.
Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,
And on her cheek the fading rose declines;
No more her humid eyes their lustre boast,
And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost.
This Vulcan saw, and in his heavenly thought
A new machine mechanic fancy wrought,
Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,
And bear her safely through the wintry ways.
Strait the new engine on his anvil glows,
And the pale virgin on the patten rose.
No more her lungs are shook with dropping rheums,
And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.
The god obtain'd his suit: though flattery fail,
Presents with female virtue must prevail.
The patten now supports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-ey'd Patty takes the name.

BOOK II.

OF WALKING THE STREETS BY DAY.

Thus far the Muse has trae'd, in useful lays,
The proper implements for wintry ways;
Has taught the walker with judicious eyes
To read the various warnings of the skies:
Now venture, Muse! from home to range the Town,
And for the public safety risk thy own.

For ease and for dispatch the morning's best;
No tides of passengers the street molest:
You'll see a draggled damsel here and there,
From Billingsgate her fishy traffic bear:
On doors the sallow milkmaid chalks her gains;
Ah! how unlike the milkmaid of the plains!
Before proud gates attending asses bray,
Or arrogate with solemn pace the way;
These grave physicians, with their milky cheer,
The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair.
Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
And with the vellum thunder shake the pile,
To greet the new-made bride: are sounds like these
The proper prelude to a state of peace?
Now Industry awakes her busy sons;
Full charg'd with news the breathless hawker runs:
Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,
And all the streets with passing cries resound.

If cloth'd in black you tread the busy Town,
Or if distinguish'd by the reverend gown,
Three trades avoid. Oft in the mingling press
The barber's apron soils the sable dress:

Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye;
Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh.
Ye walkers, too, that youthful colours wear,
Three sullying trades avoid with equal care.
The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,
And marks with sooty stains the heedless throng:
When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat,
From smutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat:
The dust-man's cart offends thy clothes and eyes,
When through the street a cloud of ashes flies:
But whether black or lighter dyes are worn,
The chandler's basket, on his shoulder borne,
With tallow spots thy coat: resign the way,
To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray; [stain,
Butchers! whose hands are dy'd with blood's foul
And always foremost in the hangman's train.
Let due civilities be strictly paid;
The wall surrender to the hooded maid;
Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage
Jostle the feeble steps of trembling age:
And when the porter bends beneath his load,
And pants for breath, clear thou the crowded road.
But, above all, the groping blind direct,
And from the pressing throng the lame protect.
You'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread,
Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head:
At every step he dreads the wall to lose,
And risks, to save a coach, his red-heel'd shoes;
Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,
Lest from his shoulder clouds of powder fly:
But when the bully, with assuming pace,
Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd lace,
Yield not the way; defy his strutting pride,
And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side:

He never turns again, nor dares oppose,
But mutters coward-curses as he goes.
If drawn by business to a street unknown,
Let the sworn porter point thee through the Town.
Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain
Like faithful landmarks to the walking train.
Seek not from 'prentices to learn the way;
Those fabling boys will turn thy steps astray:
Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right;
He ne'er deceives, but when he profits by't.
Where fam'd St. Giles's ancient limits spread,
An inrail'd column rears its lofty head;
Here to sev'n streets sev'n dials count the day,
And from each other catch the circling ray:
Here oft the peasant, with inquiring face,
Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place;
He dwells on every sign with stupid gaze,
Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze;
Tries every winding court and street in vain,
And doubles o'er his weary steps again.
Thus hardy Theseus, with intrepid feet,
Travers'd the dangerous labyrinth of Crete:
But still the wandering passes forc'd his stay,
Till Ariadne's clue unwinds the way:
But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide
Thy venturous footsteps to a female guide:
She'll lead thee with delusive smiles along,
Dive in thy fob, and drop thee in the throng.
When waggish boys the stunted besom ply,
To rid the slabby pavement, pass not by
Ere thou hast held their hands; some heedless flirt
Will overspread thy calves with spattering dirt.
Where porters' hogsheads roll from carts aslope,
Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope,

Where counted billets are by carmen tost,
Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post.
What though the gathering mire thy feet besmear?
The voice of Industry is always near.
Hark! the boy calls thee to his destin'd stand,
And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.
Here let the Muse, fatigu'd amid the throng,
Adorn her precepts with digressive song;
Of shirtless youths the secret rise to trace,
And show the parent of the sable race. [change)
Like mortal man, great Jove (grown fond of
Of old was wont this nether world to range
To seek amours; the vice the monarch lov'd
Soon through the wide ethereal court improv'd,
And ev'n the proudest goddess, now and then,
Would lodge a night among the sons of men;
To vulgar deities descends the fashion,
Each, like her betters, had her earthly passion.
Then Cloacina* (goddess of the tide
Whose sable streams beneath the city glide)
Indulg'd the modish flame; the Town she rov'd;
A mortal scavenger she saw; she lov'd;
The muddy spots that dried upon his face,
Like female patches, heighten'd every grace:
She gaz'd; she sigh'd: for Love can beauties spy
In what seem faults to every common eye.
Now had the watchman walk'd his second round,
When Cloacina hears the rumbling sound
Of her brown lover's cart, for well she knows
That pleasing thunder: swift the goddess rose,

* Cloacina was a goddess whose image Tatius (a king of the Sabines) found in the common-sewer, and not knowing what goddess it was, he called it Cloacina, from the place in which it was found, and paid to it divine honours. *Lactant.* 1, 20. *Minuc. Fel. Oct.* p. 232.

And through the streets pursued the distant noise,
Her bosom panting with expected joys.
With the night-wandering harlot's airs she past,
Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast:
In the black form of cinder-wench she came,
When love, the hour, the place, had banish'd shame;
To the dark alley arm in arm they move;
O may no linkboy interrupt their love!

When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her space,
The pregnant goddess (cautious of disgrace)
Descends to earth, but sought no midwife's aid,
Nor midst her anguish to Lucina pray'd;
No cheerful gossip wish'd the mother joy;
Alone, beneath a bulk, she dropt the boy.

The child through various risks in years improv'd;
At first a beggar's brat, compassion mov'd;
His infant tongue soon learn'd the canting art,
Knew all the prayers and whines to touch the heart.

O happy unown'd youths! your limbs can bear
The scorching dog-star and the winter's air,
While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,
Thirsts with each heat and coughs with every rain!

The goddess long had mark'd the child's distress,
And long had sought his sufferings to redress;
She prays the gods to take the foundling's part,
To teach his hands some beneficial art
Practis'd in streets: the gods her suit allow'd,
And made him useful to the walking crowd,
To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe
With nimble skill the glossy black renew.
Each power contributes to relieve the poor:
With the strong bristles of the mighty boar
Diana forms his brush; the god of day
A tripod gives, amid the crowded way

To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil;
Kind Neptune fills his vase with fetid oil
Prest from the enormous whale: the god of fire,
From whose dominions smoky clouds aspire,
Among these generous presents joins his part,
And aids with soot the new japanning art.
Pleas'd she receives the gifts; she downward glides,
Lights in Fleet-ditch, and shoots beneath the tides.

Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,
Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes,
Then leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood,
And view'd below the black canal of mud,
Where common-sewers a lulling murmur keep,
Whose torrents rush from Holborn's fatal steep;
Pensive through idleness, tears flow'd apace,
Which eas'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face;
At length he sighing cried, "That boy is blest,
Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast;
But happier far are those, (if such be known)
Whom both a father and a mother own:
But I alas! hard Fortune's utmost scorn,
Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born!
Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts;
When time comes round, a Christmas-box they bear,
And one day makes them rich for all the year.
Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,
Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd;
For lesser boys can drive; I thirsty stand,
And see the double flagon charge their hand;
See them puff off the froth, and gulp a main,
While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain."

While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide
In widen'd circles beats on either side;

The goddess rose amid the inmost round,
With wither'd turnip-tops her temples crown'd;
Low reach'd her dripping tresses, lank, and black
As the smooth jet, or glossy ravens' back;
Around her waist a circling eel was twin'd,
Which bound her robe, that hung in rags behind:
Now beckoning to the boy, she thus begun;
"Thy prayers are granted; weep no more, my son:
Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand;
This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand;
Temper the soot within this vase of oil,
And let the little tripod aid thy toil:
On this methinks I see the walking crew,
At thy request, support the miry shoe;
The foot grows black that was with dirt imbrown'd,
And in thy pocket jingling halfpence sound."
The goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
And dashes all around her showers of mud:
The youth straight chose his post; the labour plied,
Where branching streets from Charing-cross divide;
His treble voice resounds along the mews,
And Whitehall echoes—'Clean your honour's [shoes.'
Like the sweet ballad, this amusing lay
Too long detains the walker on his way;
While he attends, new dangers round him throng;
The busy City asks instructive song.

Where, elevated o'er the gaping crowd,
Clasp'd in the board the perjur'd head is bow'd,
Betimes retreat; here, thick as hailstones pour,
Turnips and half-hatch'd eggs (a mingled show'r)
Among the rabble rain; some random throw
May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow.

Though expedition bids, yet never stray
Where no rang'd posts defend the rugged way:

Here laden carts with thundering waggons meet,
Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow street;
The lashing whip resounds, the horses strain,
And blood in anguish bursts the swelling vein.
O barbarous Men! your cruel breasts assuage;
Why vent ye on the generous steed your rage?
Does not his service earn your daily bread?
Your wives, your children, by his labours fed!
If, as the Samian taught, the soul revives,
And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives,
Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change,
Doom'd in a hackney horse the Town to range;
Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load shall draw,
Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.

Who would of Watling-street the dangers share,
When the broad pavement of Cheapside is near?
Or who that rugged street would traverse o'er,
That stretches, O Fleet-ditch! from thy black shore
To the Tower's moated walls?* here steams ascend
That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled nose offend.
Where chandlers' caldrons boil; where fishy prey
Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea;
And where the cleaver chops the heifer's spoil;
And where huge hogsheads sweat with trainy oil,
Thy breathing nostril hold: but how shall I
Pass where, in piles, Cornavion† cheeses lie?
Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies,
And bids me with the' unwilling chaplain rise.

O bear me to the paths of fair Pall-Mall:
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell!
At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach;

* Thames Street. † Cheshire, anciently so called.

No lets would bar thy ways, were chairs denied,
The soft supports of laziness and pride;
Shops breathe perfumes, through sashes ribbons glow,
The mutual arms of ladies and the beau:
Yet still ev'n here, when rains the passage hide,
Oft the loose stone spirts up a muddy tide
Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high,
Where Masons mount the ladder, fragments fly;
Mortar and crumbled lime in showers descend,
And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend.
But sometimes let me leave the noisy roads,
And silent wander in the close abodes,
Where wheels ne'er shake the ground; there pensive stray,
In studious thought, the long uncrowded way.
Here I remark each walker's different face,
And in their look their various business trace.
The broker here his spacious beaver wears,
Upon his brow sit jealousies and cares;
Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)
He seeks by-streets, and saves the expensive coach.
Soft, at low doors, old letchers tap their cane,
For fair recluse, who travels Drury-lane;
Here roams uncomb'd the lavish rake, to shun
His Fleet-street draper's everlasting dun.
Careful observers, studious of the Town,
Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown;
Untempted, they contemn the juggler's feats,
Pass'd by the Muse, nor try the thimble's cheats.*
When drays bound high, they never cross behind,
Where bubbling yest is blown by gusts of wind:

* A cheat commonly practised with three thimbles and a little ball.

And when up Ludgate-hill huge carts move slow,
Far from the straining steeds securely go,
Whose dashing hoofs behind them fling the mire,
And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'squire.
The Parthian thus his javelin backward throws,
And as he flies infests pursuing foes.

The thoughtless wits shall frequent forfeits pay,
Who 'gainst the sentry's box discharge their tea:
Do thou some court or secret corner seek,
Nor flush with shame the passing virgin's check.

Yet let me not descend to trivial song,
Nor vulgar circumstance my verse prolong.
Why should I teach the maid, when torrents pour,
Her head to shelter from the sudden shower?
Nature will best her ready hand inform,
With her spread petticoat to fence the storm.
Does not each walker know the warning sign,
When wisps of straw depend upon the twine
Cross the close street, that then the paver's art
Renews the ways, denied to coach and cart?
Who knows not that the coachman lashing by,
Oft with his flourish cuts the heedless eye?
And when he takes his stand, to wait a fare,
His horses' foreheads shun the winter's air?
Nor will I roam when summer's sultry rays
Parch the dry ground and spread with dust the ways:
With whirling gusts the rapid atoms rise,
Smoke o'er the pavement, and involve the skies.

Winter my theme confines, whose nitry wind
Shall crust the slabby mire, and kennels bind;
She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets,
And in her hoary mantle clothe the streets.
Let not the virgin tread these slippery roads,
The gathering fleece the hollow patten loads;

But if thy footsteps slide with clotted frost,
Strike off the breaking balls against the post.
On silent wheel the passing coaches roll:
Oft look behind, and ward the threatening pole.
In harden'd orbs the schoolboy moulds the snow,
To mark the coachman with a dextrous throw.
Why do ye, boys! the kennel's surface spread,
To tempt with faithless pass the matron's tread?
How can ye laugh to see the damsel spurn,
Sink in your frauds, and her green stocking mourn?
At White's the harness'd chairman idly stands,
And swings around his waist his tingling hands:
The sempstress speeds to Change with red-tipt nose,
The Belgian stove beneath her footstool glows:
In half-whipt muslin needles useless lie,
And shuttle-cocks across the counter fly. [prove,
These sports warm harmless; why then will ye
Deluded maids! the dangerous flame of love?

Where Covent-Garden's famous temple stands,
That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands,
Columns with plain magnificence appear,
And graceful porches lead along the square:
Here oft my course I bend, when lo! from far
I spy the furies of the foot-ball war:
The 'prentice quits his shop to join the crew,
Increasing crowds the flying game pursue.
Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,
The gathering globe augments with every round.
But whither shall I run? the throng draws nigh;
The ball now skims the street, now soars on high;
The dextrous glazier strong returns the bound,
And jingling sashes on the pent-house sound.

O roving Muse! recall that wondrous year
When winter reign'd in bleak Britannia's air;

When hoary Thames, with frosted osiers crown'd,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound.
The waterman, forlorn along the shore,
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar,
Sees harness'd steeds desert the stony Town,
And wander roads unstable, not their own;
Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide,
And raise with whiten'd tracks the slippery tide.
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire.
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear
And numerous games proclaim the crowded fair.
So when a general bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain,
Thick rising tents a canvass city build,
And the loud dice resound through all the field.
'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate;
Let elegiac-lay the woe relate,
Soft as the breath of distant flutes at hours
When silent evening closes up the flowers,
Lulling as falling water's hollow noise,
Indulging grief, like Philomela's voice.
Doll every day had walk'd these treacherous [roads,
Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruit; she now a basket bore:
That head, alas! shall basket bear no more.
Each booth she frequent past in quest of gain,
And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain.
Ah! Doll! all mortals must resign their breath,
And Industry itself submit to death.
The cracking crystal yields; she sinks, she dies;
Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies:
Pippins she cried, but death her voice confounds,
And pip,-pip,-pip, along the ice resounds.

So when the Thracian furies Orpheus tore,
And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,
His sever'd head floats down the silver tide,
His yet warm tongue for his lost consort cried;
Eurydicè with quivering voice he mourn'd,
And Hebe's banks Eurydice return'd.

But now the western gale the flood unbinds,
And blackening clouds move on with warmer winds;
The wooden town its frail foundation leaves,
And Thames' full urn rolls down his plenteous waves;
From every pent-house streams the flecting snow,
And with dissolving frost the pavements flow.

Experienc'd men, inur'd to city-ways,
Need not the calendar to count their days.
When through the Town, with slow and solemn air,
Led by the nostril, walks the muzzled bear,
Behind him moves majestically dull,
The pride of Hockley-hole, the surly bull:
Learn hence the periods of the week to name;
Mondays and Thursdays are the days of game.

When fishy stalls with double store are laid,
The golden-bellied carp, the broad-finn'd maid,
Red-speckled trouts, the salmon's silver jole,
The jointed lobster, and unscaly sole,
And luscious 'scallops to allure the tastes
Of rigid zealots to delicious feasts;
Wednesdays and Fridays, you'll observe from hence,
Days when our sires were doom'd to abstinence.

When dirty waters from balconies drop,
And dextrous damsels twirl the sprinkling mop,
And cleanse the spatter'd sash, and scrub the stairs,
Know Saturday's conclusive morn appears.

Successive cries the Seasons' change declare,
And mark the monthly progress of the year.

Hark! how the streets with treble voices ring,
To sell the bounteous product of the Spring:
Sweet-smelling flowers, and elder's early bud,
With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood:
And when June's thunder cools the sultry skies,
Ev'n Sundays are prophan'd by mackarel-cries.

Walnuts the fruiterer's hand, in Autumn, stain,
Blue plums and juicy pears augment his gain;
Next, oranges the longing boys entice
To trust their copper fortunes to the dice.

When rosemary, and bays, the poet's crown,
Are bawl'd in frequent cries through all the Town,
Then judge the festival of Christmas near,
Christmas! the joyous period of the year.
Now with bright holly all your temples strow,
With laurel green, and sacred mistletoe:
Now, heaven-born Charity! thy blessings shed,
Bid meagre Want uprear her sickly head:
Bid shivering limbs be warm; let Plenty's bowl
In humble roofs make glad the needy soul.
See, see! the heaven-born maid her blessings shed;
Lo! meagre Want uprears her sickly head;
Cloth'd are the naked, and the needy glad,
While selfish Avarice alone is sad.

Proud coaches pass, regardless of the moan
Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan;
While charity still moves the walker's mind,
His liberal purse relieves the lame and blind.
Judiciously thy halfpence are bestow'd,
Where the laborious beggar sweeps the road.
Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,
Nor let old age long stretch his palsied hand:
Those who give late are importun'd each day,
And still are teas'd, because they still delay.

If e'er the miser durst his farthings spare,
He thinly spreads them through the public square,
Where, all beside the rail, rang'd beggars lie,
And from each other catch the doleful cry; [score,
With Heav'n, for two-pence, cheaply wipes his
Lifts up his eyes, and hastes to beggar more.

Where the brass-knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand,
The' upholder, rueful harbinger of death,
Waits with impatience for the dying breath;
As vultures o'er a camp, with hovering flight,
Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.
Here canst thou pass unmindful of a pray'r,
That Heaven in mercy may thy brother spare?

Come, F***!* sincere, experienc'd friend,
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and ev'n thy fees, suspend;
Come, let us leave the Temple's silent walls,
Me business to my distant lodging calls:
Through the long Strand together let us stray;
With thee conversing I forget the way.
Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
Whose building to the slimy shore extends;
Here Arundel's fam'd structure rear'd its frame,
The street alone retains an empty name.
Where Titian's glowing paint the canvass warm'd,
And Raphael's fair design with judgment charm'd,
Now hangs the bellman's song, and pasted here
The colour'd prints of Overton appear.
Where statues breath'd the works of Phidias' hands,
A wooden pump or lonely watch-house stands:
There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,
There Cecils', Bedfords' Villiers', now no more.

* This probably was Counsellor Fortescue, to whom Pope inscribed his Imitation of the first Satire of Horace.

Yet Burlington's fair palace still remains;
Beauty within, without proportion, reigns.
Beneath his eye declining Art revives,
The wall with animated picture lives:
There Handel strikes the strings, the melting strain
Transports the soul, and thrills through every vein.
There oft I enter, (but with cleaner shoes)
For Burlington's belov'd by every Muse.

O ye associate-walkers! O my friends!
Upon your state what happiness attends!
What though no coach to frequent visit rolls,
Nor, for your shilling, chairmen sling their poles?
Yet still your nerves rheumatic pains defy,
Nor lazy jaundice dulls your saffron eye;
No wasting cough discharges sounds of death,
Nor wheezing asthma heaves in vain for breath;
Nor from your restless couch is heard the groan
Of burning gout or sedentary stone.
Let others in the jolting coach confide,
Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide;
Or, box'd within the chair, contemn the street,
And trust their safety to another's feet:
Still let me walk; for oft the sudden gale
Ruffles the tide, and shifts the dangerous sail:
Then shall the passenger too late deplore
The whelming billow, and the faithless oar;
The drunken chairman in the kennel spurns,
The glasses shatters, and his charge o'erturns.
Who can recount the coach's various harms,
The legs disjointed, and the broken arms?

I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour, [show'r,
When o'er the stones chok'd kennels swell the
In gilded chariot loll; he with disdain,
Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain.

With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near;
Now rule thy prancing steeds, lae'd charioteer:
The dustman lashes on with spiteful rage,
His pondrous spokes thy painted wheel engage;
Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,
The slabby pavement crystal fragments strow;
Black floods of mire the' embroider'd coat disgrace,
And mud inwraps the honours of his face:—
So when dread Jove the son of Phœbus hurl'd,
Sear'd with dark thunder, to the nether world,
The headstrong coursers tore the silver reins,
And the sun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.

If the pale walker pant with weakening ills,
His sickly hand is stor'd with friendly bills;
From hence he learns the seventh-born doctor's fame;
From hence he learns the cheapest tailor's name.

Shall the large mutton smoke upon your boards?
Such Newgate's copious market best affords.
Wouldst thou with mighty beef augment thy meal,
Seek Leaden-hall: St. James's sends thee veal;
Thames-street gives cheeses; Covent-garden, fruits;
Moor-fields, old books; and Monmouth-street, old suits.
Hence may'st thou well supply the wants of life,
Support thy family, and clothe thy wife.

Volumes on shelter'd stalls expanded lie,
And various science lures the learned eye; [groan,
The bending shelves with ponderous scholiasts
And deep divines, to modern shops unknown:
Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing
Collects the various odours of the spring,
Walkers, at leisure, Learning's flowers may spoil,
Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil;

May morals snatch from Plutarch's tatter'd page,
A mildew'd Bacon, or Stagyra's sage:
Here sauntering 'prentices o'er Otway weep,
O'er Congreve smile, or over Durfy sleep:
Pleas'd sempstresses the Lock's fam'd Rape unfold,
And Squirts* read Garth, till apozems grow cold.
O Lintot! let my labours obvious lie,
Rang'd on thy stall, for every curious eye;
So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,
And to my verse their future safeties owe.
What Walker shall his mean ambition fix
On the false lustre of a coach and six?
Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring show,
Sigh for the liveries of the' embroidered beau.
See yon bright chariot on its harness swing,
With Flanders' mares, and on an arched spring:
That wretch, to gain an equipage and place,
Betray'd his sister to a lewd embrace.
This coach, that with the blazon'd 'scutcheon glows,
Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb shows.
Here the brib'd lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps;
The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps:
There flames a fool, begirt with tinsel'd slaves,
Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves.
That other, with a clustering train behind,
Owes his new honours to a sordid mind.
This next in court-fidelity excels,
The public rifles, and his country sells.
May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchas'd at so mean, so dear a rate:
Or rather give me sweet content on foot,
Wrapt in my virtue and a good surtout!

* Squirt is the name of an apothecary's boy, in the Poem of 'The Dispensary.'

BOOK III.

OF WALKING THE STREETS BY NIGHT.

O TRIVIA! goddess, leave these low abodes,
And traverse o'er the wide ethereal roads;
Celestial queen! put on thy robes of light,
Now Cynthia nam'd, fair regent of the night!
At sight of thee the villain sheaths his sword,
Nor scales the wall, to steal the wealthy hoard.
O may thy silver lamp from Heaven's high bow'r
Direct my footsteps in the midnight hour!

When night first bids the twinkling stars appear,
Or with her cloudy vest inwraps the air,
Then swarms the busy street: with caution tread
Where the shop-windows, falling, threat thy head:
Now labourers home return, and join their strength
To bear the tottering plank, or ladder's length;
Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng,
And as the passes open, wind along.

Where the fair columns of Saint Clement stand,
Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand;
Where the low pent-house bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;
Where not a post protects the narrow space,
And, strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;
Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware:
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds
Drag the black load; another cart succeeds; [pear,
Team follows team, crowds heap'd on crowds ap-
And wait impatient till the road grows clear.

Now all the pavement sounds with trampling feet,
And the mixt hurry barricades the street.
Entangled here, the waggon's lengthen'd team
Cracks the tough harness; here a ponderous beam
Lies overturn'd athwart; for slaughter fed,
Here lowing bullocks raise their horned head.
Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar,
And the smart blow provokes the sturdy war:
From the high box they whirl the thong around,
And with the twining lash their shins resound:
Their rage ferments, more dangerous wounds they try,
And the blood gushes down their painful eye.
And now on foot the frowning warriors light,
And with their ponderous fists renew the fight;
Blow answers blow, their cheeks are smear'd with blood,
Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.
So when two boars, in wild Ytene* bred,
Or on Westphalia's fattening chesnuts fed,
Gnash their sharp tusks, and rous'd with equal fire,
Dispute the reign of some luxurious mire;
In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,
Till their arm'd jaws distil with foam and gore.

Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,
Nor idly mingle in the noisy throng.
Lur'd by the silver hilt, amid the swarm
The subtle artist will thy side disarm:
Nor is thy flaxen wig with safety worn;
High on the shoulder in a basket borne
Lurks the sly boy, whose hand, to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.

* New Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called.

Here dives the skulking thief, with practis'd sleight
And unfelt fingers makes thy pocket light.
Where's now thy watch? with all its trinkets, flown;
And thy late snuff-box is no more thy own.
But, lo! his bolder thefts some tradesman spies,
Swift from his prey the scudding lurcher flies:
Dextrous he 'scapes the coach with nimble bounds,
Whilst every honest tongue 'Stop thief' resounds.
So speeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,
Who lately filch'd the turkey's callow care;
Hounds, following hounds, grow louder as he flies,
And injur'd tenants join the hunter's cries:
Breathless, he stumbling falls. Ill-fated boy!
Why did not honest work thy youth employ?
Seiz'd by rough hands, he's drag'd amid the rout,
And stretch'd beneath the pump's incessant spout:
Or plung'd in miry pounds he gasping lies,
Mud chokes his mouth, and plasters o'er his eyes.

Let not the ballad-singer's shrilling strain
Amid the swarm thy listening ear detain;
Guard well thy pocket; for these sirens stand
To aid the labours of the diving hand:
Confederate in the cheat, they draw the throng,
And cambric handkerchiefs reward the song.
But soon as coach or cart drives rattling on,
The rabble part, in shoals they backward run:
So Jove's loud bolts the mingled war divide,
And Greece and Troy retreat on either side.

If the rude throng pour on with furious pace,
And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace,
Stop short; nor struggle through the crowd in vain,
But watch with careful eye the passing train.
Yet I (perhaps too fond) if chance the tide,
Tumultuous, bear my partner from my side.

Impatient venture back; despising harm,
I force my passage where the thickest swarm.
Thus his lost bride the Trojan sought in vain
Through night, and arms, and flames, and hills of slain:
Thus Nisus wander'd o'er the pathless grove,
To find the brave companion of his love:
The pathless grove in vain he wanders o'er:
Euryalus, alas! is now no more.

That walker who, regardless of his pace,
Turns oft to pore upon the damsel's face,
From side to side by thrusting elbows tost,
Shall strike his aching breast against a post;
Or water, dash'd from fishy stalls, shall stain
His hapless coat with spirits of scaly rain.
But if unwarily he chance to stray,
Where twirling turnstiles intercept the way;
The thwarting passenger shall force them round,
And beat the wretch half breathless to the ground.

Let constant vigilance thy footsteps guide,
And wary circumspection guard thy side; [night,
Then shalt thou walk, unharm'd, the dangerous
Nor need the' officious linkboy's smoky light.
Thou never wilt attempt to cross the road
Where alehouse-benches rest the porter's load,
Grievous to heedless shins; no barrow's wheel,
That bruises oft the truant schoolboy's heel,
Behind thee rolling, with insidious pace,
Shall mark thy stocking with a miry trace.
Let not thy vent'rous steps approach too nigh
Where, gaping wide, low steepy cellars lie;
Should thy shoe wrench aside, down, down you fall,
And overturn the scolding huckster's stall;

The scolding huckster shall not o'er thee moan,
But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.
Though you through cleanlier alleys wind by day,
To shun the hurries of the public way,
Yet ne'er to those dark paths by night retire;
Mind only safety, and contemn the mire:
Then no impervious courts thy haste detain,
Nor sneering alewives bid thee turn again.
Where Lincoln's-Inn, wide space, is rail'd around,
Cross not with venturous step; there oft is found
The lurking thief, who, while the daylight shone,
Made the walls echo with his begging tone: [wound
That crutch, which late compassion mov'd, shall
Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
Though thou art tempted by the linkman's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall;
In the mid-way he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilfering band.
Still keep the public streets, where oily rays,
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.
Happy Augusta! law-defended town!
Here no dark lanterns shade the villain's frown:
No Spanish jealousies thy lanes infest,
Nor Roman vengeance stabs the' unwary breast;
Here Tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
But Liberty and Justice guard the land:
No bravos here profess the bloody trade,
Nor is the church the murderer's refuge made.
Let not the chairman, with assuming stride,
Press near the wall, and rudely thrust thy side:
The laws have set him bounds; his servile feet
Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street.
Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
Whose flambeau gilds the sashes of Pall-Mall,

When in long rank a train of torches flame,
To light the midnight visits of the dame?
Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
May where the chairman rests with safety tread:
Whenc'er I pass, their poles unseen below,
Make my knee tremble with the jarring blow.

If wheels bar up the road where streets are crost,
With gentle words the coachman's ear accost:
He ne'er the threat or harsh command obeys,
But with contempt the spatter'd shoe surveys.
Now, man with utmost fortitude thy soul,
To cross the way where carts and coaches roll:
Yet do not in thy hardy skill confide,
Nor rashly risk the kennel's spacious stride:
Stay till *afar* the distant wheel you hear,
Like dying thunder in the breaking air:
Thy foot will slide upon the miry stone,
And passing coaches crush thy tortur'd bone,
Or wheels enclose the road; on either hand,
Pent round with perils, in the midst you stand,
And call for aid in vain; the coachman swears,
And carmen drive, unmindful of thy pray'rs.
Where wilt thou turn? ah! whither wilt thou fly?
On every side the pressing spokes are nigh:
So sailors, while Charybdis' gulf they shun,
Amaz'd, on Scylla's craggy dangers run.

Be sure observe where brown Ostrea stands,
Who boasts her shelly ware from Wallfleet sands;
There may'st thou pass, with safe unmiry feet,
Where the rais'd pavement leads athwart the street.
If where Fleet-ditch with muddy current flows
You chance to roam; where oyster-tubs in rows
Are rang'd beside the posts; there stay thy haste,
And with the savoury fish indulge thy taste:

The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,
While the salt liquor streams between her hands.
The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er
With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
And risk'd the living morsel down his throat.
What will not luxury taste? Earth, sea, and air,
Are daily ransack'd for the bill of fare.
Blood stuff'd in skins is British Christain's food,
And France robs marshes of the croaking brood;
Spongy morels in strong ragouts are found,
And in the soup the slimy snail is drown'd.
When from high spouts the dashing torrents fall,
Ever be watchful to maintain the wall;
For shouldst thou quit thy ground, the rushing throng
Will with impetuous fury drive along;
All press to gain those honours thou hast lost,
And rudely shove thee far without the post.
Then to retrieve the shed you strive in vain,
Draggled all o'er, and soak'd in floods of rain.
Yet rather bear the shower, and toils of mud,
Than in the doubtful quarrel risk thy blood.
O think on Oedipus' detested state,
And by his woes be warn'd to shun thy fate.
Where three roads join'd he met his sire unknown,
(Unhappy sire, but more unhappy son!)
Each claim'd the way; their swords the strife decide;
The hoary monarch fell; he groan'd and died!
Hence sprung the fatal plague that thinn'd thy reign,
Thy cursed incest! and thy children slain!
Hence wert thou doom'd in endless night to stray
Through Theban streets, and cheerless grope thy way.

Contemplate, mortal! on thy fleeting years;
See, with black train the funeral pomp appears!
Whether some heir attends in sable state,
And mourns with outward grief a parent's fate,
Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,
A crowd of lovers follow to her tomb;
Why is the hearse with 'scutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd?
Know, the dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only serves to prove the living vain.
How short is life! how frail is human trust!
Is all this pomp for laying 'dust to dust?'

Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted stall,
Brush not thy sweeping skirt too near the wall;
Thy heedless sleeve will drink the colour'd oil,
And spot indelible thy pocket soil.
Has not wise Nature strung the legs and feet
With firmest nerves, design'd to walk the street?
Has she not given us hands to grope aright,
Amidst the frequent dangers of the night?
And think'st thou not the double nostril meant
To warn from oily woes by previous scent?

Who can the various city frauds recite,
With all the petty rapines of the night?
Who now the guinea-dropper's bait regards,
Trick'd by the sharper's dice or juggler's cards?
Why should I warn thee ne'er to join the fray
Where the sham-quarrel interrupts the way?
Lives there in these our days so soft a clown,
Brav'd by the bully's oaths or threatening frown?
I need not strict enjoin the pocket's care,
When from the crowded play thou lead'st the fair:
Who has not here or watch or snuff-box lost,
Or handkerchiefs that India's shuttle boast?

O! may thy virtue guard thee through the roads
Of Drury's mazy courts and dark abodes,
The harlots' guileful paths, who nightly stand
Where Catherine-street descends into the Strand.
Say, vagrant Muse! their wiles and subtle arts,
To lure the strangers' unsuspecting hearts;
So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread,
And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.

'Tis she who nightly strolls with sauntering pace,
No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace;
Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,
The new-scower'd mantua and the slattern air;
High-draggled petticoats her travels show,
And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow;
With flattering sounds she soothes the cred'lous ear,
'My noble captain! charmer! love! my dear!'
In ridinghood near tavern-door she plies,
Or muffled pinners hide her livid eyes:
With empty bandbox she delights to range,
And feigns a distant errand from the 'Change:
Nay, she will oft the quaker's hood profane,
And trudge demure the rounds of Drury-lane:
She darts from sarcenet ambush wily leers;
Twitches thy sleeve, or with familiar airs
Her fan will pat thy cheek: these snares disdain,
Nor gaze behind thee when she turns again.

I knew a yeoman who, for thirst of gain,
To the great city drove, from Devon's plain,
His numerous lowing herd: his herds he sold,
And his deep leathern pocket bag'd with gold:
Drawn by a fraudful nymph, he gaz'd, he sigh'd;
Unmindful of his home, and distant bride,
She leads the willing victim to his doom,
Through winding alleys to her cobweb-room.

Thence through the street he reels, from post to post,
Valiant with wine, nor knows his treasure lost.
The vagrant wretch the' assembled watchmen spies,
He waves his hanger, and their poles defies;
Deep in the roundhouse pent, all night he snores,
And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.

Ah! hapless swain! unus'd to pains and ills,
Canst thou forego roast beef for nauseous pills?
How wilt thou lift to Heaven thy eyes and hands,
When the long scroll the surgeon's fees demands!
Or else (ye gods! avert that worst disgrace)
Thy ruin'd nose falls level with thy face;
Then shall thy wife thy loathsome kiss disdain,
And wholesome neighbours from thy mug refrain.

Yet there are watchmen who, with friendly light,
Will teach thy reeling steps to tread aright;
For sixpence will support thy helpless arm,
And home conduct thee safe from nightly harm;
But if they shake their lanterns, from afar
To call their brethren to confederate war,
When rakes resist their power; if hapless you
Should chance to wander with the scowering crew!
Though Fortune yield thee captive, ne'er despair,
But seek the constable's considerate ear;
He will reverse the watchman's harsh decree,
Mov'd by the rhetoric of a silver fee.
Thus would you gain some favourite courtier's [word,
Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my lord.

Now is the time that rakes their revels keep,
Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.
His scatter'd pence the flying Nicker* flings,
And with the copper-shower the casement rings.

* Gentlemen who delighted to break windows with half-pence.

Who has not heard the Scowrer's midnight fame?
Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds
Safe from their blows, or new invented wounds?
I pass their desperate deeds and mischiefs done,
Where from Snow-hill black steepy torrents run;
How matrons, hoop'd within the hogshead's womb,
Were tumbled furious thence; the rolling tomb
O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side:
So Regulus to save his country died.

Where a dim gleam the paly lantern throws
O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows;
Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
Or the dark caves to common-sewers descend;
Oft by the winds extinct the signal lies,
Or smother'd in the glimmering socket dies,
Ere Night has half roll'd round her ebon throne,
In the wide gulf the shatter'd coach o'erthrown
Sinks with the snorting steeds; the reins are broke,
And from the crackling axle flies the spoke.
So when fam'd Eddystone's far-shooting ray,
That led the sailor through the stormy way,
Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
And the high turret in the whirlwind borne,
Fleets bulg'd their sides against the craggy land,
And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the strand.

Who then through night would hire the harness'd steed?
And who would choose the rattling wheel for speed?
But hark! distress with screaming voice draws nigher,
And wakes the slumbering street with cries of "fire!"
At first a glowing red inwraps the skies,
And borne by winds the scattering sparks arise;

From beam to beam the fierce contagion spreads;
The spiry flames now lift aloft their heads;
Through the burst sash a blazing deluge pours,
And splitting tiles descend in rattling show'rs.
Now with thick crowds the' enlighten'd pavement swarms,
The fireman sweats beneath his crooked arms;
A leathern casque his venturous head defends:
Boldly he climbs where thickest smoke ascends:
Mov'd by the mother's streaming eyes and pray'rs,
The helpless infant through the flame he bears,
With no less virtue than through hostile fire
The Dardan hero bore his aged sire.
See forceful engines spout their levell'd streams,
To quench the blaze that runs along the beams;
The grappling hook plucks rafters from the walls,
And heaps on heaps the smoky ruin falls.
Blown by strong winds, the fiery tempest roars,
Bears down new walls, and pours along the floors;
The heavens are all a-blaze, the face of night
Is cover'd with a sanguine dreadful light;
'Twas such a light involv'd thy towers, O Rome!
The dire presage of mighty Cæsar's doom,
When the sun veil'd in rust his mourning head,
And frightful prodigies the skies o'erspread,
Hark! the drum thunders! far, ye crowds! retire:
Behold! the ready match is tipt with fire,
The nitrous store is laid, the smutty train
With running blaze awakes the barrell'd grain;
Flames sudden wrap the walls; with sullen sound
The shatter'd pile sinks on the smoky ground.
So when the years shall have revolv'd the date,
The' inevitable hour of Naples' fate,
Her sap'd foundations shall with thunders shake,
And heave and toss upon the sulphurous lake;

Earth's womb at once the fiery flood shall rend,
And in the' abyss her plunging towers descend.
Consider, reader! what fatigues I've known,
The toils, the perils of the wintry town;
What riots seen, what bustling crowds I bor'd,
How oft I cross'd where carts and coaches roar'd:
Yet shall I bless my labours, if mankind
Their future safety from my dangers find.
Thus the bold traveller, (inur'd to toil,
Whose steps have printed Asia's desert soil,
The barbarous Arabs' haunt, or shivering crost
Dark Greenland's mountains of eternal frost,
Whom Providence in length of years restores
To the wish'd harbour of his native shores)
Sets forth his journals to the public view,
To caution, by his woes, the wandering crew.
And now complete my generous labours lie,
Finish'd, and ripe for immortality.
Death shall entomb in dust this mouldering frame,
But never reach the' eternal part, my fame.
When W* and G**, mighty Names! are dead,
Or but at Chelsea, under custards, read;
When critics crazy bandboxes repair,
And tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air;
High-rais'd on Fleet-street posts, consign'd to fame,
This work shall shine, and walkers bless my name.

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THE FAN.

A POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

——— ενθα δε θελκτηρια πασιν τετυκτο·
Ενθα εν μεν φιλοτης, εν δ' ιμερος, εν δ' οαριστυς,
Παρφασις ἡτ' εκλεψε νοον πυκα περ φρονεοντων·
Την ῥα οι εμβαλε χερσιν. HOM. IL. 14.

BOOK I.

I SING that graceful toy, whose waving play
With gentle gales relieves the sultry day:
Not the wide Fan by Persian dames display'd,
Which o'er their beauty easts a grateful shade,
Nor that long known in China's artful land,
Whieh, while it cools the faee, fatigues the hand:
Nor shall the Muse in Asian elimates rove,
To seek in Indostan some spicy grove,
Where streteh'd at ease the panting lady lies,
To shun the fervour of meridian skies,
While sweating slaves eatch every breeze of air,
And with wide-spreading Fans refresh the fair;
No busy gnats her pleasing dreams molest,
Inflame her eheek, or ravage o'er her breast,
But artificial zephyrs round her fly,
And mitigate the fever of the sky.

Nor shall Bermudas long the Muse detain,
(Whose fragrant forests bloom in Waller's strain,)
Where breathing sweets from every field ascend,
And the wild woods with golden apples bend:

Yet let me in some odorous shade repose,
Whilst in my verse the fair palmetto grows;
Like the tall pine it shoots its stately head,
From the broad top depending branches spread;
No knotty limbs the taper body bears,
Hung on each bough a single leaf appears,
Which shrivell'd in its infancy remains,
Like a clos'd Fan, nor stretches wide its veins;
But as the seasons in their circle run,
Opes its rib'd surface to the nearer sun:
Beneath this shade the weary peasant lies,
Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes rise.

Stay, wandering Muse! nor rove in foreign climes;
To thy own native shore confine thy rhymes.
Assist, ye Nine! your loftiest notes employ,
Say what celestial skill contriv'd the toy;
Say how this instrument of love began,
And in immortal strains display the Fan.

Strephon had long confess'd his amorous pain,
Which gay Corinna rallied with disdain:
Sometimes in broken words he sigh'd his care,
Look'd pale, and trembled, when he view'd the fair:
With bolder freedoms now the youth advanc'd,
He dress'd, he laugh'd, he sung, he rhym'd, he danc'd:
Now call'd more powerful presents to his aid,
And, to seduce the mistress, brib'd the maid:
Smooth flattery in her softer hours applied,
The surest charm to bend the force of pride;
But still unmov'd remains the scornful dame,
Insults her captive, and derides his flame.
When Strephon saw his vows dispers'd in air,
He sought in solitude to lose his care;
Relief in solitude he sought in vain,
It serv'd, like music, but to feed his pain.

To Venus now the slighted boy complains,
And calls the goddess in these tender strains.
"O potent queen! from Neptune's empire sprung,
Whose glorious birth admiring Nereids sung,
Who midst the fragrant plains of Cyprus rove,
Whose radiant presence gilds the Paphian grove,
Where to thy name a thousand altars rise,
And curling clouds of incense hide the skies;
O beauteous goddess! teach me how to move,
Inspire my tongue with eloquence of love.
If lost Adonis e'er thy bosom warm'd,
If e'er his eyes or godlike figure charm'd,
Think on those hours when first you felt the dart,
Think on the restless fever of thy heart;
Think how you pin'd in absence of the swain;
By those uneasy minutes know my pain.
Ev'n while Cydippe to Diana bows,
And at her shrine renews her virgin-vows,
The lover, taught by thee, her pride o'ercame;
She reads his oaths, and feels an equal flame:
Oh! may my flame, like thine, Acontius! prove,
May Venus dictate, and reward my love.
When crowds of suitors Atalanta tried,
She wealth and beauty, wit and fame defied;
Each daring lover with advent'rous pace
Pursued his wishes in the dangerous race;
Like the swift hind the bounding damsel flies,
Strains to the goal, the distanc'd lover dies.
Hippomenes, O Venus! was thy care,
You taught the swain to stay the flying fair;
Thy golden present caught the virgin's eyes,
She stoops; he rushes on, and gains the prize.
Say, Cyprian deity! what gift, what art,
Shall humble into love Corinna's heart?

If only some bright toy can charm her sight,
Teach me what present may suspend her flight." 90
Thus the desponding youth his flame declares;
The goddess with a nod his passion hears.

Far in Cythera stands a spacious grove,
Sacred to Venus and the god of Love;
Here the luxuriant myrtle rears her head, 95
Like the tall oak the fragrant branches spread;
Here Nature all her sweets profusely pours,
And paints the' enamell'd ground with various flow'rs;
Deep in the gloomy glade a grotto bends,
Wide through the craggy rock an arch extends, 100
The rugged stone is cloth'd with mantling vines,
And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines.

Here busy Cupids, with pernicious art,
Form the stiff bow, and forge the fatal dart:
All share the toil: while some the bellows ply, 105
Others with feathers teach the shafts to fly:
Some with joint force whirl round the stony wheel,
Where streams the sparkling fire from temper'd steel;
Some point their arrows with the nicest skill,
And with the warlike store their quivers fill. 110

A different toil another forge employs;
Here the loud hammer fashions female toys;
Hence is the fair with ornament supplied,
Hence sprung the glittering implements of pride;
Each trinket that adorns the modern dame, 115
First to these little artists ow'd its frame.
Here an unfinish'd di'mond-crosslet lay,
To which soft lovers adoration pay;
There was the polish'd crystal bottle seen, 119
That with quick scents revives the modish spleen:
Here the yet rude unjointed snuff-box lies,
Which serves the rallied fop for smart replies;

There piles of paper rose in gilded reams,
The future records of the lover's flames:
Here clouded canes 'midst heaps of toys are found,
And inlaid tweezer-cases strow the ground:
There stands the toilet, nursery of charms,
Completely furnish'd with bright beauty's arms;
The patch, the powder or pulville, perfumes,
Pins, paint, a flattering glass, and black-lead combs.
The toilsome hours in different labour slide,
Some work the file, and some the graver guide;
From the loud anvil the quick blow rebounds,
And their rais'd arms descend in tuneful sounds.
Thus when Semiramis, in ancient days,
Bade Babylon her mighty bulwarks raise,
A swarm of labourers different tasks attend:
Here pullies make the pondrous oak ascend,
With echoing strokes the eragged quarry groans,
While there the chissel forms the shapeless stones;
The weighty mallet deals resounding blows,
Till the proud battlements her towers enclose.
Now Venus mounts her car; she shakes the reins,
And steers her turtles to Cythera's plains;
Straight to the grot with graceful step she goes,
Her loose ambrosial hair behind her flows;
The swelling bellows heave for breath no more,
All drop their silent hammers on the floor;
In deep suspense the mighty labour stands,
While thus the goddess spoke her mild commands:
"Industrious Loves! your present toils forbear,
A more important task demands your care;
Long has the scheme employ'd my thoughtful mind,
By judgment ripen'd, and by time refin'd.
That glorious bird have ye not often seen
Who draws the car of the celestial Queen?

Have ye not oft survey'd his varying dyes,
His tail all gilded o'er with Argus' eyes?
Have ye not seen him in the sunny day
Unfurl his plumes, and all his pride display,
Then suddenly contract his dazzling train,
And with long-trailing feathers sweep the plain?
Learn from this hint, let this instruct your art,
Thin taper sticks must from one centre part;
Let these into the quadrant's form divide,
The spreading ribs with snowy paper hide;
Here shall the pencil bid its colours flow,
And make a miniature-creation grow:
Let the machine in equal foldings close,
And now its plaited surface wide dispose;
So shall the fair her idle hand employ,
And grace each motion with the restless toy,
With various play bid grateful zephyrs rise,
While love in every grateful zephyr flies."
The master, Cupid, traces out the lines,
And with judicious hand the draught designs;
The' expecting Loves with joy the model view,
And the joint labour eagerly pursue.
Some slit their arrows with the nicest art,
And into sticks convert the shiver'd dart;
The breathing bellows wake the sleeping fire,
Blow off the cinders, and the sparks aspire;
Their arrows' point they soften in the flame,
And sounding hammers break its barbed frame:
Of this the little pin they neatly mould,
From whence their arms the spreading sticks unfold;
In equal plaits they now the paper bend,
And at just distance the wide ribs extend,
Then on the frame they mount the limber skreen,
And finish instantly the new machine.

The goddess, pleas'd, the curious work receives,
Remounts her chariot, and the grotto leaves;
With the light Fan she moves the yielding air,
And gales, till then unknown, play round the fair.
Unhappy Lovers! how will you withstand,
When these new arms shall grace your charmer's hand?
In ancient times, when maids in thought were pure,
When eyes were artless, and the look demure,
When the wide ruff the well-turn'd neck enclos'd,
And heaving breasts within the stays repos'd,
When the close hood conceal'd the modest ear,
Ere black-lead combs disown'd the virgin's hair,
Then in the muff unactive fingers lay,
Nor taught the Fan in fickle forms to play.
How are the sex improv'd in amorous arts!
What new-found snares they bait for human hearts!
When kindling war the ravag'd globe ran o'er,
And fatten'd thirsty plains with human gore,
At first, the brandish'd arm the javelin threw,
Or sent wing'd arrows from the twanging yew;
In the bright air the dreadful falchion shone,
Or whistling slings dismiss'd the' uncertain stone.
Now men those less destructive arms despise,
Wide-wasteful death from thundering cannon flies:
One hour with more battalions strows the plain,
Than were of yore in weekly battles slain.
So love with fatal airs the nymph supplies,
Her dress disposes, and directs her eyes.
The bosom now its panting beauties shows,
The' experienc'd eye resistless glances throws;
Now varied patches wander o'er the face,
And strike each gazer with a borrow'd grace;

The fickle head-dress sinks, and now aspires,
A towery front of lace on branching wires:
The curling hair in tortur'd ringlets flows,
Or round the face in labour'd order grows.
How shall I soar, and on unweary wing
Trace varying habits upward to their spring?
What force of thought, what numbers, can express
The' inconstant equipage of female dress?
How the strait stays the slender waist constrain,
How to adjust the mantua's sweeping train?
What fancy can the petticoat surround,
With the capacious hoop of whalebone bound?
But stay, presumptuous Muse! nor boldly dare
The toilet's sacred mysteries declare;
Let a just distance be to beauty paid;
None here must enter but the trusty maid.
Should you the wardrobe's magazine rehearse,
And glossy manteaus rustle in thy verse;
Should you the rich brocaded suit unfold,
Where rising flowers grow stiff with frosted gold!
The dazzled Muse would from her subject stray,
And in a maze of fashions lose her way.

BOOK II.

Olympus' gates unfold; in Heaven's high towers
Appear in council all the' immortal powers;
Great Jove above the rest exalted sate,
And in his mind revolv'd succeeding fate;
His awful eye with ray superior shone,
The thunder-grasping eagle guards his throne;

On silver clouds the great assembly laid,
The whole creation at one view survey'd.
But see, fair Venus comes in all her state!
The wanton Loves and Graces round her wait;
With her loose robe officious zephyrs play,
And strow with odoriferous flowers the way;
In her right hand she waves the fluttering Fan,
And thus in melting sounds her speech began:
"Assembled Powers! who fickle mortals guide,
Who o'er the sea, the skies, and earth, preside;
Ye Fountains whence all human blessings flow,
Who pour your bounties on the world below;
Bacchus first rais'd and prun'd the climbing vine,
And taught the grape to stream with generous wine;
Industrious Ceres tam'd the savage ground,
And pregnant fields with golden harvests crown'd;
Flora with bloomy sweets enrich'd the year,
And fruitful autumn is Pomona's care.
I first taught woman to subdue mankind,
And all her native charms with dress refin'd:
Celestial synod! this machine survey,
That shades the face, or bids cool zephyrs play;
If conscious blushes on her cheek arise,
With this she veils them from her lover's eyes:
No levell'd glance betrays her amorous heart,
From the Fan's ambush she directs the dart.
The royal sceptre shines in Juno's hand,
And twisted thunder speaks great Jove's command:
On Pallas' arm the Gorgon-shield appears,
And Neptune's mighty grasp the trident bears:
Ceres is with the bending sickle seen,
And the strong bow points out the Cynthian Queen:
Henceforth, the waving Fan my hands shall grace,
The waving Fan supply the sceptre's place.

Who shall, ye Powers! the forming pencil hold?
What story shall the wide machine unfold?
Let Loves and Graces lead the dance around,
With myrtle wreaths and flowery chaplets crown'd;
Let Cupid's arrow strow the smiling plains
With unresisting nymphs, and amorous swains;
May glowing picture o'er the surface shine,
To melt slow virgins with the warm design."
Diana rose, with silver crescent crown'd,
And fix'd her modest eyes upon the ground;
Then with becoming mein she rais'd her head
And thus with graceful voice the virgin said:
"Has woman then forgot all former wiles,
The watchful ogle, and delusive smiles?
Does man against her charms too powerful prove,
Or are the sex grown novices in love?
Why then these arms? or why should artful eyes,
From this slight ambush, conquer by surprise?
No guilty thought the spotless virgin knows,
And o'er her cheek no conscious crimson glows:
Since blushes then from shame alone arise,
Why should we veil them from her lover's eyes?
Let cupid rather give up his command,
And trust his arrows in a female hand.
Have not the gods already cherish'd pride,
And woman with destructive arms supplied?
Neptune on her bestows his choicest stores,
For her the chambers of the deep explores;
The gaping shell its pearly charge resigns,
And round her neck the lucid bracelet twines:
Plutus for her bids earth its wealth unfold,
Where the warm ore is ripen'd into gold;
Or where the ruby reddens in the soil,
Where the green emerald pays the searcher's toil.

Does not the diamond sparkle in her ear,
Glow on her hand, and tremble in her hair?
From the gay nymph the glancing lustre flies,
And imitates the lightning of her eyes.
But yet if Venus' wishes must succeed,
And this fantastic engine be decreed;
May some chaste story from the pencil flow,
To speak the virgin's joy and Hymen's woe.

"Here let the wretched Ariadne stand,
Seduc'd by Theseus to some desert land,
Her locks dishevell'd waving in the wind,
The crystal tears confess her tortur'd mind;
The perjur'd youth unfurls his treacherous sails,
And their white bosoms catch the swelling gales:
'Be still, ye Winds! (she cries) stay, Theseus, stay;'
But faithless Theseus hears no more than they.
All desperate, to some craggy cliff she flies,
And spreads a well-known signal in the skies;
His lessening vessel ploughs the foamy main;
She sighs, she calls, she waves the sign in vain.

"Paint Dido there amidst her last distress,
Pale cheeks and blood-shot eyes her grief express:
Deep in her breast the reeking sword is drown'd,
And gushing blood streams purple from the wound;
Her sister Anna, hovering o'er her stands,
Accuses Heaven with lifted eyes and hands,
Upbraids the Trojan with repeated cries,
And mixes curses with her broken sighs:
'View this, ye maids! and then each swain believe;
They're Trojans all, and vow but to deceive.'

"Here draw Œnone in the lonely grove,
Where Paris first betray'd her into love:
Let wither'd garlands hang on every bough,
Which the false youth wove for Œnone's brow:

The garlands lose their sweets, their pride is shed,
And like their odours all his vows are fled;
On her fair arm her pensive head she lays,
And Xanthus' waves with mournful looks surveys,
That flood which witness'd his inconstant flame,
When thus he swore, and won the yielding dame;
'These streams shall sooner to their fountain move,
Than I forget my dear Œnone's love.'
Roll back, ye streams! back to your fountain run,
Paris is false, Œnone is undone.
Ah! wretched maid! think how the moments flew,
Ere you the pangs of this curs'd passion knew,
When groves could please, and when you lov'd the plain,
Without the presence of your perjur'd swain.

"Thus may the nymph, whene'er she spreads the Fan,
In his true colours view perfidious man;
Pleas'd with her virgin state in forests rove,
And never trust the dangerous hopes of love."

The goddess ended, merry Momus rose;
With smiles and grins he waggish glances throws,
Then with a noisy laugh forestalls his joke,
Mirth flashes from his eyes while thus he spoke:

"Rather let heavenly deeds be painted there,
And by your own examples teach the fair.
Let chaste Diana on the piece be seen,
And the bright crescent own the Cynthian queen.
On Latmos' top see young Endymion lies,
Feign'd sleep hath clos'd the bloomy lover's eyes;
See to his soft embraces how she steals,
And on his lips her warm caresses seals;
No more her hand the glittering javelin holds,
But round his neck her eager arms she folds.
Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?
Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown.

Here let her on some flowery bank be laid,
Where meeting beeches weave a graceful shade,
Her naked bosom wanton tresses graee,
And glowing expeetation paints her faee,
O'er her fair limbs a thin loose veil is spread,
Stand off, ye shepherds! fear Actæon's head;
Let vigorous Pan the' unguarded minute seize,
And in a shaggy goat the virgin please.
Why are our seerets by our blushes shown?
Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown.

"There with just warmth Aurora's passion trace,
Let spreading erimson stain her virgin faee;
See Cephalus her wanton airs despise,
While she provokes him with desiring eyes:
To raise his passion she displays her eharms,
His modest hand upon her bosom warms;
Nor looks, nor prayers, nor foree, his heart persuade,
But with disdain he quits the rosy maid.

"Here let dissolving Leda graee the toy,
Warm eheeks and heaving breast reveals her joy;
Beneath the pressing swan she pants for air,
While with his fluttering wings he fans the fair.
There let all-eonquering gold exert its pow'r,
And soften Danae in a glittering show'r.

"Would you warn beauty not to cherish pride,
Nor vainly in the treaeherous bloom eonfide,
On the machine the sage Minerva plaee,
With lineaments of wisdom mark her face:
See where she lies near some transparent flood,
And with her pipe eheers the resounding wood;
Her image in the floating glass she spies,
Her bloated eheeks, worn lips, and shrivell'd eyes:
She breaks the guiltless pipe, and with disdain
Its shatter'd ruins flings upon the plains:

With the loud reed no more her cheek shall swell;
What, spoil her face! no. Warbling strains farewell.
Shall arts—shall sciences employ the fair?
Those trifles are beneath Minerva's care.
From Venus let her learn the married life,
And all the virtuous duties of a wife.
Here on a couch extend the Cyprian dame,
Let her eye sparkle with the glowing flame;
The god of war within her clinging arms,
Sinks on her lips, and kindles all her charms.
Paint limping Vulcan with a husband's care,
And let his brow the cuckold's honours wear;
Beneath the net the captive lovers place,
Their limbs entangled in a close embrace.
Let these amours adorn the new machine,
And female nature on the piece be seen;
So shall the fair, as long as Fans shall last,
Learn from your bright examples to be chaste."

BOOK III.

Thus Momus spoke. When sage Minerva rose,
From her sweet lips smooth elocution flows,
Her skilful hand an ivory pallet grac'd,
Where shining colours were in order plac'd.
As gods are bless'd with a superior skill,
And swift as mortal thought perform their will,
Straight she proposes, by her art divine,
To bid the paint express her great design,
The' assembled powers consent. She now began,
And her creating pencil stain'd the Fan.

O'er the fair field trees spread, and rivers flow,
Towers rear their heads, and distant mountains grow;

Life seems to move within the glowing veins,
And in each face some lively passion reigns.
Thus have I seen woods, hills, and dales appear,
Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the silent air
In darken'd rooms, where light can only pass
Through the small circle of a convex glass;
On the white sheet the moving figures rise,
The forest waves, clouds float along the skies.
She various fables on the piece design'd,
That spoke the follies of the female kind.
The fate of pride in Niobe she drew:
Be wise, ye nymphs! that scornful vice subdue:
In a wide plain the' imperious mother stood,
Whose distant bounds rose in a winding wood;
Upon her shoulder flows her mantling hair,
Pride marks her brow, and elevates her air;
A purple robe behind her sweeps the ground,
Whose spacious border golden flowers surround:
She made Latona's altars cease to flame,
And of due honours robb'd her sacred name;
To her own charms she bade fresh incense rise,
And adoration own her brighter eyes.
Seven daughters from her fruitful loins were born,
Seven graceful sons her nuptial bed adorn,
Who, for a mother's arrogant disdain,
Were by Latona's double offspring slain.
Here Phœbus his unerring arrow drew,
And from his rising steed her first-born threw,
His opening fingers drop the slacken'd rein,
And the pale corse falls headlong to the plain.
Beneath her pencil here two wrestlers bend,
See, to the grasp their swelling nerves distend,
Diana's arrow joins them face to face,
And death unites them in a strict embrace.

Another here flies trembling o'er the plain;
When Heaven pursues, we shun the stroke in vain.
This lifts his supplicating hands and eyes,
And midst his humble adoration dies.
As from his thigh this tears the barbed dart,
A surer weapon strikes his throbbing heart:
While that to raise his wounded brother trics,
Death blasts his bloom, and locks his frozen eyes.
The tender sisters bath'd in grief appear,
With sable garments and dishevell'd hair,
And o'er their gasping brothers weeping stood;
Some with their tresses stopt the gushing blood,
They strive to stay the fleeting life too late,
And in the pious action share their fate.
Now the proud dame, o'ercome by trembling fear,
With her wide robe protects her only care;
To save her only care in vain she trics,
Close at her feet the latest victim dies.
Down her fair cheek the trickling sorrow flows,
Like dewy spangles on the blushing rose;
Fixt in astonishment she weeping stood,
The plain all purple with her children's blood:
She stiffens with her woes: no more her hair
In easy ringlets wantons in the air;
Motion forsakes her eyes, her veins are dried,
And beat no longer with the sanguine tide;
All life is fled, firm marble now she grows,
Which still in tears the mother's anguish shows.
Ye haughty fair! your painted Fans display,
And the just fate of lofty pride survey;
Though lovers oft extol your beauty's power,
And in celestial similes adore;
Though from your features Cupid borrows arms,
And goddesses confess inferior charms,

Do not vain maid! the flattering tale believe,
Alike thy lovers and thy glass deceive.
Here lively colours Proeris' passion tell,
Who to her jealous fears a victim fell.
Here kneels the trembling hunter o'er his wife,
Who rolls her sickening eyes, and gasps for life;
Her drooping head upon her shoulder lies,
And purple gore her snowy bosom dies.
What guilt, what horror, on his face appears!
See, his red eyelid seems to swell with tears,
With agony his wringing hands he strains,
And strong convulsions stretch his branching veins.
Learn hence, ye wives! bid vain suspicion cease,
Lose not in sullen discontent your peace;
For when fieree love to jealousy ferments,
A thousand doubts and fears the soul invents;
No more the days in pleasing converse flow,
And nights no more their soft endearments know.
There on the piece the Volscian queen expir'd,
The love of spoils her female bosom fir'd;
Gay Chloreus' arms attract her longing eyes,
And for the painted plume and helm she sighs;
Fearless she follows, bent on gaudy prey,
Till an ill-fated dart obstructs her way;
Down drops the martial maid; the bloody ground
Floats with a torrent from the purple wound:
The mournful nymphs her drooping head sustain,
And try to stop the gushing life in vain.
Thus the raw maid some tawdry coat surveys,
Where the fop's fancy in embroidery plays;
His snowy feather edg'd with crimson dyes,
And his bright swordknot lure her wandering eyes;
Fring'd gloves and gold broeade eonspire to move,
Till the nymph falls a sacrifiee to love.

Here young Narcissus o'er the fountain stood,
And view'd his image in the crystal flood,
The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,
And the pleas'd image strives to meet his arms.
No nymph his unexperienc'd breast subdued,
Echo in vain the flying boy pursued,
Himself alone the foolish youth admires,
And with fond look the smiling shade desires;
O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he grieves,
His spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves,
Through his pale veins green sap now gently flows,
And in a short-liv'd flower his beauty blows.

Let vain Narcissus warn each female breast,
That beauty's but a transient good at best;
Like flowers it withers with the' advancing year,
And age, like winter, robs the blooming fair.
Oh! Araminta, cease thy wonted pride,
Nor longer in thy faithless charms confide;
Ev'n while the glass reflects thy sparkling eyes,
Their lustre and thy rosy colour flies!

Thus on the Fan the breathing figures shine,
And all the powers applaud the wise design.

The Cyprian queen the painted gift receives,
And with a grateful bow the synod leaves:
To the low world she bends her steepy way,
Where Strephon pass'd the solitary day:
She found him in a melancholy grove,
His downcast eyes betray'd desponding love;
The wounded bark confess'd his slighted flame,
And every tree bore false Corinna's name.
In a cool shade he lay with folded arms,
Curses his fortune, and upbraids her charms,
When Venus to his wondering eyes appears,
And with these words relieves his amorous cares:

"Rise, happy youth! this bright machine survey,
Whose rattling sticks my busy fingers sway;
This present shall thy cruel charmer move,
And in her fickle bosom kindle love.
"The Fan shall flutter in all female hands,
And various fashions learn from various lands:
For this shall elephants their ivory shed,
And polish'd sticks the waving engine spread;
His clouded mail the tortoise shall resign,
And round the rivet pearly circles shine:
On this shall Indians all their art employ,
And with bright colours stain the gaudy toy;
Their paint shall here in wildest fancies flow,
Their dress, their customs, their religion show;
So shall the British fair their minds improve,
And on the Fan to distant climates rove.
Here China's ladies shall their pride display,
And silver figures gild their loose array:
This boasts her little feet and winking eyes;
That tunes the pipe, or tinkling cymbal plies:
Here cross-leg'd nobles in rich state shall dine,
There in bright mail distorted heroes shine.
The peeping Fan in modern times shall rise,
Through which unseen the female ogle flies:
This shall in temples the sly maid conceal,
And shelter love beneath devotion's veil.
Gay France shall make the Fan her artists' care,
And with the costly trinket arm the fair.
As learned orators that touch the heart,
With various action raise their soothing art,
Both head and hand affect the listening throng,
And humour each expression of the tongue:
So shall each fashion by the Fan be seen,
From noisy anger to the sullen spleen."

While Venus spoke, joy shone in Strephon's eyes,
Proud of the gift, he to Corinna flies:
But Cupid (who delights in amorous ill,
Wounds hearts, and leaves them to a woman's will)
With certain aim a golden arrow drew,
Which to Leander's panting bosom flew:
Leander lov'd, and to the sprightly dame
In gentle sighs reveal'd his growing flame;
Sweet smiles Corinna to his sighs returns,
And for the fop in equal passion burns.
Lo, Strephon comes? and with a suppliant bow
Offers the present, and renews his vow.
When she the fate of Niobe beheld,
'Why has my pride against my heart rebell'd?'
She sighing cried: disdain forsook her breast,
And Strephon now was thought a worthy guest.
In Procris' bosom when she saw the dart,
She justly blames her own suspicious heart;
Imputes her discontent to jealous fear,
And knows her Strephon's constancy sincere.
When on Camilla's fate her eye she turns,
No more for show and equipage she burns:
She learns Leander's passion to despise,
And looks on merit with discerning eyes.
Narcissus' change to the vain virgin shows,
Who trusts to beauty trusts the fading rose.
Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies;
Love then, ye virgins! ere the blossom dies.
Thus Pallas taught her. Strephon weds the dame,
And Hymen's torch diffus'd the brightest flame.

THE

SHEPHERD'S WEEK.

IN SIX PASTORALS.

—— Libeat mihi sordida rura,
Atque humiles habitare casas—— *Virg.*

THE PROEM.

TO THE COURTEOUS READER.

Great marvel hath it been, (and that not unworthily) to diverse worthy wits, that in this our island of Britain, in all rare sciences so greatly abounding, more especially in all kinds of poësy highly flourishing, no poet (though otherways of notable cunning in roundelays) hath hit on the right simple Eclogue, after the true ancient guise of Theocritus, before this mine attempt.

Other poets travailing in this plain highway of pastoral know I none. Yet, certes, such it behoveth a pastoral to be, as nature in the country affordeth; and the manners also meetly copied from the rustical folk therein. In this also my love to my native country Britain much pricketh me forward, to describe aright the manners of our own honest and laborious ploughmen: in no wise, sure, more unworthy a British poet's imitation, than those of Sicily or Arcady; albeit, not igno-

rant I am what a rout and rabblement of critical gallimawfry hath been made of late days by certain young men of insipid delicacy, concerning I wist not what Golden Age, and other outrageous conceits, to which they would confine pastoral: whereof, I avow, I account nought at all, knowing no age so justly to be instiled Golden, as this of our sovereign lady Queen Anne.

This idle trumpery (only fit for schools and schoolboys) unto that ancient Doric shepherd Theocritus, or his mates, was never known; he rightly, throughout his fifth Idyl, maketh his louts give foul language, and behold their goats at rut in all simplicity.

Ωιπολος οκκ' ςσορῃ τας μηκαδας οια βατευνται
Τακεται οφθαλμως, οτι ȣ τραγος αυτος εγεντο.

THEOCR.

Verily, as little pleasance receiveth a true homebred taste from all the fine finical newfangled fooleries of this gay Gothic garniture, wherewith they so nicely bedeck their court clowns, or clown courtiers, (for which to call them rightly, I wot not) as would a prudent citizen journeying to his country farms, should he find them occupied by people of this motley make; instead of plain, down right, hearty, cleanly folk, such as be now tenants to the burgesses of this realm.

Furthermore, it is my purpose, gentle Reader, to set before thee, as it were, a picture, or rather lively landscape of thy own country, just as thou mightest see it, didst thou take a walk into the fields at the proper season; even as Maister Milton hath elegantly set forth the same.

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
The smell of grain, or tedded grass or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound.

Thou wilt not find my shepherdesses idly piping on oaten reeds; but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves; or, if the hogs are astray, driving them to their styes. My shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our own fields; he sleepeth not under myrtle shades, but under a hedge; nor doth he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves, because there are none; as Maister Spenser well observeth,

Well is known that since the Saxon King
Never was wolf seen, many or some,
Nor in all Kent nor in Christendom.

For as much as I have mentioned Maister Spenser, soothly I must acknowledge him a bard of sweetest memorial. Yet hath his shepherd's boy at sometimes raised his rustic reed to rhymes more rumbling than rural. Diverse grave points also hath he handled of churchly matter, and doubts in religion daily arising, to great clerks only appertaining. What liketh me best are his names, indeed right simple and meet for the country, such as Lobbin, Cuddy, Hobbinol, Diggon, and others, some of which I have made bold to borrow. Moreover, as he called his Eclogues, *The Shepherd's Calendar*, and divided the same into the twelve months; I have chosen (peradventure not over rashly) to name mine by the

days of the week, omitting Sunday, or the Sabbath; ours being supposed to be Christian Shepherds, and to be then at church-worship. Yet further of many of Maister Spenser's Eclogues it may be observed, though months they be called, of the said months therein nothing is specified; wherein I have also esteemed him worthy mine imitation.

That principally, courteous Reader, whereof I would have thee to be advertised, (seeing I depart, from the vulgar usage) is touching the language of my shepherds; which is, soothly to say, such as is neither spoken by the country maiden or the courtly dame; nay, not only such as in the present times is not uttered, but was never uttered in times past, and if I judge aright, will never be uttered in times future; it having too much of the country to be fit for the court: too much of the court to be fit for the country; too much of the language of old times to be fit for the present; too much of the present to have been fit for the old; and too much of both to be fit for any time to come. Granted also it is, that in this my language I seem unto myself as a London mason, who calculateth his work for a term of years, when he buildeth with old materials upon a ground-rent that is not his own, which soon turneth to rubbish and ruins. For this point no reason can I allege, only deep-learned ensamples having led me thereunto.

But here again much comfort ariseth in me, from the hopes, in that I conceive, when these words in the course of transitory things shall de-

cay, it may so hap, in meet time, that some lover of simplicity shall arise, who shall have the hardiness to render these mine Eclogues into such more modern dialect as shall be then understood; to which end, glosses and explications of uncouth pastoral terms are annexed.

Gentle Reader, turn over the leaf, and entertain thyself with the prospect of thine own country, limned by the painful hand of

Thy loving countryman,

JOHN GAY.

PROLOGUE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

Lo I, who erst beneath a tree
Sung Bumkinet and Bowzybee,
And Blouzelind and Marian bright,
In apron blue or apron white,
Now write my sonnets in a book,
For my good Lord of Bolingbroke.
As lads and lasses stood around
To hear my boxen hautboy sound,
Our clerk came posting o'er the green
With doleful tidings of the Queen;
"That Queen, (he said) to whom we owe
Sweet peace, that maketh riches flow;
That Queen who eas'd our tax of late,
Was dead, alas!—and lay in state."
At this, in tears was Cic'ly seen,
Buxoma tore her pinners clean;
In doleful dumps stood every clown;
The parson rent his band and gown.
For me, when as I heard that death
Had snatch'd Queen Anne to El'zabeth,
I broke my reed, and sighing swore,
I'd weep for Blouzelind no more.
While thus we stood as in a stound,
And wet with tears, like dew, the ground;
Full soon by bonfire and by bell
We learnt our liege was passing well.
A skilful leach (so God him speed)
They say had wrought this blessed deed;

This leach Arbuthnot was yclept,
Who many a night not once had slept,
But watch'd our gracious Sovereign still;
For who could rest while she was ill?
Oh! may'st thou henceforth sweetly sleep:
Sheer, swains! oh! sheer your softest sheep
To swell his couch; for well I ween,
He sav'd the realm who sav'd the Queen.
Quoth I, "Please God, I'll hie with glee
To court, this Arbuthnot to see."—
I sold my sheep and lambkins too,
For silver loops and garment blue;
My boxen hauthoy, sweet of sound,
For lace that edg'd mine hat around;
For Lightfoot and my scrip I got
A gorgeous sword, and eke a knot.
So forth I far'd to court with speed,
Of soldier's drum withouten dreed;
For peace allays the shepherd's fear
Of wearing cap of granadier.
There saw I ladies all-a-row
Before their Queen in seemly show.
No more I'll sing Buxoma brown,
Like goldfinch, in her Sunday gown;
Nor Clumsilis, nor Marian bright,
Nor damsel that Hobnelia hight;
But Lansdown fresh as flower of May,
And Berkeley lady blithe and gay,
And Anglesey, whose speech exceeds
The voice of pipe or oaten reeds,
And blooming Hyde, with eyes so rare,
And Montague beyond compare.
Such ladies fair would I depaint
In roundelay or sonnet quaint.

There many a worthy wight I've seen
In ribbon blue and ribbon green;
As Oxford, who a wand doth bear,
Like Moses, in our Bibles, fair;
Who for our traffie forms designs,
And gives to Britain Indian mines.
Now, shepherds! elip your fleeey care,
Ye maids! your spinning-wheels prepare,
Ye weavers! all your shuttles throw,
And bid broad-eloths and serges grow,
For trading free shall thrive again,
Nor leasings lewd affright the swain.

There saw I St. John, sweet of mien,
Full steadfast both to ehureh and queen;
With whose fair name I'll deek my strain;
St. John, right eourteous to the swain:

For thus he told me on a day,
"Trim are thy sonnets, gentle Gay!
And, eertes, mirth it were to see
Thy joyous madrigals twiee three,
With prefaee meet, and notes profound,
Imprinted fair, and well ye-bound."
All suddenly then home I sped,
And did even as my Lord had said.

Lo here thou hast mine Eclogues fair,
But let not these detain thine ear:
Let not the' affairs of states and kings
Wait while our Bowzybeus sings.
Rather than verse of simple swain
Should stay the trade of Franee or Spain,
Or for the plaint of parson's maid,
Yon Emperor's paekets be delay'd,
In sooth, I swear by holy Paul,
I'd burn book, preface, notes and all.

THE

SHEPHERD'S WEEK.

MONDAY:

OR,

THE SQUABBLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT, CUDDY, CLODDIPOLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

THY younglings, Cuddy, are but just awake,
No thrustles shrill the bramble-bush forsake,
No chirping lark the welkin sheen invokes,
No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;
O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear,
Then why does Cuddy leave his cot so rear?

Ver. 3.] Welkin, the same as Welken; an old Saxon word, signifying a cloud: by poetical license it is frequently taken for the element or sky, as may appear by this verse in the 'Dream of Chaucer:'

Ne in all the *welkin* was no cloud——

Ibid.] Sheen, or Shine; an old word for shining, or bright.

Ver. 5.] Scant; used in ancient British authors, for scarce.

Ver. 6.] Rear; an expression in several counties of England for early in the morning.

Cud. Ah! Lobbin Clout, I ween my plight is
For he that loves, a stranger is to rest; [guest,
If swains belie not, thou hast prov'd the smart,
And Blouzelinda's mistress of thy heart.
This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind;
Those arms are folded for thy Blouzelind:
And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree,
Thee Blouzelinda smites, Buxoma me.

Lob. Cl. Ah Blouzelind! I love thee more by half,
Than does their fawns, or cows the new fall'n calf:
Woe worth the tongue, may blisters sore it gall,
That names Buxoma, Blouzelind withal.

Cud. Hold, witless Lobbin Clout! I thee advise;
Lest blisters sore on thy own tongue arise.
Lo, yonder Cloddipole, the blithsome swain,
The wisest lout of all the neighbouring plain!
From Cloddipole we learnt to read the skies,
To know when hail will fall, or winds arise;
He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view,
When stuck aloft, that showers would strait ensue:
He first that useful secret did explain,
That pricking corns foretold the gathering rain:
When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,
He told us that the welkin would be clear.
Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearse,
And praise his sweetheart, in alternate verse:
I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,
That Cloddipole shall give the prize to me.

Lob. Cl. See this tobacco-pouch that's lin'd with
Made of the skin of sleekest fallow-deer; [hair,

Ver. 7.] To ween, derived from the Saxon, to think or conceive.
Ver. 25.] Erst, a contraction of ere this; it signifies some time ago, or formerly.

This pouch that's ty'd with tape of reddest hue,
I'll wager, that the prize shall be my due. [slouch!
Cud. Begin thy carols, then, thou vaunting
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch.
Lob. Cl. My Blouzelinda is the blithest lass,
Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass.
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daisy that beside her grows;
Fair is the gilliflower, of gardens sweet,
Fair is the marygold, for pottage meet;
But Blouzelind's than gilliflower more fair,
Than daisy, marygold, or king-cup rare.
Cud. My brown Buxoma is the featest maid
That e'er at wake delightsome gambol play'd;
Clean as young lambkins, or the goose's down,
And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
The witless lamb may sport upon the plain,
The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,
The wanton calf may skip with many a bound,
And my cur Tray play deftest feats around;
But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,
Dance like Buxoma on the first of May.
Lob. Cl. Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is near;
Of her bereft, 'tis winter all the year.
With her no sultry summer's heat I know;
In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.
Come, Blouzelinda! ease thy swain's desire,
My summer's shadow, and my winter's fire!
Cud. As with Buxoma onee I work'd at hay,
E'en noon-tide labour seem'd an holiday;
And holidays, if haply she were gone,
Like worky-days I wish'd would soon be done,

Ver. 56.] Deft, an old word signifying brisk or nimble.

Eftsoons, O sweetheart kind! my love repay,
And all the year shall then be holiday.
Lob. Cl. As Blouzelinda in a gamesome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
I slily ran, and snatch'd a hasty kiss,
She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiss.
Believe me, Cuddy, while I'm bold to say,
Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.
Cud. As my Buxoma, in a morning fair,
With gentle finger strok'd her milky care,
I quaintly stole a kiss; at first, 'tis true,
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.
Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cow's.
Lob. Cl. Leek to the Welch, to Dutchmen but-
Of Irish swains potatoe is the cheer; [ter's dear,
Oats for their feasts the Scotish shepherds grind,
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind:
While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise,
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe, prize. [knife,
Cud. In good roast-beef my landlord sticks his
The capon fat delights his dainty wife;

Ver. 69.] Eftsoons, from eft, an ancient British word, signifying soon; so that eftsoons is a doubling of the word soon, which is, as it were, to say, twice soon, or very soon.

Ver. 79.] Quaint has various significations in the ancient English authors. I have used it in this place in the same sense as Chaucer hath done in his 'Millar's Tale,'

As clerkes being full subtle and quaint:

(by which he means arch or waggish) and not in that obscene sense wherein he useth it in the line immediately following.

Ver. 83.] Populus Alcidæ gratissima. vitis Iacchо,
Formosæ myrtus Veneri, sua laurea Phœbo.
Phillis amat corylos. Illas dum Phillis amabit,
Nec myrtus vincet corylos, nec laurea Phœbi, &c. *Virg.*

Pudding our parson eats, the 'squire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.
While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me. [hapt

Lob. Cl. As once I play'd at Blindman's-buff, it
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt:
I miss'd the swains, and seiz'd on Blouzelind;
True speaks that ancient proverb, 'Love is blind.'

Cud. As at Hot-cockles once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown,
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

Lob. Cl. On two near elms the slacken'd cord I
Now high, now low, my Blouzelinda swung: [hung;
With the rude wind her rumpled garment rose,
And show'd her taper leg and scarlet hose.

Cud. Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And myself pois'd against the tottering maid:
High leapt the plank; adown Buxoma fell:
I spied—but faithful sweethearts never tell.

Lob. Cl. This riddle, Cuddy, if thou canst, ex-
This wily riddle puzzles every swain; [plain,
What flower is that which bears the Virgin's name,*
The richest metal joined with the same?

Cud. Answer, thou carl, and judge this riddle
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight; [right,
What flower is that which royal honour craves,
Adjoin the Virgin,† and 'tis strown on graves?

Clod. Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your
An oaken staff each merits for his pains. [strains;

* Marygold. † Rosemary.

Ver. 117.] Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum Nascantur flores. *Virg.*

Ver. 120.] Et vitula tu dignus, et hic. *Virg.*

But see the sunbeams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of Goodman Hodges' barn.
Your herds for want of water stand adry,
They're weary of your songs——and so am I.

TUESDAY:

OR,

THE DITTY.

MARIAN.

Young Colin Clout, a lad of peerless meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed,
In every wood his carols sweet were known,
At every wake his nimble feats were shown.
When in the ring the rustic routs he threw,
The damsels' pleasures with his conquests grew;
Or when aslant the cudgel threats his head,
His danger smites the breast of every maid;
But chief of Marian. Marian lov'd the swain,
The parson's maid, and neatest of the plain:
Marian, that soft could stroke the udder'd cow,
Or lessen with her sieve the barley-mow;
Marbled with sage the hardening cheese she press'd,
And yellow butter Marian's skill confess'd;
But Marian now, devoid of country cares,
Nor yellow butter nor sage-cheese prepares;
For yearning love the witless maid employs,
And love, says swains, all busy heed destroys.

Colin makes mock at all her piteous smart,
A lass, that Cic'ly hight, had won his heart;
Cic'ly, the western lass that tends the kee,
The rival of the parson's maid was she,
In dreary shade now Marian lies along,
And mixt with sighs thus wails in plaining song:
"Ah! woful day; ah woful noon and morn!
When first by thee my younglings white were shorn!
Then first, I ween, I cast a lover's eye,
My sheep were silly, but more silly I.
Beneath the shears they felt no lasting smart;
They lost but fleeces, while I lost a heart.
"Ah! Colin! canst thou leave thy sweetheart [true;
What I have done for thee, will Cic'ly do?
Will she thy linen wash or hosen darn,
And knit thee gloves made of her own spun yarn?
Will she with huswife's hand provide thy meat,
And every Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait?
Which o'er thy kersey-doublet spreading wide,
In service-time drew Cic'ly's eyes aside.
"Where'er I gad I cannot hide my care,
My new disasters in my looks appear.
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,
So thin my features that I'm hardly known;
Our neighbours tell me oft, in joking talk,
Of ashes, leather, oatmeal, bran, and chalk;
Unwittingly of Marian they divine,
And wist not that with thoughtful love I pine:
Yet Colin Clout, untoward shepherd-swain,
Walks whistling blithe, while pitiful I 'plain.
"Whilom with thee 'twas Marian's dear delight
To moil all day, and merry make at night.

Ver. 21.] Kee, a West-Country word for kine, or cows.

If in the soil you guide the crooked share,
Your early breakfast is my constant care;
And when with even hand you strow the grain,
I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain.
In mislen days, when I my thrasher heard,
With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd;
Lost in the music of the whirling flail,
To gaze on thee I left the smoking pail.
In harvest when the sun was mounted high,
My leathern bottle did thy draught supply;
Whene'er you mow'd, I follow'd with the rake,
And have full oft been sunburnt for thy sake:
When in the welkin gathering showers were seen,
I lag'd the last with Colin on the green;
And when at eve returning with thy car,
Awaiting heard the jingling bells from far;
Straight on the fire the sooty pot I plac'd,
To warm thy broth, I burnt my hands in haste.
When hungry thou stood'st staring, like an oaf,
I slic'd the luncheon from the barley loaf,
With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mess:
Ah! love me more, or love thy pottage less!

"Last Friday's eve, when as the sun was set,
I, near yon stile, three sallow gipsies met:
Upon my hand they cast a poring look,
Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook;
They said 'that many crosses I must prove,
'Some in my worldly gain, but most in love.'
Next morn I miss'd three hens and our old cock;
And, off the hedge, two pinners and a smock.
I bore these losses with a christian mind,
And no mishaps could feel while thou wert kind:
But since, alas! I grew my Colin's scorn,
I've known no pleasure night, or noon, or morn.

Help me, ye gipsies! bring him home again,
And to a constant lass give back her swain.
"Have I not sate with thee full many a night,
When dying embers were our only light;
When every creature did in slumbers lie,
Besides our cat, my Colin Clout, and I?
No troublous thoughts the cat or Colin move,
While I alone am kept awake by love.
"Remember, Colin, when at last year's wake
I bought thee costly presents for thy sake;
Couldst thou spell o'er the posie on thy knife,
And with another change thy state of life?
If thou forget'st, I wot, I can repeat,
My memory can tell the verse so sweet:
'As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,
'So is thy image on this heart of mine.'
But woe is me! such presents luckless prove
For knives, they tell me, always sever love."
Thus Marian wail'd, her eyes with tears brimfull,
When goody Dobbins brought her cow to bull:
With apron blue to dry her tears she sought,
Then saw the cow well serv'd, and took a groat.

WEDNESDAY:

OR,

*THE DUMPS.**

SPARABELLA.

The wailings of a maiden I recite,
A maiden fair, that Sparabella hight.
Such strains ne'er warble in the linnet's throat,
Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts so sweet a note:
No magpie chatter'd, nor the painted jay,
No ox was heard to low, nor ass to bray;
No rustling breezes play'd the leaves among,
While thus her madrigal the damsel sung:
A while, oh D'Urfey! lend an ear or twain,
Nor, though in homely guise, my verse disdain;

* Dumps, or Dumbs, made use of to express a fit of the sullens. Some have pretended that it is derived from Dumopes, a king of Egypt, that built a pyramid, and died of melancholy. So Mopes, after the same manner, is thought to have come from Merops, another Egyptian king that died of the same distemper; but our English antiquaries have conjectured that Dumps, which is a grievous heaviness of spirits, comes from the word Dumplin, the heaviest kind of pudding that is eaten in this country; much used in Norfolk, and other counties of England.

Ver. 5.] Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca
Certantes, quorum stupefactæ carmine lynces;
Et mutata suos requierunt flumina cursus. *Virg.*

Ver. 9.] Tu mihi, seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi,
Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris—

Whether thou seek'st new kingdoms in the sun,
Whether thy Muse does at Newmarket run,
Or does with gossips at a feast regale,
And heighten her conceits with sack and ale,
Or else at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice,
Where D'Urfey's lyrics swell in every voice;
Yet suffer me, thou bard of wondrous meed!
Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.

Now the sun drove adown the western road,
And oxen, laid at rest, forget the goad; [spade,
The clown fatigued trudg'd homeward with his
Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade;
When Sparabella, pensive and forlorn,
Alike with yearning love and labour worn,
Lean'd on her rake, and straight with doleful guise
Did this sad plaint in moanful notes devise:

'Come night, as dark as pitch, surround my head;
From Sparabella, Bumkinet is fled;
The ribbon that his valorous cudgel won,
Last Sunday happier Clumsilis put on:
Sure if he'd eyes (but Love, they say, has none)
I whilom by that ribbon had been known.
Ah! well-a-day! I'm shent with baneful smart,
For with the ribbon he bestow'd his heart.

'My plaint, ye lasses! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Ver. 11.] An opera written by this author, called 'The World in the Sun; or, The Kingdom of Birds:' he is also famous for his song on the Newmarket horse-race, and several others that are sung by the British swains.

Ver. 17.] Meed, an old word for fame or renown.

Ver. 18.] ——Hanc sine tempora circum
Inter victrices hederam tibi serpere lauros.

Ver. 25.] Incumbens tereti Damon sic cœpit olivæ.

Ver. 33.] Shent, an old word signifying hurt, or harmed.

'Shall heavy Clumsilis with me compare?
View this, ye lovers! and like me despair.
Her blubber'd lip by smutty pipes is worn,
And in her breath tobacco-whiffs are borne;
The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,
Her awkward fist did ne'er employ the churn;
If e'er she brew'd, the drink would straight go sour,
Before it ever felt the thunder's power:
No huswifery the dowdy creature knew;
To sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.
'My plaint, ye lasses! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.
'I've often seen my visage in yon lake,
Nor are my features of the homeliest make.
Though Clumsilis may boast a whiter dye,
Yet the black sloe turns in my rolling eye;
And fairest blossoms drop with every blast,
But the brown beauty will like hollies last.
Her wan complexion's like the wither'd leek,
While Katherine-pears adorn my ruddy cheek.
Yet she, alas! the witless lout hath won,
And by her gain poor Sparabell's undone!
Let hares and hounds in coupling straps unite,
The clueking hen make friendship with the kite;
Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose,
And join in wedlock with the waddling goos;

Ver. 37.] Mopso Nisa datur; quid non speremus amantes? *Virg.*

Ver. 49.] Nec sum adeo informis; nuper me in litore vidi. *Virg.*

Ver. 53.] Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur. *Virg.*

Ver. 59.] Jungentur jam gryphes equis; ævoque sequenti
Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damæ. *Virg.*

For Love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,
The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.
'My plaint, ye lasses; with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.
'Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,
And speckled mackarel graze the meadows fair;
Sooner shall screech-owls bask in sunny day,
And the slow ass on trees, like squirrels play;
Sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove,
Than I forget my shepherd's wonted love.
'My plaint, ye lasses! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.
'Ah! didst thou know what proffers I withstood,
When late I met the 'squire in yonder wood:
To me he sped, regardless of his game,
While all my cheek was glowing red with shame;
My lip he kiss'd, and prais'd my healthful look,
Then from his purse of silk a guinea took;
Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,
While I with modest struggling broke his hold.
He swore that Dick, in livery strip'd with lace,
Should wed me soon to keep me from disgrace;
But I nor footman priz'd nor golden fee,
For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee?
'My plaint, ye lasses! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.
'Now plain I ken whence Love his rise begun;
Sure he was born some bloody butcher's son,

Ver. 67.] Ante leves ergo pascentur in æthere cervi,
Et freta destituent nudos in litore pisces——
Quam nostro illius labatur pectore vultus. *Virg.*

Ver. 89.] To ken. *Scire Chaucero*, to ken, and kende, *notus A. S.* cunnan. *Goth.* kunnan. *Germanis* kennen. *Danis* kiende. *Islandis* Kunna. *Belgis* kennen. This word is of general use, but

Bred up in shambles, where our younglings slain
Erst taught him mischief, and to sport with pain.
The father only silly sheep annoys,
The son the sillier shepherdess destroys.
Does son or father greater mischief do?
The sire is cruel, so the son is too.
'My plaint, ye lasses! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.
'Farewell, ye woods! ye meads! ye streams! that flow;
A sudden death shall rid me of my woe.
This penknife keen my windpipe shall divide:—
What, shall I fall as squeaking pigs have died!
No—To some tree this carcass I'll suspend:—
But worrying curs find such untimely end!
I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool
On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,
That stool, the dread of every scolding queen;—
Yet sure a lover should not die so mean!
There plac'd aloft, I'll rave and rail by fits,
Though all the parish say I've lost my wits;
And thence, if courage holds, myself I'll throw,
And quench my passion in the lake below.
'Ye lasses; cease your burden, cease to moan;
And, by my case forewarn'd, go mind your own.'
The sun was set, the night came on apace,
And falling dews bewet around the place,

not very common, though not unknown to the vulgar. Ken, for *prospicere*, is well known, and used, to discover by the eye. Ray, F. R. S.

Nunc scio quid sit amor, &c.
Crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille?
Improbus ille puer; crudelis tu quoque mater. *Virg.*

Ver. 99.] ——vivite Sylvæ,
Præceps aerii specula de montis in undas
Deferar. *Virg.*

The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
And the hoarse owl his woful dirges sings;
The prudent maiden deems it now too late,
And till to-morrow comes, defers her fate.

THURSDAY:

OR,

THE SPELL.

HOBNELIA.

Hobnelia, seated in a dreary vale,
In pensive mood rehears'd her piteous tale;
Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
And pining Echo answers groan for groan:
'I rue the day, a rueful day, I trow,
The woful day, a day indeed of woe!
When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;
The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forsakes the plains.
Return, my Lubberkin! these ditties hear,
Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Ver. 8.] Dight, or bedight, from the Saxon word *Dightan*, which signifies to be set in order.

'When first the year I heard the cuckoo sing,
And call with welcome note the budding Spring,
I straightway set a running with such haste,
Deborah, that won the smock, scarce ran so fast;
Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
Upon a rising bank I sat adown,
Then doff'd my shoe; and, by my troth, I swear,
Therein I spied this yellow frizzled hair,
As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
As if upon his comely pate it grew.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
'At eve last midsummer no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of hempseed brought;
I scatter'd round the seed on every side,
And three times in a trembling accent cried,
"This hempseed with my virgin hand I sow,
"Who shall my true-love be, the crop shall mow."
I straight look'd back, and if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
'Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
I early rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chas'd the stars away;
A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should huswives do)
Thee first I spied, and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune, shall our true-love be.

Ver. 21] Doff, and don, contracted from the words *do off*, and *do on*.

See, Lubberkin! each bird his partner take,
And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
'Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail
That might my secret lover's name reveal;
Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,
For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.
I seiz'd the vermin, home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread:
Slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell,
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious *L*:
Oh! may this wondrous omen lucky prove:
For *L* is found in Lubberkin and love.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
'Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name;
This with the loudest bounce me sore amaz'd,
That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd:
As blaz'd the nut, so may thy passion grow,
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
'As peascods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
One that was closely fill'd with three times three,
Which, when I crop'd, I safely home convey'd,
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid:

Ver. 64.] ——εγω δ επι Δελφιδι δαφναν
Αιθω· χ' ως αυτα λαμπει μεγα καππυριτασα. *Theoc.*
Ver. 66.] Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide.

My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;
The latch mov'd up, when who should first come in,
But, in his proper person.—Lubberkin!
I broke my yarn, surpris'd the sight to see,
Sure sign that he would break his word with me.
Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted sleight;
So may again his love with mine unite!
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
'This lady-fly I take from off the grass,
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass.
Fly, lady-bird: north, south, or east, or west,
Fly where the man is found that I love best.
He leaves my hand; see to the west he's flown,
To call my true-love from the faithless town.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
'This mellow pippin which I pare around,
My shepherd's name shall flourish on the ground:
I fling the' unbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the grass a perfect *L* is read;
Yet on my heart a fairer *L* is seen
Than what the paring marks upon the green.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
'This pippin shall another trial make;
See from the core two kernels brown I take;
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn,
And Boobyclod on t'other side is borne:

Ver. 90.] Transque caput jace; ne respexeris. The

But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love's unsound;
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last;
Oh! were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
'As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee;
He wist not when the hempen string I drew;
Now mine I quickly doff of inkle blue;
Together fast I tie the garters twain,
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain;
"Three times a true-love's knot I tie secure,
"Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure."
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
'As I was wont, I trudg'd last market-day
To town, with new-laid eggs preserv'd in hay.
I made my market long before 'twas night;
My purse grew heavy, and my basket light.
Straight to the 'pothecary's shop I went,
And in love-powder all my money spent.
Behap what will, next Sunday, after prayers,
When to the alehouse Lubberkin repairs,
These golden flies into his mug I'll throw,
And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.

Ver. 109.] Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores:
Necte, Amarylli, modo; et Veneris, die, vincula necto. *Virg.*

Ver. 123]. Has herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi lecto venena
Ipse dedit Mœris. *Virg.*

Ver. 127.] ——Πστον κακον αυριον οισω. *Theoc.*

'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
'But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his ears,
O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.
He comes! he comes! Hobnelia's not bewray'd,
Nor shall she, crown'd with willow, die a maid.
He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown;
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!'

FRIDAY:

OR,

*THE DIRGE.**

BUMKINET, GRUBBINOL.

BUMKINET.

Why, Grubbinol, dost thou so wistful seem?
There's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.
'Tis true, yon oaks with yellow tops appear,
And chilly blasts begin to nip the year;

Ver. 131.] Nescio quid certe est: et Hylax in limine latrat. *Virg.*

* Dirge, or Dyrge, a mournful ditty or song of lamentation over the dead; not a contraction of the Latin *Dirige*, in the Popish hymn, *Dirige gressus meos*, as some pretend, but from the Teutonic *Dyrke*, *Laudare*, to praise and extol: whence it is possible their *dyrke* and our *dirge* was a laudatory song, to commemorate and applaud the dead. *Cowell's Interpreter.*

From the tall elm a shower of leaves is borne,
And their lost beauty riven beaches mourn;
Yet ev'n this season pleasance blithe affords;
Now the squeez'd press foams with our apple-hoards,
Come let us hie, and quaff a chcery bowl,
Let cider new wash sorrow from thy soul.

GRUB. Ah! Bumkinet! since thou from hence wert gone,
From these sad plains all merriment is flown;
Should I reveal my grief 'twould spoil thy cheer,
And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

BUMK. Hang sorrow! let's to yonder hut repair,
And with trim sonnets cast away our care.
Gillian of Croydon, well thy pipe can play,
Thou sing'st most sweet 'O'er hills and far away.'
Of Patient Grissel I devise to sing,
And catches quaint shall make the vallies ring.
Come, Grubbinol! beneath this shelter come;
From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

GRUB. Yes, blithsome lad, a tale I mean to sing,
But with my woes shall distant vallies ring;
The tale shall make our kidlings droop their head,
For woe is me!—our Blouzelind is dead.

BUMK. Is Blouzelinda dead? farewell, my glee!
No happiness is now reserv'd for me.
As the wood-pigeon cooes without his mate,
So shall my dolcful dirge bewail her fate:
Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,
The peerless maid that did all maids excel.
Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
And evening tears upon the grass be spread;

Ver. 15.] Incipe, Mopse, prior; si quo saut Phyllidas ignes,
Aut Alconis habes laudes, aut jurgia Codri. *Virg.*

Ver. 27.] Glee, joy; from the Dutch *Claoren*, to recreate.

The rolling streams with wat'ry grief shall flow,
And winds shall moan aloud—when loud they blow.
Henceforth, as oft as autumn shall return,
The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, shall mourn;
This season quite shall strip the country's pride,
For 'twas in autumn Blouzelinda died.

Where'er I gad, I Blouzelind shall view,
Woods, dairy, barn, and mows, our passion knew.
When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood:
Thither I've often been the damsel's guide,
When rotten sticks our fuel have supplied;
There I remember how her faggots large,
Were frequently these happy shoulders' charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel-boughs adown,
And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown;
Or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,
Or wallowing mid a feast of acorns lay,
The' untoward creatures to the sty I drove,
And whistled all the way—or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie,
I shall her goodly countenance espy,
For there her goodly countenance I've seen,
Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinners clean.
Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lily prints the pound.
Whilom I've seen her skim the clouted cream,
And press from spongy curds the milky stream.
But now, alas! these ears shall hear no more
The whining swine surround the dairy door;
No more her care shall fill the hollow tray,
To fat the guzzling ogs with floods of whey.
Lament, ye swine! in grunting spend your grief,
For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.

When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,
Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly,
The poultry there will seem around to stand,
Waiting upon her charitable hand:
No succour meet the poultry now can find,
For they, like me, have lost their Blouzelind.
Whenever by yon barley-mow I pass,
Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass.
I pitch'd the sheaves (oh! could I do so now)
Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.
There every deale my heart by love was gain'd,
There the sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd:
Ah! Blouzelind! that mow I ne'er shall see,
But thy memorial will revive in me.
Lament, ye fields! and rueful symptoms show,
Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;
Let weeds instead of butterflowers appear,
And meads instead of daisies hemlock bear;
For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread,
For Blouzelinda, blithsome maid! is dead.
Lament, ye Swains! and o'er her grave bemoan,
And spell, ye right this verse upon her stone;
'Here Blouzelinda lies—Alas, alas!
'Weep, shepherds!—and remember flesh is grass.'

GRUB. Albeit thy songs are sweeter to my ear
Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear,

Ver. 84.] Pro molli viola, pro purpureo narcisso
Carduus, et spinis surgit paliurus acutis. *Virg.*

Ver. 90.] Et tumulum facite, it tumulo superaddite carmen. *Virg.*

Ver. 93.] Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale sopor fessis in gramine: quale per æstum
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo.
Nos tamen hæc quocumque modo tibi nostra vicissim
Dicemus, Daphninque tuum tollemus ad astra. *Virg.*

Or winter porridge to the labouring youth,
Or buns and sugar to the damsel's tooth;
Yet Blouzelinda's name shall tune my lay;
Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.
When Blouzelind expir'd, the wether's bell
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell;
The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she died,
And shrilling crickets in the chimney cried;
The boding raven on her cottage sate,
And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;
The lambkin, which her wonted tendence bred,
Drop'd on the plain that fatal instant dead?
Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spied,
Which erst I saw when goody Dobson died.
How shall I, void of tears, her death relate?
While on her darling's bed her mother sate,
These words the dying Blouzelinda spoke,
And of the dead let none the will revoke:—
"Mother (quoth she) let not the poultry need;
And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed;
Be these my sister's care—and every morn
Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;
The sickly calf that's hous'd, be sure to tend,
Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
Yet ere I die—see, Mother, yonder shelf,
There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf.
Twenty good shillings in a rag I've laid,
Be ten the parson's, for my sermon paid:
The rest is your's—my spinning-wheel and rake
Let Susan keep for her dear sister's sake:
My new straw hat that's trimly lin'd with green
Let Peggy wear, for she's a damsel clean:

Ver. 96.] Κρεσσον Μελπομενω τευακȣεμεν υι μελι λειχειν. *Theoc.*

My leathern bottle, long in harvest tried,
Be Grubbinol's—this silver ring beside:
Three silver pennies and a nine-pence bent,
A token kind, to Bumkinet is sent."
Thus spoke the maiden, while her mother cried;
And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she died.

To show their love, the neighbours far and near
Follow'd with wistful look, the damsel's bier.
Sprig'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,
While dismally the parson walk'd before:
Upon her grave the rosemary they threw.
The daisy, butter-flower, and endive blue.

After, the good man warn'd us from his text,
That none could tell whose turn would be the next;
He said that Heaven would take her soul no doubt,
And spoke the hour-glass in her praise—quite out.

To her sweet memory flowery garlands strung,
O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung;
With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around,
To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground,
Lest her new grave the parson's cattle raze;
For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.

Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,
To drink new cider mull'd with ginger warm;
For gaffer Treadwell told us, by the by,
Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry.

While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
Or lasses with soft strokings milk the cow;
While paddling ducks the standing lake desire,
Or battening hogs roll in the sinking mire;

Ver. 153.] Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.
Virg.

While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise,
So long shall swains tell Blouzelinda's praise.
Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,
Till bonny Susan sped across the plain:
They seiz'd the lass, in apron clean array'd
And to the alehouse forc'd the willing maid.
In ale and kisses they forget their cares,
And Susan, Blouzelinda's loss repairs.

SATURDAY:

OR,

THE FLIGHTS.

BOUZYBEUS.

Sublimer strains, O rustic Muse! prepare;
Forget awhile the barn and dairy's care;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
The drunkard's Flights require sonorous lays;
With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.
'Twas in the season when the reapers' toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;
Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about;
The lads with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter-plough.
To the near hedge young Susan steps aside,
She feign'd her coat or garter was untied;

Whate'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen,
And merry reapers what they list will ween.
Soon she rose up, and cried with voice so shrill,
That Echo answer'd from the distant hill;
The youths and damsels ran to Susan's aid,
Who thought some adder had the lass dismay'd.
When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spied,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside;
That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
Or with the rosin'd bow torment the string;
That Bowzybeus who with finger's speed
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;
That Bowzybeus who with jocund tongue,
Ballads, and roundelays, and catches sung.
They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight.
Ah! Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong!
Thou shouldst have left the fair before 'twas night,
But thou sat'st toping till the morning light.
Cic'ly, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,
And kiss'd with smacking lip the snoring lout;
For custom says, whoe'er this venture proves,
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.
By her example Dorcas bolder grows,
And plays a tickling straw within his nose:
He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke [spoke;
The sneering swains with stammering speech be-

Ver. 22.] Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jacebant. *Virg.*

Ver. 40.] Sanguineis frontem moris et tempora pingit. *Virg.*

"To you, my lads, I'll sing my carols o'er;
As for the maids—I've something else in store."
No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,
But lads and lasses round about him throng:
Not ballad-singer, plac'd above the crowd,
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud;
Nor parish-clerk who calls the psalm so clear,
Like Bowzybeus soothes the' attentive ear.
Of Nature's laws his carols first begun,
Why the grave owl can never face the sun;
For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night:
How turnips hide their swelling heads below,
And how the closing coleworts upward grow;
How Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.
Of stars he told, that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glow-worm's light, that gilds his tail:
He sung where woodcocks in the summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed;
Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon, in midnight hours, ascend:
Where swallows in the winter's season keep,
And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep:

Ver. 43.] Carmina quæ vultis, cognoscite; carmina vobis; Huic aliud mercedis erit. *Virg.*

Ver. 47.] Nec tantum Phœbo gaudet Parnassia rupes; Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur, et Ismarus Orphea. *Virg.*

Ver. 51.] Our swain had probably read Tusser, from whence he might have collected these philosophical observations.

Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane coacta, &c. *Virg.*

How Nature does the puppy's eyelid close,
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose:
For huntsmen by their long experience find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind.
Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose:
How pedlars' stalls with glittering toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country maid;
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine:
How the tight lass, knives, combs, and scissars spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
Of lotteries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold:
The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
And all the fair is crowded in his song:
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the venturous maiden swings;
Jack Pudding in his party-colour'd jacket
Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet:
Of rareeshows he sung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.
Then sad he sung 'The Children in the Wood;'
(Ah! barbarous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!)
How blackberries they pluck'd in deserts wild,
And fearless at the glittering falchion smil'd:
Their little corse the robin-red-breasts found,
And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.
Ah! gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,
Your names shall live for ever in my song.

Ver. 97.] Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo. *Virg.*

For buxom Joan he sung the doubtful strife,
How the sly sailor made the maid a wife.
To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell
What woful wars in Chevy-chase befell,
When Percy drove the deer with hound and horn;
Wars to be wept, by children yet unborn!
Ah! Witherington! more years thy life had crown'd,
If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!
Yet shall the 'Squire who fought on bloody stumps,
By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.
All in the land of Essex next he chaunts,
How to sleek mares starch quakers turn gallants:
How the grave brother stood on bank so green;
Happy for him if mares had never been!
Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,
And, on a sudden, sung the hundreth psalm.
He sung of Taffey Welch, and Sawney Scot,
Lilli-burlero, and the Irish Trot.
Why should I tell of Bateman or of Shore,
Or Wantley's Dragon slain by valiant More;
The bower of Rosamond, or Robin Hood,
And how the grass now grows where Troy-town stood?
His carols ceas'd; the listening maids and swains
Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.
Sudden he rose; and, as he reels along,
Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.

Ver. 99.] A Song in the Comedy of 'Love for Love,' beginning, A Soldier and a Sailor, &c.

Ver. 109.] A Song of Sir John Denham's. See his *Poems*.

Ver. 112.] Et fortunatum, si nunquam armenta fuissent Pasiphaen.

Ver. 116.] See Percy's Reliques of English Poetry.

Ver. 117.] Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, &c. *Virg.*

Ibid.] Old English Ballads.

The damsels laughing fly; the giddy clown
Again upon a wheat-sheaf drops adown:
The Power that guards the drunk his sleep attends,
Till ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.

AN

ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE

OF NAMES, PLANTS, FLOWERS, FRUITS, BIRDS, BEASTS, INSECTS, AND OTHER MATERIAL THINGS MENTIONED IN THESE PASTORALS.

	Past.	Ver.
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	Past.	Ver.
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Cock	ii,	79
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Cow	i, 16. i, 82. ii,	104
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Clouted Cream	v,	61
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Chalk	ii,	44
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Dick	iii,	83
Doe	i,	16
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Dragon	vi,	118
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Fawn	i,	16
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Fuel	v,	46
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Gloves	vi,	38
Glow-Worm	vi,	60
Garter	iv,	110
Goldfinch	i,	52
Ginger	v,	150
Goose	v,	114
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Magpie	iii,	5
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Mare	vi,	110
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Marian	ii,	9
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Marygold	i,	46
Midsummer Eve	iv,	27
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ACIS AND GALATEA.

A SERENATA.

IN TWO PARTS.

THE MUSIC BY MR. HANDEL.

PART I.

A RURAL PROSPECT, DIVERSIFIED WITH ROCKS, GROVES, AND A RIVER. ACIS AND GALATEA SEATED BY A FOUNTAIN. CHORUS OF NYMPHS AND SHEPHERDS, DISTRIBUTED ABOUT THE LANDSCAPE; AND POLYPHEMUS DISCOVERED, SITTING UPON A MOUNTAIN.

CHORUS.

O THE pleasure of the plains!
Happy nymphs and happy swains!
Harmless, merry, free, and gay,
Dance and sport the hours away.
For us the zephyr blows,
For us distils the dew,
For us unfolds the rose,
And flowers display their hue:
For us the winters rain,
For us the summers shine;
Spring swells for us the grain,
And autumn bleeds the vine.

RECITATIVE.

GAL. Ye verdant plains and woody mountains!
Purling streams and bubbling fountains!
Ye painted glories of the field!
Vain are the pleasures which you yield;
Too thin the shadow of the grove,
Too faint the gales to cool my love.

AIR.

Hush, ye pretty warbling choir,
Your thrilling strains;
Awake my pains,
And kindle fierce desire:
Cease your song, and take your flight;
Bring back my Acis to my sight.

AIR.

ACIS. Where shall I seek the charming fair?
Direct the way, kind Genius of the mountains!
O tell me if you saw my dear;
Seeks she the groves, or bathes in crystal fountains?

RECITATIVE.

DAM. Stay, shepherd! stay;
See how thy flocks in yonder valley stray.
What means this melancholy air?
No more thy tuneful pipe we hear.

AIR.

Shepherd! what art thou pursuing?
Heedless, running to thy ruin!

Share our joy, our pleasure share:
Leave thy passion till to-morrow;
Let the day be free from sorrow,
Free from love and free from care.

RECITATIVE.

Acis. Lo here, my love!
Turn, Galatea! hither turn thine eyes;
See at thy feet the longing Acis lies.

AIR.

Love in her eyes sits playing,
And sheds delicious death;
Love in her lips is straying,
And warbling in her breath:
Love on her breast sits panting,
And swells with soft desire;
Nor grace nor charm is wanting
To set the heart on fire.

RECITATIVE.

Gal. O! didst thou know the pains of absent love,
Acis would ne'er from Galatea rove.

AIR.

As when the dove
Laments his love,
All on the naked spray;
When he returns,
No more she mourns,
But loves the live-long day.

Billing, cooing,
Panting, wooing,
Melting murmurs fill the grove;
Melting murmurs, lasting love.

DUET.

ACIS, GAL. Happy we.
What joys I feel!—What charms I see!
Of all youths thou dearest boy!
Of all nymphs thou brightest fair!
Thou all my bliss, thou all my joy!

CHORUS.

Happy we, &c.

PART II.

A CONCERTO ON THE ORGAN

CHORUS.

WRETCHED lovers! Fate has past
This sad decree, 'No joy shall last.'
Wretched lovers! quit your dream,
Behold the monster Polypheme:
See what ample strides he takes,
The mountain nods, the forest shakes;
The waves run frightened to their shores;
Hark! how the thundering giant roars.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

POLYPH. I rage, I melt, I burn;
The feeble god has stab'd me to the heart.

Thou trusty pine!
Prop of my godlike steps, I lay thee by.
Bring me a hundred reeds of decent growth,
To make a pipe for my capacious mouth;
In soft enchanting accents let me breathe
Sweet Galatea's beauty, and my love.

AIR.

O ruddier than the cherry!
O sweeter than the berry!
O nymph more bright
Than moonshine night,
Like kidlings, blithe and merry!
Ripe as the melting cluster!
No lily has such lustre;
Yet hard to tame
As raging flame,
And fierce as storms that bluster!

RECITATIVE.

POLYPHEMUS, ACIS, GALATEA, DAMON.

POLYPH. Whither, fairest! art thou running,
Still my warm embraces shunning?

GAL. The lion calls not to his prey,
Nor bids the wolf the lambkin stay.

POLYPH. Thee, Polyphemus! great as Jove,
Calls to empire and to love;
To his palace in the rock,
To his dairy, to his flock;
To the grape of purple hue,
To the plum of glossy blue;
Wildings which expecting stand,
Proud to be gather'd by thy hand.

GAL. Of infant limbs to make my food,
And swill full draughts of human blood!
Go, Monster! bid some other guest:
I loath the host; I loath the feast.

AIR.

POLYPH. Cease to beauty to be suing:
Ever-whining love disdaining,
Let the brave, their aims pursuing,
Still be conquering, not complaining.

AIR.

DAMON. Would you gain the tender creature?
Softly, gently, kindly treat her;
Suffering is the lover's part:
Beauty, by constraint, possessing,
You enjoy but half the blessing;
ifeless charms without the heart.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS. His hideous love provokes my rage;
Weak as I am, I must engage:
Inspir'd with thy victorious charms,
The god of love will lend his arms.

AIR.

Love sounds the' alarm,
And fear is a-flying:
When beauty's the prize,
What mortal fears dying?
In defence of my treasure
I'd bleed at each vein:
Without her no pleasure,
For life is a pain.

AIR.

DAM. Consider, fond Shepherd!
How fleeting's the pleasure,
That flatters our hopes
In pursuit of the fair:
The joys that attend it
By moments we measure;
But life is too little
To measure our care.

RECITATIVE.

GAL. Cease, O cease, thou gentle youth!
Trust my constancy and truth;
Trust my truth, and powers above,
The powers propitious still to love.

TRIO.

ACIS, GALATEA, POLYPHEME.

ACIS, GAL. The flock shall leave the mountains,
The woods the turtle-dove,
The nymphs forsake the fountains,
Ere I forsake my love.

POLYPH. Torture! fury; rage! despair!
I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.

ACIS, GAL. Not showers to larks so pleasing,
Nor sunshine to the bee;
Not sleep to toil so easing,
As these dear smiles to me.

POLYPH. Fly swift, thou massy ruin! fly:
Die, presumptuous Acis! die.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS. Help, Galatea! help, ye parent-gods!
And take me, dying, to your deep abodes.

CHORUS.

Mourn, all ye Muses! weep, ye Swains!
Tune, tune your reeds to doleful strains;
Groans, cries, and howlings, fill the neighbouring shore,
Ah!—the gentle Acis is no more.

SONG AND CHORUS.

GAL. Must I my Acis still bemoan,
Inglorious crush'd beneath that stone?
Must the lovely charming youth
Die for his constancy and truth?
Say, what comfort can you find?
For dark despair o'erclouds my mind.

CHORUS.

Cease, Galatea! cease to grieve;
Bewail not, when thou canst relieve:
Call forth thy power, employ thy art;
The goddess soon can heal thy smart:
To kindred gods the youth return,
Through verdant plains to roll his urn.

RECITATIVE.

GAL. 'Tis done: thus I exert my power divine;
Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine.

AIR.

Heart! thou seat of soft delight,
Be thou now a fountain bright;

Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a crystal flood;
Rock! thy hollow womb disclose:
The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows.
Through the plains he joys to rove,
Murmuring still his gentle love.

CHORUS.

Galatea! dry thy tears;
Acis now a god appears;
See how he rears him from his bed;
See the wreath that binds his head.
Hail! thou gentle murmuring Stream
Shepherds' pleasure, Muses' theme;
Through the plain still joy to rove,
Murmuring still thy gentle love.

EPISTLES.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF BURLINGTON.

A JOURNEY TO EXETER.

While you, my Lord, bid stately piles ascend,
Or in your Chiswick-bowers enjoy your friend,
Where Pope unloads the boughs within his reach,
The purple vine, blue plum, and blushing peach,
I journey far—You knew fat bards might tire,
And, mounted, sent me forth your trusty 'Squire.
'Twas on the day that City-dames repair
To take their weekly dose of Hyde-Park air,
When forth we trot; no carts the road infest,
For still on Sundays country-horses rest.
Thy gardens, Kensington we leave unseen,
Through Hammersmith jog on to Turnham-green;
That Turnham-green which dainty pigeons fed,
But feeds no more; for Solomon* is dead.
Three dusty miles reach Brentford's tedious town,
For dirty streets and white-leg'd chickens known;
Thence o'er wide shrubby heaths and furrow'd lanes,
We come, where Thames divides the meads of Staines
We ferried o'er; for late the Winter's flood
Shook her frail bridge, and tore her piles of wood.
Prepar'd for war, now Bagshot-Heath we cross,
Where broken gamesters oft repair their loss.

* A man famous for feeding pigeons at Turnham-green.

At Hartley-Row the foaming bit we prest,
While the fat landlord welcom'd every guest.
Supper was ended, healths the glasses crown'd,
Our host extoll'd his wine at every round,
Relates the Justices' late meeting there,
How many bottles drank, and what their cheer;
What lords had been his guest in days of yore,
And prais'd their wisdom much, their drinking more.
Let travellers the morning vigils keep;
The morning rose, but we lay fast asleep.
Twelve tedious miles we bore the sultry sun,
And Popham-Lane was scarce in sight by one:
The straggling village harbour'd thieves of old;
'Twas here the stage-coach'd lass resign'd her gold,
That gold which had in London purchas'd gowns,
And sent her home a belle to country towns.
But robbers haunt no more the neighbouring wood;
Here unknown infants find their daily food;
For should the maiden-mother nurse her son,
'Twould spoil her match when her good name is gone,
Our jolly hostess nineteen children bore,
Nor fail'd her breast to suckle nineteen more.
Be just, ye prudes! wipe off the long arrear;
Be virgins still in Town, but mothers here.
Sutton we pass, and leave her spacious down,
And with the setting sun reach Stockbridge town.
O'er our parch'd tongue the rich metheglin glides,
And the red dainty trout our knife divides.
Sad melancholy every visage wears:
What, no election come in seven long years!
Of all our race of mayors, shall Snow alone
Be by Sir Richard's* dedication known?

* Sir Richard Steele, Member for Stockbridge, wrote a treatise called 'The Importance of Dunkirk considered;' and dedicated it to Mr. John Snow, Bailiff of Stockbridge.

Our streets no more with tides of ale shall float,
Nor cobblers feast three years upon one vote.
Next morn, twelve miles led o'er the' unbounded plain,
Where the clok'd shepherd guides his fleecy train:
No leafy bowers a noon-day shelter lend,
Nor from the chilly dews at night defend:
With wondrous art he counts the straggling flock,
And by the sun informs you what's a clock.
How are our shepherds fall'n from ancient days!
No Amaryllis chaunts alternate lays;
From her no listening echoes learn to sing,
Nor with his reed the jocund vallies ring.
Here sheep the pasture hide, there harvests bend;
See Sarum's steeple o'er yon hill ascend.
Our horses faintly trot beneath the heat,
And our keen stomachs know the hour to eat.
Who can forsake thy walls, and not admire
The proud cathedral and the lofty spire?
What sempstress has not prov'd thy scissars good?
From hence first came the' intriguing ridinghood.
Amid three boarding schools* well stock'd with misses,
Shall three knights-errant starve for want of kisses?
O'er the green turf the miles slide swift away,
And Blandford ends the labours of the day.
The morning rose; the supper reckoning paid,
And our due fees discharg'd to man and maid,
The ready hostler near the stirrup stands,
And, as we mount, our halfpence load his hands.
Now the steep hill fair Dorchester o'erlooks,
Border'd by meads, and wash'd by silver brooks.

* There are three boarding-schools in this town.

Here sleep my two companions' eyes suppress.
And propt in elbow-chairs they snoring rest:
I weary sit, and with my pencil trace
Their painful postures, and their eyeless face;
Then dedicate each glass to some fair name,
And on the sash the diamond scrawls my flame.
Now o'er true Roman-way our horses sound,
Grævius would kneel and kiss the sacred ground.
On either side low fertile vallies lie,
The distant prospects tire the travelling eye.
Through Bridport's stony lanes our rout we take,
And the proud steep descend to Marcombe's lake.
As herses pass'd, our landlord robb'd the pall,
And with the mournful 'scutcheon hung his hall.
On unadulterate wine we here regale,
And strip the lobster of his scarlet mail.
We climb'd the hills, when starry night arose,
And Axminster affords a kind repose.
The maid, subdued by fees, her trunk unlocks,
And gives the cleanly aid of dowlas smocks:
Mean time our shirts her busy fingers rub,
While the soap lathers o'er the foaming tub.
If women's geer such pleasing dreams incite,
Lend us your smocks, ye damsels! every night.
We rise; our beards demand the barber's art;
A female enters, and performs the part:
The weighty golden chain adorns her neck,
And three gold rings her skilful hand bedeck:
Smooth o'er our chin her easy fingers move,
Soft as when Venus strok'd the beard of Jove.
Now from the steep, 'midst scatter'd cots and groves;
Our eye through Honiton's fair valley roves;
Behind us soon the busy town we leave,
Where finest lace industrious lasses weave.

Now swelling clouds roll'd on; the rainy load
Stream'd down our hats, and smok'd along the road;
When (O blest sight!) a friendly sign we spied,
Our spurs are slacken'd from the horses' side;
For sure a civil host the house commands,
Upon whose sign this courteous motto stands,
'This is the ancient Hand, and eke the Pen;
Here is for horses hay, and meat for men.'
How rhyme would flourish, did each son of fame
Know his own genius, and direct his flame!
Then he that could not epic flights rehearse,
Might sweetly mourn in elegiac verse.
But were his Muse for elegy unfit,
Perhaps a distich might not strain his wit:
If epigram offend, his harmless lines
Might in gold letters swing on alehouse signs:
Then Hobbinol might propagate his bays,
And Tothill-fields record his simple lays;
Where rhymes like these might lure the nurses' eyes
While gaping infants squall for farthing pies!
Treat here, ye shepherds blithe! your damsels sweet,
For pies and cheesecakes are for damsels meet:
Then Maurus in his proper sphere might shine,
And these proud numbers grace great William's sign;
'This is the man, this the Nassovian,* whom
I nam'd the brave Deliverer to come.'
But now the driving gales suspend the rain,
We mount our steeds, and Devon's city gain.
Hail, happy native land!—but I forbear
What other counties must with envy hear.

* Blackmore's *Prince Arthur*, Book 5.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

Pulteney! methinks you blame my breach of word:
What, cannot Paris one poor page afford?
Yes, I can sagely, when the times are past,
Laugh at those follies which I strove to taste,
And each amusement, which we shar'd, review:
Pleas'd with mere talking, since I talk to you.
But how shall I describe, in humble prose,
Their balls, assemblies, operas, and beaux?
'In prose! (you cry) oh no; the Muse must aid,
And leave Parnassus for the Thuilleries' shade.
Shall he (who late Britannia's city trod,
And led the draggled Muse, with pattens shod,*
Through dirty lanes' and alleys' doubtful ways)
Refuse to write, when Paris asks his lays?'
Well, then, I'll try. Descend, ye beauteous Nine!
In all the colours of the rainbow shine;
Let sparkling stars your neck and ear adorn,
Lay on the blushes of the crimson morn;
So may ye balls and gay assemblies grace,
And at the opera claim the foremost place.
Travellers should ever fit expression choose,
Nor with low phrase the lofty theme abuse.
When they describe the state of eastern lords,
Pomp and magnificence should swell their words;
And when they paint the serpent's scaly pride,
Their lines should kiss, their numbers smoothly slide:

* In allusion to his poem of Trivia.

But they, unmindful of poetic rules,
Describe alike Macaws and great Moguls.
Dampier would thus, without ill-meaning satire,
Dress forth, in simple style, the petit-maitre:
'In Paris there's a race of animals,
(I've seen them at their operas and balls)
They stand erect, they dance whene'er they walk,
Monkeys in action, paroquets in talk;
They're crown'd with feathers, like the cockatoo,
And, like chameleons, daily change their hue:
From patches justly plac'd they borrow graces,
And with vermilion lacker o'er their faces.
This custom, as we visibly discern,
They by frequenting ladies' toilets learn.'
Thus might the traveller easy truth impart.
Into the subject let me nobly start.
How happy lives the man, how sure to charm,
Whose knot embroider'd flutters down his arm!
On him the ladies cast the yielding glance,
Sigh in his songs, and languish in his dance;
While wretched is the wit, contemn'd, forlorn,
Whose gummy hat no scarlet plumes adorn;
No 'broider'd flowers his worsted ankle grace,
Nor cane emboss'd with gold directs his pace;
No lady's favour on his sword is hung.
What though Apollo dictate from his tongue?
His wit is spiritless and void of grace,
Who wants the' assurance of brocade and lace.
While the gay fop genteelly talks of weather,
The Fair in raptures dote upon his feather;
Like a court-lady though he write and spell,
His minuet-step was fashion'd by Mareell:*

* A famous dancing-master.

He dresses, fenees. What avails to know?
For women ehoose their men, like silks, for show.
'Is this the thing, (you ery) that Paris boasts?
Is this the thing renown'd among our toasts?
For sueh a fluttering sight we need not roam;
Our own assemblies shine with these at home.'
Let us into the field of beauty start;
Beauty's a theme that ever warm'd my heart.
Think not, ye Fair! that I the sex aeeuse:
How shall I spare you, prompted by the Muse?
(The Muses all are prudes) she rails, she frets,
Amidst this sprightly nation of eoquets;
Yet let not us their loose eoquetry blame;
Women of every nation are the same.
You ask me if Parisian dames, like ours,
With rattling diee profane the Sunday's hours?
If they the gamester's pale-ey'd vigils keep,
And stake their honour while their husbands sleep?
Yes, Sir; like English toasts, the dames of France
Will risk their ineome on a single ehanee.
Nannette last night at trieking Pharaoh play'd,
The eards the taillier's sliding hand obey'd;
To-day her neek no brilliant circle wears,
Nor the ray-darting pendant loads her ears.
Why does old Chloris an assembly hold?
Chloris each night divides the sharper's gold.
Corinna's eheek with frequent losses burns,
And no bold *trente la va* her fortune turns.
Ah! too rash virgin! where's thy virtue flown?
She pawns her person for the sharper's loan.
Yet who with justiee can the fair upbraid,
Whose debts of honour are so duly paid?
But let me not forget the toilet's eares,
Where art each morn the languid eheek repairs:

This red's too pale, nor gives a distant grace;
Madam to-day puts on her opera-face:
From this we scaree extract the milkmaid's bloom,
Bring the deep dye that warms aeross the room.
Now flames her eheek, so strong her charms prevail,
That on her gown the silken rose looks pale!
Not but that France some native beauty boasts,
Clermont and Charolois might grace our toasts.

When the sweet-breathing spring unfolds the buds,
Love flies the dusty town for shady woods.
Then Tottenham-fields with roving beauty swarm,
And Hampstead-balls the eity virgins warm;
Then Chelsea's meads o'erhear perfidious vows,
And the prest grass defrauds the grazing cows.
'Tis here the same, but in a higher sphere;
For ev'n eourt-ladies sin in open air.
What eit with a gallant would trust his spouse
Beneath the tempting shade of Greenwich boughs?
What peer of France would let his dutehess rove,
Where Boulogne's elosest woods invite to love?
But here no wife can blast her husband's fame;
Cuckold is grown an honourable name.
Stretch'd on the grass the shepherd sighs his pain,
And on the grass what shepherd sighs in vain?
On Chloe's lap here Damon, laid along,
Melts with the languish of her amorous song:
There Iris flies Palæmon through the glade,
Nor trips by ehanee—till in the thiekest shade:
Here Celimene defends her lips and breast,
For kisses are by struggling closer prest:
Alexis there with eager flame grows bold,
Nor can the nymph his wanton fingers hold.
Be wise, Alexis! what, so near the road!
Hark, a coach rolls, and husbands are abroad!

Such were our pleasures in the days of yore,
When amorous Charles Britannia's sceptre bore;
The nightly scene of joy the Park was made,
And Love in couples peopled every shade;
But since at court the rural taste is lost,
What mighty sums have velvet couches cost!
Sometimes the Thuilleries' gaudy walk I love,
Where I through crowds of rustling manteaus rove.
As here from side to side my eyes I cast,
And gaz'd on all the glittering train that past,
Sudden a fop steps forth before the rest,
I knew the bold embroidery of his vest:
He thus accosts me with familiar air,
'*Parbleu! on a fait cet habit en Angleterre!*
Quelle manche! ce galon est grossiérement rangé;
Voilà quelque chose de fort beau et degagé!'
This said, on his red heel he turns, and then
Hums a soft minuet, and proceeds again:
'Well, now you've Paris seen, you'll frankly own
Your boasted London seems a country town:
Has Christianity yet reach'd your nation?
Are churches built? are masquerades in fashion?
Do daily soups your dinners introduce?
Are music, snuff, and coaches, yet in use?'
'Pardon me, sir; we know the Paris mode,
And gather politesse from courts abroad.
Like you, our courtiers keep a numerous train,
To load their coach, and tradesmen dun in vain.
Nor has religion left us in the lurch,
And, as in France, our vulgar crowd the church:
Our ladies, too, support the masquerade;
The sex, by nature, love the' intriguing trade.'
Straight the vain fop in ignorant rapture cries,
'Paris the barbarous world will civilize!'

'Pray, sir, point out among the passing band
The present beauties who the Town command.'
'See yonder dame; strict virtue chills her breast,
Mark in her eye demure the prude profest;
That frozen bosom native fire must want,
Which boasts of constancy to one gallant!
This next the spoils of fifty lovers wears,
Rich Dandin's brilliant favours grace her ears;
The necklace Florio's generous flame bestow'd,
Clitander's sparkling gems her finger load:
But now, her charms grown cheap by constant use,
She sins for scarfs, clock'd stockings, knots, and shoes.
This next, with sober gait and serious leer,
Wearies her knees with morn and evening pray'r;
She scorns the' ignoble love of feeble pages,
But with three abbots in one night engages.
This with the cardinal her nights employs,
Where holy sinews consecrate her joys.
Why have I promis'd things beyond my pow'r?
Five assignations wait me at this hour:
The sprightly countess first my visit claims,
To-morrow shall indulge inferior dames.
Pardon me, sir, that thus I take my leave;
Gay Florimella slily twitch'd my sleeve.'
'Adieu, monsieur'—the opera-hour draws near.
Not see the opera! all the world is there;
Where on the stage the'embroider'd youth of France
In bright array attract the female glance:
This languishes, this struts, to show his mien,
And not a gold-clock'd stocking moves unseen.
But, hark! the full orchestra strike the strings;
The hero struts, and the whole audience sings.
My jarring ear harsh grating murmurs wound,
Hoarse and confus'd, like Babel's mingled sound.

Hard chance had plac'd me near a noisy throat,
That in rough quavers bellow'd every note.
'Pray, sir, (says I) suspend awhile your song;
The opera's drown'd; your lungs are wondrous strong:
I wish to hear your Roland's ranting strain,
While he with rooted forests strows the plain.'
Sudden he shrugs surprise, and answers quick,
'*Monsieur apparemment n'aime pas la musique.*'
Then turning round, he join'd the' ungrateful noise,
And the loud chorus thunder'd with his voice.
O soothe me with some soft Italian air,
Let harmony compose my tortur'd ear!
When Anastasia's voice commands the strain,*
The melting warble thrills through every vein;
Thought stands suspense, and Silence pleas'd attends,
While in her notes the heavenly choir descends.
But you'll imagine I'm a Frenchman grown,
Pleas'd and content with nothing but my own;
So strongly with this prejudice possest,
He thinks French music and French painting best.
Mention the force of learn'd Corelli's notes,
Some scraping fiddler of their ball he quotes:
Talk of the spirit Raphael's pencil gives,
Yet warm with life whose speaking picture lives;
'Yes, sir, (says he) in colour and design,
Rigaut and Raphael are extremely fine!'
'Tis true, his country's love transports his breast
With warmer zeal than your old Greeks profest.
Ulysses lov'd his Ithaca of yore,
Yet that sage traveller left his native shore.
What stronger virtue in the Frenchman shines?
He to dear Paris all his life confines.

* This was Anastasia Robinson, a celebrated singer on the Italian stage, afterwards married to the Earl of Peterborough.

I'm not so fond. There are, I must confess,
Things which might make me love my country less.
I should not think my Britain had such charms,
If lost to learning, if enslav'd by arms.
France has her Richlieus and her Colberts known;
And then, I grant it, France in science shone.
We, too, I own, without such aids, may chance
In ignorance and pride to rival France.
But let me not forget Corneille, Racine,
Boileau's strong sense, and Moliere's numerous scene.
Let Cambray's name be sung above the rest,
Whose maxims, Pulteney! warm thy patriot breast;
In Mentor's precepts wisdom strong and clear
Dictates sublime, and distant nations hear.
Hear, all ye princes! who the world control,
What cares, what terrors, haunt the tyrant's soul;
His constant train are anger, fear, distrust,
To be a king is to be good and just;
His people he protects, their rights he saves,
And scorns to rule a wretched race of slaves.
Happy, thrice happy, shall the monarch reign,
Where guardian laws despotic power restrain!
There shall the ploughshare break the stubborn land;
And bending harvest tire the peasant's hand:
There Liberty her settled mansion boasts,
There Commerce plenty brings from foreign coasts.
O Britain! guard thy laws, thy rights defend,
So shall these blessings to thy sons descend!
You'll think 'tis time some other theme to choose,
And not with beaux and fops fatigue the Muse:
Should I let satire loose on English ground,
There fools of various character abound;
But here my verse is to one race confin'd,
All Frenchmen are of petit-maitre kind.

PANEGYRICAL EPISTLE

TO MR. THOMAS SNOW,

GOLDSMITH, NEAR TEMPLE BAR;

Occasoned by his buying and selling of the Third Subscriptions, taken in by the Directors of the South-Sea Company, at a thousand per cent.

Disdain not, Snow! my humble verse to hear:
Stick thy black pen awhile behind thy ear.
Whether thy compter shine with sums untold,
And thy wide-grasping hand grow black with gold;
Whether thy mien erect and sable locks,
In crowds of brokers over-awe the stocks;
Suspend the worldly business of the day,
And to enrich thy mind attend my lay.
O thou! whose penetrative wisdom found
The South-Sea rocks and shelves, where thousands drown'd;
When credit sunk, and commerce gasping lay,
Thou stood'st, nor sent'st one bill unpaid away;
When not a guinea chink'd on Martin's boards,
And Atwell's self was drain'd of all his hoards,
Thou stood'st (an Indian king in size and hue)
Thy unexhausted shop was our Peru.
Why did Change-Alley waste thy precious hours,
Among the fools who gap'd for golden show'rs?
No wonder if we found some poets there
Who live on fancy, and can feed on air;
No wonder they were caught by South-Sea schemes,
Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea but in dreams;

No wonder they their Third Subscriptions sold,
For millions of imaginary gold;
No wonder that their fancies wild could frame
Strange reasons that a thing is still the same,
Though chang'd throughout in substance and in name.
But you (whose judgment scorns poetic flights)
With contracts furnish boys for paper-kites.

Let Vulture Hopkins stretch his rusty throat,
Who'd ruin thousands for a single groat:
I know thou spurn'st his mean, his sordid mind,
Nor with ideal debts wouldst plague mankind.
Why strive his greedy hands to grasp at more?—
The wretch was born to want, whose soul is poor.

Madmen alone their empty dreams pursue,
And still believe the fleeting vision true;
They sell the treasure which their slumbers get,
Then wake, and fancy all the world in debt.
If to instruct thee all my reasons fail,
Yet be diverted by this moral tale.—

Through fam'd Moorfields extends a spacious seat,
Where mortals of exalted wit retreat;
Where, wrapt in contemplation and in straw,
The wiser few from the mad world withdraw:
There in full opulence a banker dwelt,
Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt;
His sideboard glitter'd with imagin'd plate,
And his proud fancy held a vast estate.

As on a time he pass'd the vacant hours
In raising piles of straw and twisting bow'rs,
A poet enter'd, of the neighbouring cell,
And with fix'd eyes observ'd the structure well:
A sharpen'd skewer cross his bare shoulders bound
A tatter'd rug, which drag'd upon the ground.

The banker cried, 'Behold my castle-walls,
My statues, gardens, fountains, and canals,
With land of twenty thousand acres round!
All these I sell thee for ten thousand pound.'
The bard with wonder the cheap purchase saw,
So sign'd the contract (as ordains the law.)
The banker's brain was cool'd; the mist grew clear:
The visionary scene was lost in air.
He now the vanish'd prospect understood,
And fear'd the fancied bargain was not good:
Yet loth the sum entire should be destroy'd,
'Give me a penny, and thy contract's void.'
The startled bard, with eye indignant frown'd;
'Shall I, ye gods! (he cries) my debts compound!'
So saying, from his rug the skewer he takes,
And on the stick ten equal notches makes;
With just resentment flings it on the ground,
'There, take my tally of ten thousand pound.'

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS

HAVING FINISHED HIS TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

A WELCOME FROM GREECE.

Long hast thou, friend! been absent from my soil,
  Like patient Ithaeus at siege of Troy;
I have been witness of thy six years' toil,
  Thy daily labours, and thy night's annoy;
Lost to thy native land, with great turmoil,
  On the wide sea, oft threatening to destroy:
Methinks with thee I've trod Sigæan ground,
And heard the shores of Hellespont resound.

Did I not see thee when thou first set'st sail
  To seek adventures fair in Homer's land?
Did I not see thy sinking spirits fail,
  And wish thy bark had never left the strand?
Ev'n in mid oeean often didst thou quail,
  And oft lift up thy holy eye and hand,
Praying the Virgin dear, and saintly choir,
Baek to the port to bring thy bark entire.
Cheer up, my friend! thy dangers now are o'er;
  Methinks—nay, sure the rising eoasts appear;

Hark! how the guns salute from either shore,
As thy trim vessel cuts the Thames so fair:
Shouts answering shouts from Kent and Essex roar,
And bells break loud through every gust of air:
Bonfires do blaze, and bones and cleavers ring,
As at the coming of some mighty king.

Now pass we Gravesend with a friendly wind,
And Tilbury's white fort, and long Blackwall;
Greenwich, where dwells the friend of humankind,
More visited than or her park or hall,
Withers the good, and (with him ever join'd)
Facetious Disney,* greet thee first of all:
I see his chimney smoke, and hear him say,
'Duke! that's the room for Pope, and that for Gay.

'Come in, my friends! here shall ye dine and lie,
And here shall breakfast, and here dine again;
And sup and breakfast on, (if ye comply)
For I have still some dozens of champagne.'
His voice still lessens as the ship sails by;
He waves his hand to bring us back in vain;
For now I see, I see proud London's spires;
Greenwich is lost, and Deptford dock retires.

Oh, what a concourse swarms on yonder quay!
The sky re-echoes with new shouts of joy;
By all this show, I ween, 'tis Lord Mayor's-day;
I hear the voice of trumpet and hautboy.—
No, now I see them near.—Oh, these are they
Who come in crowds to welcome thee from Troy:

* Usually called Duke Disney.

'Hail to the bard, whom long as lost we mourn'd;
From siege, from battle, and from storm, return'd.'

Of goodly dames, and courteous knights, I view
The silken petticoat, and broider'd vest;
Yea, peers and mighty dukes, with ribbands blue,
(True blue, fair emblem of unstained breast).
Others I see, as noble, and more true,
By no court-badge distinguish'd from the rest!
First see I Methuen, of sincerest mind,
As Arthur grave, as soft as womankind.

What lady's that, to whom he gently bends?
Who knows not her? ah! those are Wortley's eyes:
How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends!
For she distinguishes the good and wise.
The sweet-tongued Murray near her side attends,
Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies;
Now Harvey, fair of face, I mark full well,
With thee, youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell.

I see two lovely sisters, hand in hand.
The fair-hair'd Martha and Teresa brown;
Madge Bellenden, the tallest of the land;
And smiling Mary, soft and fair as down.
Yonder I see the cheerful dutchess stand,
For friendship, zeal, and blithesome humours known;
Whence that loud shout in such a hearty strain?
Why, all the Hamiltons are in her train.

See next the decent Seudamore advance,
With Winchelsea, still meditating song;
With her perhaps Miss Howe came here by chance,
Nor knows with whom, or why, she comes along.

Far off from these see Santlow, fam'd for dance;
And frolic Bicknell, and her sister Young;
With other names, by me not to be nam'd,
Much lov'd in private, not in public fam'd!

But now behold the female band retire,
And the shrill music of their voice is still'd!
Methinks I see fam'd Buckingham admire,
That in Troy's ruin thou hadst not been kill'd;
Sheffield, who knows to strike the living lyre
With hand judicious, like thy Homer skill'd;
Bathurst, impetuous hastens to the coast,
Whom you and I strive who shall love the most.

See generous Burlington, with goodly Bruce,
(But Bruce comes wafted in a soft sedan;)
Dan Prior next, belov'd by every Muse;
And friendly Congreve, unreproachful man!
(Oxford by Cunningham hath sent excuse;)
See hearty Watkins comes with cup and can;
And Lewis, who has never friend forsaken;
And Laughton whispering asks—'Is Troy town taken?'

Earl Warwick comes, of free and honest mind:
Bold, generous Craggs, whose heart was ne'er disguis'd:
Ah! why, sweet Saint John, cannot I thee find?
Saint John, for every social virtue priz'd.
Alas! to foreign climates he's confin'd,
Or else to see thee here I well surmis'd;
Thou too, my Swift, dost breathe Bœotian air;
When wilt thou bring back wit and humour here?

Harcourt I see, for eloquence renown'd,
The mouth of justice, oracle of law!
Another Simon is beside him found,
Another Simon, like a straw to straw.
How Lansdowne smiles, with lasting laurel crown'd!
What mitred prelate there commands our awe!
See Rochester approving nods his head.
And ranks one modern with the mighty dead.'

Carleton and Chandos thy arrival grace;
Hanmer, whose eloquence the' unbiass'd sways;
Harley, whose goodness opens in his face,
And shows his heart the seat where virtue stays.
Ned Blount advances next, with busy pace,
In haste, but sauntering, hearty in his ways:
I see the friendly Carylls come by dozens,
Their wives, their uncles, daughters, sons, and cousins.

Arbuthnot there I see, in physic's art
As Galen learn'd, or famed Hippocrate;
Whose company drives sorrow from the heart,
As all disease his medicines dissipate:
Kneller, amid the triumph bears his part,
Who could (were mankind lost) anew create:
What can the' extent of his vast soul confine?
A painter, critic, engineer, divine!

Thee Jervas hails, robust and debonair,
'Now have [we] conquer'd Homer, friend,' he cries:
Darteneuf, grave joker, joyous Ford is there,
And wondering Maine, so fat with laughing eyes,
(Gay, Maine, and Cheney, boon companions dear,
Gay fat, Maine fatter, Cheney huge of size)

Yea Dennis, Gildon, (hearing thou hast riches).
And honest, hatless Cromwell, with red breeches.

O Wanley*, whence com'st thou with shorten'd hair,
And visage from thy shelves with dust bespent;
'Forsooth, (quoth he) from placing Homer there,
For ancients to compyle is myne entente:
Of ancients only hath Lord Harley care;
But hither me hath my meeke lady sent:—
In manuscript of Grecke rede we thilke same,
But book yprint best plesyth myn gude dame.'

Yonder I see, among the' expecting crowd,
Evans with laugh jocose, and tragic Young;
High-buskin'd Booth, grave Mawbert wandering Frowde,
And Titcomb's belly waddles slow along.
See Digby faints at Southerne talking loud,
Yea, Steele and Tickell mingle with the throng.
Tickel, whose skiff (in partnership† they say)
Set forth for Greece, but founder'd in the way.

Lo, the two Doncastles, in Berkshire known!
Lo, Bickford, Fortescue, of Devon land;
Lo, Tooker, Eckershall, Sykes Rawlinson!
See hearty Morley takes thee by the hand;
Ayrs, Graham, Buckridge, joy thy voyage done;
But who can count the leaves, the stars, the sand?
Lo, Stonor, Fenton, Caldwell, Ward, and Broome!
Lo, thousands more; but I want rhyme and room!

* The learned librarian to Robert and Edward, Earls of Oxford.
† This alludes to the share which Addison was supposed to have taken in Tickell's translation of the first book of the Iliad.

How lov'd! how honour'd thou! yet be not vain:
And sure thou art not, for I hear thee say,
'All this, my friends, I owe to Homer's strain,
On whose strong pinions I exalt my lay.
What from contending cities did he gain?
And what rewards his grateful country pay?
None, none were paid:—why then all this for me?
These honours, Homer, had been just to thee!'

ECLOGUES.

THE
BIRTH OF THE SQUIRE.

IN IMITATION OF THE POLLIO OF VIRGIL.

Ye silvan Muses! loftier strains recite;
Not all in shades and humble cots delight.
Hark! the bells ring; along the distant grounds
The driving gales convey the swelling sounds:
The' attentive swain, forgetful of his work,
With gaping wonder leans upon his fork.
What sudden news alarms the waking morn?
To the glad 'Squire a hopeful heir is born.
Mourn, mourn, ye stags! and all ye beasts of chase!
This hour destruction brings on all your race;
See the pleas'd tenants duteous offerings bear,
Turkeys, and geese, and grocer's sweetest ware;
With the new health the pondrous tankard flows,
And old October reddens every nose.
Beagles and spaniels round his cradle stand,
Kiss his moist lip, and gently lick his hand;
He joys to hear the shrill horn's echoing sounds,
And learns to lisp the names of all the hounds.
With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow,
Barley shall in paternal acres grow;

The bee shall sip the fragrant dew from flow'rs,
To give metheglin for his morning hours;
For him the clustering hop shall climb the poles,
And his own orchard sparkle in his bowls.

His sire's exploits he now with wonder hears:
The monstrous tales indulge his greedy ears;
How when youth strung his nerves and warm'd his veins,
He rode the mighty Nimrod of the plains.
He leads the staring infant through the hall—
Points out the horny spoils that grace the wall;
Tells how this stag thro' three whole counties fled,
What rivers swam, where bay'd, and where he bled.
Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
Describes the desperate chase, and all his cheats;
How in one day beneath his furious speed,
He tir'd seven coursers of the fleetest breed;
How high the pale he leapt, how wide the ditch,
When the hound tore the haunches of the witch.*
These stories, which descend from son to son,
The forward boy shall one day make his own.

Ah! too fond Mother! think the time draws nigh
That calls the darling from thy tender eye;
How shall his spirit brook the rigid rules,
And the long tyranny of grammar schools?
Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
Lash'd into Latin by the tingling rod:
No, let him never feel that smart disgrace;
Why should he wiser prove than all his race?

When twice twelve times the reaper's sweeping hand
With levelled harvests has bestrown the land,

* The most common accident to sportsmen, to hunt a witch in the shape of a hare.

On fam'd Saint Hubert's feast, his winding horn
Shall cheer the joyful hound, and wake the morn:
This memorable day his eager speed
Shall urge with bloody heel the rising steed.
O check the foamy bit! nor tempt thy fate;
Think on the murders of a five-bar gate!
Yet prodigal of life, the leap he tries;
Low in the dust his grovelling honour lies:
Headlong he falls, and on the rugged stone
Distorts his neck, and cracks the collar-bone.
O ventrous Youth! thy thirst of game allay;
May'st thou survive the perils of this day!—
He shall survive, and in late years be sent
To snore away debates in Parliament.

The time shall come when his more solid sense,
With nod important, shall the laws dispense;
A justice with grave justices shall sit,
He praise their wisdom, they admire his wit.
No greyhound shall attend the tenant's pace,
No rusty gun the farmer's chimney grace;
Salmons shall leave their covers void of fear,
Nor dread the thievish net or triple spear;
Poachers shall tremble at his awful name,
Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd game.

Assist me, Bacchus! and ye drunken pow'rs!
To sing his friendships and his midnight hours.

Why dost thou glory in thy strength of beer,
Firm-cork'd and mellow'd till the twentieth year;
Brew'd or when Phœbus warms the fleecy sign,
Or when his languid rays in Scorpio shine? [sprung!
Think on the mischiefs which from hence have
It arms with curses dire the wrathful tongue;
Foul scandal to the lying lip affords,
And prompts the memory with injurious words.

O where is wisdom when by this o'erpower'd?
The state is censur'd, and the maid deflower'd!
And wilt thou still, O 'Squire! brew ale so strong?
Hear then the dictates of prophetic song.

Methinks I see him in his hall appear,
Where the long table floats in clammy beer:
'Midst mugs and glasses shatter'd o'er the floor,
Dead-drunk his servile crew supinely snore;
Triumphant o'er the prostrate brutes he stands,
The mighty bumper trembles in his hands;
Boldly he drinks, and, like his glorious sires,
In copious gulps of potent ale expires.

THE FUNERAL.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

SABINA, LUCY.

Twice had the moon perform'd her monthly race,
Since first the veil o'ercast Sabina's face:
Then died the tender partner of her bed;
And lives Sabina when Fidelio's dead?
Fidelio's dead, and yet Sabina lives:
But see, the tribute of her tears she gives.
Their absent lord her rooms in sable mourn,
And all the day the glimmering tapers burn;
Stretch'd on the couch of state she pensive lies,
While oft the snowy cambric wipes her eyes.
Now enter'd Lucy: trusty Lucy knew
To roll a sleeve, or bear a billet-doux:
Her ready tongue, in secret service tried,
With equal fluency spoke truth or lied:
She well could flush or humble a gallant,
And serve at once as maid and confidante.
A letter from her faithful stays she took;
Sabina snatch'd it with an angry look,
And thus in hasty words her grief confest,
While Lucy strove to soothe her troubled breast:

SAB. What, still Myrtillo's hand! his flame I scorn;
Give back his passion with the seal untorn.
To break our soft repose has man a right?
And are we doom'd to read whate'er they write?
Not all the sex my firm resolves shall move;
My life's a life of sorrow, not of love.

May Lydia's wrinkles all my forehead trace,
And Celia's paleness sicken o'er my face;
May fops of mine, as Flavia's favours, boast,
And coquets triumph in my honour lost;
May cards employ my nights, and never more
May these curst eyes behold a matadore!
Break china, perish Shock, die paroquet!
When I Fidelio's dearer love forget.
Fidelio's judgment scorn'd the foppish train,
His air was easy, and his dress was plain;
His words sincere, respect his presence drew,
And on his lips sweet conversation grew.
Where's Wit, where's Beauty, where is Virtue fled?
Alas! they're now no more; Fidelio's dead!

Lucy. Yet when he liv'd he wanted every grace;
That easy air was then an awkward pace:
Have not your sighs in whispers often said,
His dress was slovenly, his speech ill-bred?
Have not I heard you, with a secret tear,
Call that sweet converse sullen and severe?
Think not I come to take Myrtillo's part,
Let Chloe, Daphne, Doris, share his heart:
Let Chloe's love in every ear express
His graceful person and genteel address.
All well may judge what shaft has Daphne hit,
Who can be silent to admire his wit.
His equipage and liveries Doris move,
But Chloe, Daphne, Doris fondly love.
Sooner shall cits in fashions guide the court,
And beaus upon the busy 'Change resort;
Sooner the nation shall from snuff be freed,
And fops' apartments smoke with India's weed:
Sooner I'd wish and sigh through nunnery grates,
Than recommend the flame Sabina hates.

SAB. Because some widows are in haste subdued,
Shall every fop upon our tears intrude?
Can I forget my lov'd Fidelio's tongue,
Soft as the warbling of Italian song?
Did not his rosy lips breathe forth perfume,
Fragrant as steams from tea's imperial bloom?

LUCY. Yet once you thought that tongue a greater
Than squalls of children for an absent nurse:[curse
Have you not fancied in his frequent kiss
The' ungrateful leaving of a filthy miss?

SAB. Love! I thy power defy; no second flame
Shall ever raise my dear Fidelio's name.
Fannia without a tear might lose her lord,
Who ne'er enjoy'd his presence but at board,
And why should sorrow sit on Lesbia's face?
Are there such comforts in a sot's embrace?
No friend, no lover, is to Lesbia dead;
For Lesbia long had known a separate bed.[breast,
Gush forth, ye tears! waste, waste, ye sighs! my
My days, my nights, were by Fidelio blest!

LUCY. You cannot sure forget how oft you said
His teazing fondness jealousy betray'd!
When at the play the neighbouring box he took,
You thought you read suspicion in his look;
When cards and counters flew around the board,
Have you not wish'd the absence of your lord?
His company was then a poor pretence
To check the freedoms of a wife's expense!

SAB. But why should I Myrtillo's passion blame,
Since love's a fierce involuntary flame?

LUCY. Could he the sallies of his heart withstand,
Why should he not to Chloe give his hand?
For Chloe's handsome; yet he slights her flame;
Last night she fainted at Sabina's name.

Why, Daphne, dost thou blame Sabina's charms?
Sabina keeps no lover from thy arms.
At Crimp Myrtillo play'd; in kind regards
Doris threw love, unmindful of the cards:
Doris was touch'd with spleen; her fan he rent,
Flew from the table, and to tears gave vent.
Why, Doris! dost thou curse Sabina's eyes?
To her Myrtillo is a vulgar prize.

SAB. Yet say I lov'd; how loud would Censure rail,
So soon to quit the duties of the veil!
No, sooner plays and operas I'd forswear,
And change these China jars for Tunbridge ware,
Or trust my mother as a confidante,
Or fix a friendship with my maiden aunt,
Than till—to-morrow throw my weeds away.
Yet let me see him if he comes to-day!—

Hasty she snatch'd the letter, tore the seal;
She read, and blushes glow'd beneath the veil.

THE ESPOUSAL.

A SOBER ECLOGUE BETWEEN TWO OF THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS.

CALEB, TABITHA.

Beneath the shadow of a beaver hat,
Meek Caleb at a silent meeting sat:
His eyeballs oft forgot the holy trance,
While Tabitha demure return'd the glance.
The meeting ended, Caleb silence broke,
And Tabitha her inward yearnings spoke:

Caleb. Beloved! see how all things follow love;
Lamb fondleth lamb, and dove disports with dove;
Yet fondled lambs their innocence secure,
And none can tell the turtle's bill impure.
O fairest of our sisters! let me be
The billing dove, and fondling lamb, to thee.

Tabit. But Caleb, know that birds of gentle mind
Elect a mate among the sober kind;
Not the macaws, all deck'd in scarlet pride,
Entice their mild and modest hearts aside:
But thou, vain man! beguil'd by popish shows,
Dotest on ribbons, flounces, furbelows.
If thy false heart be fond of tawdry dies,
Go, wed the painted arch in summer skies;
Such love will like the rainbow's hue decay,
Strong at the first, but passeth soon away.

Caleb. Name not the frailties of my youthful days,
When Vice misled me through the harlot's ways;

When I with wanton look thy sex beheld,
And nature with each wanton look rebell'd;
Then party-colour'd pride my heart might move
With lace, the net to catch unhallow'd love.
All such-like love is fading as the flower,
Springs in a day, and withereth in an hour:
But now I feel the spousal love within,
And spousal love no sister holds a sin.

TABIT. I know thou longest for the flaunting maid;
Thy falsehood own, and say I am betray'd:
The tongue of man is blister'd o'er with lies,
But truth is ever read in woman's eyes:
O that my lip obey'd a tongue like thine!
Or that thine eye bewray'd a love like mine!

CALEB. How bitter are thy words! forbear to teaze;
I too might blame—but love delights to please.
Why should I tell thee, that when last the sun
Painted the downy peach of Newington,
Josiah led thee through the garden's walk,
And mingled melting kisses with his talk?
Ah! Jealousy! turn, turn thine eyes aside,
How can I see that watch adorn thy side?
For, verily, no gift the sisters take
For lust of gain, but for the giver's sake.

TABIT. I own Josiah gave the golden toy,
Which did the righteous hand of Quare employ:
When Caleb hath assign'd some happy day,
I look on this, and chide the hours delay:
And when Josiah would his love pursue,
On this I look, and shun his wanton view.
Man but in vain with trinkets tries to move;
The only present love demands is love.

CALEB. Ah! Tabitha! to hear these words of thine,
My pulse beats high, as if inflam'd with wine!
When to the brethren first, with fervent zeal,
The spirit mov'd thy yearnings to reveal,
How did I joy thy trembling lip to see
Red as the cherry from the Kentish tree!
When ecstacy had warm'd thy look so meek,
Gardens of roses blushed on thy cheek. [eyes;
With what sweet transport didst thou roll thine
How did thy words provoke the brethren's sighs?
Words that with holy sighs might others move,
But, Tabitha! my sighs were sighs of love.

TABIT. Is Tabitha beyond her wishes blest?
Does no proud worldly dame divide thy breast?
Then hear me, Caleb! witness what I speak,
This solemn promise death alone can break;
Sooner I would bedeck my brow with lace,
And with immodest favourites shade my face;
Sooner, like Babylon's lewd whore, be drest
In flaring diamonds and a scarlet vest,
Or make a curtsy in cathedral pew,
Than prove inconstant while my Caleb's true.

CALEB. When I prove false and Tabitha forsake,
Teachers shall dance a jig at country wake;
Brethren unbeaver'd then shall bow their head,
And with profane mince-pies our babes be fed.

TABIT. If that Josiah were with passion fir'd,
Warm as the zeal of youth when first inspir'd;
In steady love though he might persevere,
Unchanging as the decent garb we wear,
And thou wert fickle as the wind that blows,
Light as the feather on the head of beaus;

Yet I for thee would all thy sex resign,
Sisters! take all the rest—be Caleb mine.

CALEB. Though I had all that sinful love affords,
And all the concubines of all the lords,
Whose couches creak with whoredom's sinful shame,
Whose velvet chairs are with adultery lame;
Ev'n in the harlot's hall I would not sip
The dew of lewdness from her lying lip;
I'd shun her paths, upon thy mouth to dwell,
More sweet than powder which the merchants sell:
O solace me with kisses, pure like thine!
Enjoy, ye lords! the wanton concubine.
The spring now calls us forth; come, sister! come,
To see the primrose and the daisy bloom:
Let ceremony bind the worldly pair,
Sisters esteem the brethren's word sincere.

TABIT. Espousals are but forms: O lead me hence,
For secret love can never give offence.

Then hand in hand the loving mates withdraw—
'True love is nature unrestrain'd by law:'
This tenet all the holy sect allows;
So Tabitha took earnest of a spouse.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL

TO BLACK-EY'D SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came aboard:—
'Oh! where shall I my true love find!
Tell me, ye jovial sailors! tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew.'

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear)
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

'O Susan! Susan! lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

'Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present whereso'er I go.

'If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory, so white:
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

'Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return:
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.'

The boatswain gave the dreadful word;
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head:
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:
'Adieu!' she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

THE

COQUET MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

At the close of the day,
When the beamflower and hay
Breath'd odours in every wind;
Love enliven'd the veins
Of the damsels and swains,
Each glance and each action was kind.

Molly, wanton and free,
Kiss'd, and sat on each knee,
Fond ecstacy swam in her eyes:
'See, thy mother is near,
Hark! she calls thee to hear
What Age and Experience advise.

'Hast thou seen the blithe dove
Stretch her neck to her love,
All glossy with purple and gold?
If a kiss he obtain,
She returns it again;
What follows you need not be told.'

'Look ye, Mother! (she cried)
You instruct me in pride,
And men by good manners are won:
She who trifles with all
Is less likely to fall,
Than she who but trifles with one.'

'Prithee, Molly, be wise,
Lest by sudden surprise
Love should tingle in every vein:
Take a shepherd for life,
And when once you're a wife,
You safely may trifle again.

Molly smiling replied,
'Then I'll soon be a bride;
Old Roger has gold in his chest:
But I thought all you wives
Choose a man for your lives,
And trifled no more with the rest.'

MOLLY MOG:

OR,

*THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN**.

Says my uncle, 'I pray you discover
What hath been the cause of your woes,
That you pine and you whine like a lover?
—'I have seen Molly Mog of the Rose.'

'O nephew! your grief is but folly,
In Town you may find better prog:
Half-acrown there will get you a Molly,
A Molly much better than Mog.'

'I know that by wits 'tis recited
That women at best are a clog;
But I'm not so easily frighted
From loving of sweet Molly Mog.

'The schoolboy's desire is a playday,
The schoolmaster's joy is to flog;
The milk-maid's delight is on May-day,
But mine is on sweet Molly Mog.

'Will-a-wisp leads the traveller gadding
Through ditch, and through quagmire, and bog;
But no light can set me a madding
Like the eyes of my sweet Molly Mog.

* This Ballad was written on an innkeeper's daughter at Oakingham in Berkshire, who in her youth was a celebrated beauty and toast: she lived to a very advanced age, and until the month of March, 1768.

'For guineas in other men's breeches
Your gamesters will palm and will cog;
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win sweet Molly Mog.

'The heart when half wounded is changing,
It here and there leaps like a frog;
But my heart can never be ranging,
'Tis so fix'd upon sweet Molly Mog.

'Who follows all ladies of pleasure,
In pleasure is thought but a hog;
All the sex cannot give so good measure
Of joys, as my sweet Molly Mog.

'I feel I'm in love to distraction,
My senses all lost in a fog,
And nothing can give satisfaction
But thinking of Sweet Molly Mog.

'A letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid and gives me a jog,
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but sweet Molly Mog.

'If I would not give up the three Graces
I wish I were hang'd like a dog,
And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance of my sweet Molly Mog.

'Those faces want nature and spirit,
And seem as cut out of a log;
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merit
Unite in my sweet Molly Mog.

'Those who toast all the family royal,
In bumpers of Hogan and Nog.
Have hearts not more true or more loyal,
Than mine to my sweet Molly Mog.

'Were Virgil alive with his Phillis,
And writing another eclogue,
Both his Phillis and fair Amaryllis,
He'd give up for sweet Molly Mog.

'When she smiles on each guest, like her liquor,
Then jealousy sets me a agog;
To be sure she's a bit for the Vicar,
And so I shall lose Molly Mog.'

ON QUADRILLE.

When as Corruption hence did go,
And left the nation free;
When Ay said ay, and No said no,
Without or place or fee;
Then Satan, thinking things went ill,
Sent forth his spirit, call'd Quadrille.
Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

Kings, queens, and knaves, made up his pack,
And four fair suits he wore:
His troops they were with red and black
All blotch'd and spotted o'er;
And every house, go where you will,
Is haunted by this imp Quadrille, &c.

Sure cards he has for every thing,
Which well Court-cards they name;
And, statesman-like, calls in the king,
To help out a bad game;
But if the parties manage ill,
The king is forc'd to lose Codille, &c.

When two and two were met of old,
Though they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in Cupid's books enroll'd,
And call'd a *Parti Quarré;*
But now meet when and where you will,
A *Parti Quarré* is Quadrille,

The commoner, the knight, and peer,
Men of all ranks and fame,
Leave to their wives the only care
To propagate their name;
And well that duty they fulfil
When the good husband's at Quadrille, &c.

When patients lie in piteous case,
In comes the' apothecary,
And to the doctor cries, 'Alas!
Non debes Quadrillare:'
The patient dies without a pill,
For why? the doctor's at Quadrille, &c.

Should France and Spain again grow loud,
The Muscovite grow louder,
Britain, to curb her neighbours proud,
Would want both ball and powder;
Must want both sword and gun to kill:
For why? the general's at Quadrille, &c.

The king of late drew forth his sword,
(Thank God 'twas not in wrath)
And made of many a 'squire and lord
An unwash'd knight of Bath:
What are their feats of arms and skill?
They're but nine parties at Quadrille, &c.

A party late at Cambray met,
  Which drew all Europe's eyes;
'Twas call'd in Post-boy and Gazette—
  The Quadruple Allies;
But somebody took something ill,
So broke this party at Quadrille, &c.

And now God save this noble realm,
  And God save eke Hanover;
And God save those who hold the helm,
  When as the king goes over;
But let the king go where he will,
His subjects must play at Quadrille.
    Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

A NEW SONG.

OF NEW SIMILES.

My passion is as mustard strong;
  I sit all sober sad;
Drunk as a piper all day long,
  Or like a March-hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;
  I drink, yet can't forget her;
For though as drunk as David's sow,
  I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
  If Molly were but kind;
Cool as a cucumber could see
  The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig, I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a patridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown,
But as a goat now thin!

I melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But she insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone,
She laughs to see me pale;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale.

The god of Love at her approach
Is busy as a bee;
Hearts, sound as any bell or roach,
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as hops or hail
The fine men crowd about her;
But soon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears;
O were we join'd together!
My heart would be scot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five-pence is her mein,
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,
Methinks I taste them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites;
Sharp as a needle are her words,
Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny drest;
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
Round as the globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a king:
Good L—d! how all men envied me!
She lov'd like any thing.

But false as hell, she like the wind,
Chang'd, as her sex must do;
Though seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru!
Great as an emperor should I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post;
Let us like burs together stick,
And warm as any toast.

You'll know me truer than a die,
And wish me better sped;
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear
And sigh, perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

MISCELLANIES.

ELEGY ON A LAP DOG.

Shock's fate I mourn; poor Shock is now no more:
Ye Muses! mourn; ye chambermaids! deplore.
Unhappy Shock! yet more unhappy Fair,
Doom'd to survive thy joy and only care.
Thy wretched fingers now no more shall deck,
And tie the favourite ribbon round his neck;
No more thy hand shall smooth his glossy hair,
And comb the wavings of his pendent ear.
Yet cease thy flowing grief forsaken maid!
All mortal pleasures in a moment fade:
Our surest hope is in an hour destroy'd,
And love, best gift of Heaven, not long enjoy'd.
Methinks I see her frantic with despair,
Her streaming eyes, wrung hands, and flowing hair;
Her Mechlin pinners, rent, the floor bestrow,
And her torn fan gives real signs of woe.
Hence, Superstition! that tormenting guest,
That haunts with fancied fears the coward breast;
No dread events upon this fate attend,
Stream eyes no more, no more thy tresses rend.
Though certain omens oft forewarn a state,
And dying lions show the monarch's fate,
Why should such fears bid Celia's sorrow rise?
For when a lap-dog falls, no lover dies.

Cease, Celia, cease; restrain thy flowing tears,
Some warmer passion will dispel thy cares:
In man you'll find a more substantial bliss,
More grateful toying, and a sweeter kiss.

He's dead. Oh! lay him gently in the ground!
And may his tomb be by this verse renown'd;
'Here Shock, the pride of all his kind, is laid,
'Who fawn'd like man, but ne'er like man betray'd.'

THE QUIDNUNKIS.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF THE DUKE REGENT OF FRANCE.

'How vain are mortal man's endeavours!
(Said, at Dame Elliot's,* Master Travers)
Good Orleans dead! in truth 'tis hard:
Oh! may all statesmen die prepar'd!
I do foresee (and for foreseeing
He equals any man in being)
The army ne'er can be disbanded.
—I wish the King were safely landed.
Ah, friends! great changes threat the land,
All France and England at a stand!
There's Meroweis—mark! strange work!
And there's the Czar, and there's the Turk;
The Pope'—an Indian merchant by,
Cut short the speech with this reply:
'All at a stand? you see great changes?
Ah, sir! you never saw the Ganges:
There dwell the nations of Quidnunkis,
(So Monomotapa calls monkies).
On their bank, from bough to bough,
They meet and chat, as we may now.
Whispers go round, they grin, they shrug,
They bow, they snarl, they scratch, they hug:
And, just as chance or whim provoke them,
They either bite their friends, or stroke them.
'There have I seen some active prig,
To show his parts, bestride a twig;

* A coffee-house at that time near St. James's.

Lord! how the chattering tribe admire,
Not that he's wiser, but he's higher:
All long to try the venturous thing,
(For power is but to have one's swing:)
From side to side he springs, he spurns,
And bangs his foes and friends by turns.
Thus, as in giddy freaks he bounces,
Crack goes the twig, and in he flounces!
Down the swift stream the wretch is borne:
Never, ah never, to return!

'Zounds! what a fall had our dear brother!
Morbleu! cries one; and Damme! t'other.
The nations give a general screech;
None cocks his tail, none claws his breech;
Each trembles for the public weal,
And for a while forgets to steal.

'A while, all eyes, intent and steady,
Pursue him, whirling down the eddy.
But, out of mind when out of view,
Some other mounts the twig anew;
And business, on each monkey shore,
Runs the same track it went before.'

WINE[*].

Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus. *Hor.*

Of happiness terrestial, and the source
Whence human pleasures flow, sing, heavenly Muse!
Of sparkling juices, of the' enlivening grape,
Whose quickening taste adds vigour to the soul,
Whose sovereign power revives decaying nature,
And thaws the frozen blood of hoary Age,
A kindly warmth diffusing;—youthful fires
Gild his dim eyes, and paint with ruddy hue
His wrinked visage, ghastly wan before:
Cordial restorative to mortal man,
With copious hand by bounteous gods bestow'd!
Bacchus divine! aid my adventurous song,
'That with no middle flight intends to soar:'
Inspir'd, sublime, on Pegasean wing,
By thee upborne, I draw Miltonic air.

* In a letter from Aaron Hill to Mr. Savage, published in the Works of the former, Vol. I. p. 139, speaking of Mr. Gay, he has these words:—'That Poem you speak of, called *Wine*, he printed in the year 1710, as I remember. I am sure I have one among my pamphlets.—I will look for it and send it you, if it will be of use or satisfaction to any gentleman of your acquaintance.'—This is the piece Mr. Hill mentions.

When fumy vapours clog our loaded brows
With furrow'd frowns, when stupid downcast eyes,
The' external symptoms of remorse within,
Express our grief; or when in sullen dumps,
With head incumbent on expanded palm,
Moping we sit, in silent sorrow drown'd;
Whether inveigling Hymen has trepan'd
The' unwary youth, and tied the gordian-knot
Of jangling wedlock, not to be dissolv'd;
Worried all day by loud Xantippe's din,
Who fails not to exalt him to the stars,
And fix him there among the branched crew,
(Taurus, and Aries, and Capricorn,
The greatest monsters of the Zodiac)
Or for the loss of anxious worldly pelf,
Or Celia's scornful slights, and cold disdain,
Which check'd his amorous flame with coy repulse,
The worst events that mortals can befall;
By cares depress'd, in pensive hippish mood,
With slowest pace the tedious minutes roll,
Thy charming sight, but much more charming gust,
New life incites, and warms our chilly blood.
Straight with pert looks we raise our drooping fronts,
And pour in crystal pure thy purer juice; [fronts,
With cheerful countenance and steady hand
Raise it lip-high, then fix the spacious rim
To the expecting mouth:—with grateful taste
The ebbing wine glides swiftly o'er the tongue;
The circling blood with quicker motion flies:
Such is thy powerful influence, thou straight
Dispell'st those clouds that, louring dark, eclips'd
The whilom glories of the gladsome face;—
While dimpled cheeks, and sparkling rolling eyes,
Thy cheering virtues, and thy worth proclaim,

So mists and exaltations that arise
From 'hills or steamy lake, dusky or grey,'
Prevail, till Phœbus sheds Titanian rays,
And paints their fleecy skirts with shining gold:
Unable to resist, the foggy damps,
That veil'd the surface of the verdant fields,
At the god's penetrating beams disperse;
The earth again in former beauty smiles,
In gaudiest livery drest, all gay and clear.
When disappointed Strephon meets repulse,
Scoff'd at, despis'd, in melancholic mood
Joyless he wastes in sighs the lazy hours,
Till reinforc'd by thy most potent aid
He storms the breach, and wins the beauteous fort.
To pay thee homage, and receive thy blessing,
The British seaman quits his native shore,
And ventures through the trackless, deep abyss,
Ploughing the ocean, while the upheaved oak,
'With beaked prow, rides tilting o'er the waves;'
Shock'd by tempestuous jarring winds, she rolls
In dangers imminent, till she arrives
At those blest climes thou favourest with thy presence.
Whether at Lusitania's sultry coast,
Or lofty Teneriff, Palma, Ferro,
Provence, or at the Celtiberian shores,
With gazing pleasure and astonishment,
At Paradise (seat of our ancient sire)
He thinks himself arriv'd: the purple grapes,
In largest clusters pendent, grace the vines
Innumerous: in fields grotesque and wild,
They with implicit curls the oak entwine,
And load with fruit divine his spreading boughs:
Sight most delicious! not an irksome thought,
Or of left native isle, or absent friends,

Or dearest wife, or tender sucking babe,
His kindly treacherous memory now presents;
The jovial god has left no room for cares.
Celestial Liquor! thou that didst inspire
Maro and Flaccus, and the Grecian bard,
With lofty numbers, and heroic strains
Unparallel'd; with eloquence profound,
And arguments convictive, didst enforce
Fam'd Tully, and Demosthenes renown'd:
Ennius,* first fam'd in Latin song, in vain
Drew Heliconian streams, ungrateful whet
To jaded Muse, and oft with vain attempt,
Heroic acts, in flagging numbers dull,
With pains essay'd; but, abject still and low,
His unrecruited Muse could never reach
The mighty theme, till, from the purple fount
Of bright Lenæan sire, her barren drought
He quench'd, and with inspiring nectarous juice
Her drooping spirits cheer'd:—aloft she towers,
Borne on stiff pennons, and of war's alarms,
And trophies won, in loftiest numbers sings.
'Tis thou the hero's breast to martial acts,
And resolution bold, and ardour brave,
Excit'st: thou check'st inglorious lolling ease.
And sluggish minds with generous fires inflam'st.
O thou! that first my quickened soul didst warm,
Still with thy aid assist me, that thy praise,
Thy universal sway o'er all the world,
In everlasting numbers, like the theme,
I may record, and sing thy matchless worth.

* An old Latin poet, of whom a more modern Roman bard, when reading his works, made use of this expression, 'I have been seeking for pearls in Ennius's dunghill.'

Had the Oxonian* bard thy praise rehears'd,
His Muse had yet retain'd her wonted height;
Such as of late o'er Blenheim's field she soar'd
Aërial; now in Ariconian bogs
She lies inglorious, floundering, like her theme,
Languid and faint, and on damp wing, immers'd,
In acid juice, in vain attempts to rise.
With what sublimest joy from noisy town,
At rural seat, Lucretius retir'd:
Flaccus, untainted by perplexing cares,
Where the white poplar and the lofty pine
Join neighbouring boughs, sweet hospitable shade,
Creating, from Phœbean rays secure,
A cool retreat, with few well-chosen friends,
On flowery mead recumbent, spent the hours
In mirth innocuous, and alternate verse!
With roses interwoven, poplar-wreaths,
Their temples bind, dress of silvestrian gods!
Choicest nectarean juice crown'd largest bowls,
And overlook'd the brim, alluring sight,
Of fragrant scent, attractive, taste divine!
Whether from Formian grape depress'd, Falern,
Or Setin, Massic, Gauran, or Sabine,
Lesbian, or Cœcuban, the cheering bowl [wit
Mov'd briskly round, and spur'd their heighten'd
To sing Mecænas' praise, their patron kind.
But we not as our pristine sires repair
To' umbrageous grot or vale; but when the sun
Faintly from western skies his rays oblique
Darts sloping, and to Thetis' wat'ry lap
Hastens in prone career, with friends select

* Mr. John Phillips, the author of 'Cider,' a poem, &c.

Swiftly we hie to Devil,* young or old,
Jocund and boon; where at the entrance stands
A stripling, who with scrapes and humil cringe
Greets us in winning speech, and accent bland:
With lightest bound, and safe unerring step,
He skips before, and nimbly climbs the stairs.
Melampus thus, panting with lolling tongue,
And wagging tail, gambols and frisks before
His sequent lord, from pensive walk return'd,
Whether in shady wood or pasture green,
And waits his coming at the well-known gate.—
Nigh to the stairs' ascent, in regal port,
Sits a majestic dame, whose looks denounce
Command and sovereignty: with haughty air,
And studied mien, in semicircular throne
Enclos'd, she deals around her dread commands:
Behind her (dazzling sight!) in order rang'd,
Pile above pile, crystalline vessels shine:
Attendant slaves with eager strides advance,
And, after homage paid, bawl out aloud
Words unintelligible, noise confus'd:
She knows the jargon sounds, and straight describes,
In characters mysterious, words obscure;
More legible are algebraic signs,
Or mystic figures by magicians drawn,
When they invoke the' infernal spirit's aid.
Drive hence the rude and barbarous dissonance
Of savage Thracians and Croatian boors;
The loud Centaurian broils with Lapithæ
Sound harsh, and grating to Lenæan god;
Chase brutal feuds of Belgian skippers hence,
(Amid their cups whose innate temper's shown)

* The Devil Tavern, Temple Bar.

In clumsy fist wielding scymetrian knife,
Who slash each other's eyes, and blubber'd face,
Profaning Bacchanalian solemn rites.
Music's harmonious numbers better suit
His festivals, from instruments or voice,
Or Gasperini's hand the trembling string
Should touch; or from the dulcet Tuscan dames,
Or warbling Toft's far more melodious tongue,
Sweet symphonies should flow: the Delian god
For airy Bacchus is associate meet.

The stairs' ascent now gain'd, our guide unbars
The door of spacious room, and creaking chairs
(To ear offensive) round the table sets.
We sit; when thus his florid speech begins:
'Name, Sirs! the wine that most invites your taste;
Champaign, or Burgundy, or Florence pure,
Or Hock antique, or Lisbon, new or old,
Bourdeaux, or neat French white, or Alicant.'
For Bourdeaux we with voice unanimous
Declare; (such sympathy's in boon-compeers.)
He quits the room alert, but soon returns;
One hand capacious glistering vessels bears
Resplendent, the' other, with a grasp secure,
A bottle (mighty charge!) upstaid, full fraught
With goodly wine. He, with extended hand
Rais'd high, pours forth the sanguine frothy juice,
O'erspread with bubbles, dissipated soon:
We straight to arms repair, experienc'd chiefs!
Now glasses clash with glasses (charming sound!)
And glorious Anna's health, the first, the best,
Crowns the full glass;—at her inspiring name
The sprightly wine results, and seems to smile:
With hearty zeal, and wish unanimous,
Her health we drink, and in her health our own.

A pause ensues: and now with grateful chat
We' improve the interval, and joyous mirth
Engages our rais'd souls; pat repartee,
Or witty joke, our airy senses moves
To pleasant laughter; straight the echoing room
With universal peals and shouts resounds.
The royal Dane,* blest consort of the Queen,
Next crowns the ruby'd nectar, all whose bliss
In Anna's plac'd:—with sympathetic flame,
And mutual endearments, all her joys
(Like the kind turtle's pure, untainted love)
Centre in him, who shares the grateful hearts
Of loyal subjects with his sovereign-queen;
For by his prudent care united shores
Were sav'd from hostile fleets' invasion dire.
The hero Marlborough next, whose vast exploits
Fame's clarion sounds; fresh laurels, triumphs new
We wish, like those he won at Hockstet's field.
Next Devonshire illustrious, who from race
Of noblest patriots sprang, whose worthy soul
Is with each fair and virtuous gift adorn'd,
That shone in his most worthy ancestors;
For then distinct in separate breasts were seen
Virtues distinct, but all in him unite.
Prudent Godolphin, of the nation's weal
Frugal, but free and generous of his own,
Next crowns the bowl; with faithful Sunderland,
And Halifax, the Muses' darling son,
In whom conspicuous, with full lustre, shine
The surest judgment and the brightest wit,
Himself Mecænas and a Flaccus too:—
And all the worthies of the British realm,

* Prince George of Denmark.

In order rang'd, succeed; such healths as tinge
The dulcet wine with a more charming gust.
Now each his mistress toasts, by whose bright eye
He's fir'd; Cosmelia fair, or Dulcibell,'
Or Sylvia, comely black, with jetty eyes
Piercing, or airy Celia, sprightly maid!—
Insensibly thus flow unnumber'd hours;
Glass succeeds glass, till the Dircean god
Shines in our eyes, and with his fulgent rays
Enlightens our glad looks with lovely dye;
All blithe and jolly, that like Arthur's knights
Of Rotund Table, fam'd in old records,
Now most we seem'd—Such is the power of Wine!
Thus we the winged hours in harmless mirth.
And joys unsullied pass, till humid Night
Has half her race perform'd; now all abroad
Is hush'd and silent, nor the rumbling noise
Of coach, or cart, or smoky link-boy's call,
Is heard—but universal silence reigns;
When we in merry plight, airy and gay,
Surpris'd to find the hours so swiftly fly,
With hasty knock, or twang of pendent cord,
Alarm the drowsy youth from slumbering nod;
Startled he flies, and stumbles o'er the stairs
Erroneous, and with busy knuckles plies
His yet clung eyelids, and with staggering reel
Enters confus'd, and muttering asks our wills;
When we with liberal hand the score discharge,
And homeward each his course with steady step
Unerring steers, of cares and coin bereft.

THE STORY OF CEPHISA.

In western climes, where the bright god of Day
Darts on the gladsome earth a warmer ray,
While smiling Spring led on the jocund hours,
And early months bestrew'd the fields with flowers,
In bloom of youth, Cephisa, lovely maid! [stray'd;
Trac'd the wide lawns, and through the forests
Not all thy nymphs who swell Diana's train,
From Cynthus' top, when issuing on the plain,
With hound and horn they raise the cheerful cry,
And the rocks echo and the floods reply;
Not all their train for beauty could compare,
Their goddess' self scarce like Cephisa fair.—
Struck with the sight of such transcendent charms,
With gifts the shepherds woo'd her to their arms.
The amorous toys no grace nor favour gain'd,
The gifts and givers she alike disdain'd,
Resolv'd in happy solitude to rove
A silvan huntress through the leafy grove.

But envious Fate the nymph no respite gives,
In every heart her lov'd idea lives;
Ev'n Pan himself, with ardent passion fir'd,
The god of Woods, the woodland nymph desir'd;
Still as he views, he pants to clasp the maid,
And, softly sighing, to himself he said;
'O happy winds! which kiss that snowy breast,
O happy garments! which those limbs invest;
But happier he who gains so rich a prize,
Pants in those arms, and on that bosom dies!'

Thus he;—the nymph far other loves employ,
The chase her glory, and the woods her joy:
Oft as the god is present to her sight,
So oft the nymph prepares for sudden flight,
Eludes his search, swift skimming o'er the lawn,
As from the beagle flies the bounding fawn.
A bower there was, a close sequester'd shade,
By poplar boughs and twining osiers made,
Fast by whose side a crystal fountain flow'd,
(The banks with flowers of various colours glow'd)
Here oft at noon the weary fair reclin'd,
To court the coolness of the gentle wind;
For here soft zephyr with a grateful breeze [trees.
Kiss'd the young plants, and whisper'd through the
It chanc'd that Pan had mark'd the pebbled bed,
Where the stream issued from its fountain-head,
Thence pouring on, through mossy windings roll'd,
O'er fertile tracks, and sands that glow'd with gold;
Its course the god with curious search pursued,
Till pleas'd, at length, the fragrant bower he view'd;
But far more pleas'd the beauteous nymph survey'd,
Stretch'd at her ease beneath the cooling shade.
His near approach the pensive nymph alarms,
Who rises hasty, with disorder'd charms,
Springs from her covert like the timorous hare,
And, flying, fills with shrieks the ambient air.
With wings of love Pan urges on the course;
Fear lends her strength, while Love supplies his
Yet oft the god, in the mid chase, delays, [force;
Stops short of conquest, and submissive prays;
"O thou! (he cries) the loveliest of thy kind,
Why fly'st thou thus, and leav'st thy love behind?
No savage foe, no plunderer is near,
Nor mountain-robber with his dreadful spear;

Nor mean am I, though woods my lineage claim,
My sire immortal, and myself the same;
Nor on the crook nor plough do I depend,
Nor on the mountain's top a scanty flock attend;
Pan is my name;—the herds on yonder plains
My herbage fattens, and my care sustains;
To me the woodland-empire is decreed;
I claim the' invention of the vocal reed:
Yet vain these arts, these gifts in vain bestow'd,
Great as I am, and worship'd as a god,
If thou, bright Nymph! with coyness and disdain
Repay thy lover, and deride his pain."

Thus urg'd the silvan god his amorous pray'r,
But all his words were lost in empty air.
With double speed the nymph her course renew'd,
With double speed the ravisher pursued;
O'er hills and dales they hold their rapid race,
Till, spent at length, and wearied with the chase,
With secret dread she views the sun descend,
And Twilight o'er the earth her veil extend;
For now the swift pursuer nearer drew,
And almost touch'd her garments as she flew;
Wheel'd as she wheel'd, on every footstep gain'd,
And no relief nor glimpse of hope remain'd.
Fast by a stream an ancient altar stood,
And close behind it rose a wavy wood,
Whose twining boughs exclude the parting light,
And dusky shades anticipate the night;
Thither, collecting all her force, she flies,
And, "Oh! whatever god (the damsel cries)
Protects this altar; may that generous pow'r
Hear and relieve me in this dangerous hour;
Give me at least to save my spotless fame,
And still in death preserve a virgin's name."

While thus to unknown powers Cephisa pray'd,
Victorious Pan o'ertook the fainting maid:
Around her waist his eager arms he throws,
With love and joy his throbbing bosom glows;
When, wonderful to tell, her form receives
A verdant covering of expanded leaves;
Then shooting downward trembling to the ground,
A fibrous root her slender ankles bound.
Strange to herself, as yet, aghast she stands,
And to high Heaven she rears her spotless hands;
These, while she spreads them, still in spires extend,
Till in small leaves her taper fingers end:
Her voice she tries, but utterance is denied,
The smother'd sounds in hollow murmurs died.
At length, quite chang'd, the god with wonder view'd
A beauteous plant arising where she stood;
This from his touch, with human sense inspir'd,
Indignant shrinking, of itself retir'd:
Yet Pan attends it with a lover's cares,
And fostering aid with tender hand prepares;
The new-form'd plant reluctant seems to yield,
And lives the grace and glory of the field.
But still, as mindful of her former state,
The nymph's perfections on her change await,
And though transform'd, her virtue still remains,
No touch impure her sacred plant sustains,
From whence the name of Sensitive it gains.
This oft the nymphs approach with secret dread,
While crimson blushes o'er their cheeks are spread;
Yet the true virgin has no cause for fear,
The test is equal, if the maid's sincere.
This in thy walks, O——, is found,
Thy walks, for virgins fair and chaste renown'd:

This from the mild Hesperian clime convey'd,
Shall ever bloom, O W——! in thy shade;
Yet western nymphs thy wondrous tree avoid,
Lest all their hopes be by a touch destroy'd.
Britannia's daughters no such terrors know;
With no lewd flames their spotless bosoms glow:
Though every shrub our cultur'd gardens boast,
And all of foreign stock, a countless host,
Should all at once the precious gift receive,
And every plant become a Sensitive;
Yet should their fame the dreadful trial stand,
And add new honours to their native land;
Honours their latest progeny shall share,
For ever virtuous, as for ever fair.

PROLOGUE.

DESIGNED FOR THE PASTORAL TRAGEDY OF 'DIONE.'

THERE was a time (O were those days renew'd!)
Ere tyrant laws had woman's will subdued;
Then Nature rul'd, and Love, devoid of art,
Spoke the consenting language of the heart.
Love uncontroll'd; insipid, poor delight!
'Tis the restraint that whets our appetite.
Behold the beasts who range the forests free,
Behold the birds who fly from tree to tree;
In their amours see Nature's power appear!
And do they love? Yes—One month in the year.
Were these the pleasures of the Golden reign?
And did free Nature thus instruct the swain?

I envy not, ye nymphs! your amorous bowers,
Such harmless swains!—I'm even content with ours.
But yet there's something in these silvan scenes,
That tells our fancy what the lover means;
Name but the mossy bank and moon-light grove,
Is there a heart that does not beat with love?

To-night we treat you with such country fare,
Then for your lover's sake our author spare.
He draws no Hemskirk boors or home-bred clowns,
But the soft shepherds of Arcadia's downs.

When Paris on the three his judgment past,
I hope you'll own the shepherd show'd his taste:
And Jove, all know, was a good judge of beauty,
Who made the nymph Calisto break her duty:
Then was the country-nymph no aukward thing.
See what strange revolutions time can bring!

Yet still, methinks, our author's fate I dread;
Were it not safer beaten paths to tread
Of Tragedy, than o'er wild heaths to stray,
And, seeking strange adventures, lose his way?
No trumpet's clangor makes his heroine start,
And tears the soldier from her bleeding heart;
He, foolish bard! nor pomp nor show regards;
Without the witness of a hundred guards
His lovers sigh their vows—If sleep should take ye,
He has no battle, no loud drum, to wake ye.
What, no such shifts? there's danger in't, 'tis true;
Yet spare him, as he gives you something new.

THE

LAMENTATION OF GLUMDALCLITCH

FOR THE

LOSS OF GRILDRIG.

A PASTORAL.

Soon as Glumdalclitch miss'd her pleasing care,
She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her hair.
No British miss sincerer grief has known,
Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.
She furl'd her sampler, and haul'd in her thread,
And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed;
Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in guildhall.
In peals of thunder now she roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow;
Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears:
Her locks dishevell'd, and her flood of tears
Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
When from the thatch drips fast a shower of rain.

In vain she search'd each cranny of the house,
Each gaping chink impervious to a mouse.
"Was it for this, (she cried with daily care
Within thy reach I set the vinegar,
And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
While pepper-water worms thy bait supply'd,

Where twin'd the silver eel around thy hook,
And all the little monsters of the brook?
Sure in that lake he dropt; my Grilly's drown'd."—
She drag'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.

"Vain is thy courage, Grilly! vain thy boast;
But little creatures enterprise the most.
Trembling I've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,
Nay, mix with children as they play'd at taw,
Nor fear'd the marbles as they bounding flew;
Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you.

"Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth!
Who from a page can ever learn the truth?
Vers'd in court-tricks, that money-loving boy
To some lord's daughter sold the living toy,
Or rent him limb from limb, in cruel play,
As children tear the wings of flies away.
From place to place o'er Brobdingnag I'll roam,
And never will return, or bring thee home.
But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind?
How then thy fairy footsteps can I find?
Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone,
In the green thicket of a mossy stone,
Or tumbled from the toadstool's slippery round,
Perhaps all maim'd, lie groveling on the ground?
Dost thou embosom'd in the lovely rose,
Or sunk within the peach's down repose?
Within the king-cup if thy limbs are spread,
Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head;
O show me, Flora! 'midst those sweets, the flow'r
Where sleeps my Grildrig in his fragrant bow'r!

"But, ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
On little females, and on little loves;
Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,
The baby playthings that adorn thy house,

Doors, windows, chimnies, and the spacious rooms
Equal in size to cells of honeycombs:
Hast thou for these now ventur'd from the shore,
Thy bark a bean-shell, and a straw thy oar?
Or in thy box now bounding on the main,
Shall I ne'er bear thyself and house again?
And shall I set thee on my hand no more,
To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er
My spacious palm? of stature scarce a span,
Mimic the actions of a real man?
No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
As seamen at a capstern anchors weigh?
How wast thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
A dish of tea, like milkpail, on thy head?
How chase the mite that bore thy cheese away,
And keep the rolling maggot at a bay?"

She said; but broken accents stopt her voice,
Soft as the speaking-trumpet's mellow noise:
She sob'd a storm, and wip'd her flowing eyes,
Which seem'd like two broad suns in misty skies!—
O! squander not thy grief; those tears command
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland;
The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish.

MARY GULLIVER,

TO CAPTAIN LEMUEL GULLIVER.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Captain, some time after his return, being retired to Mr. Sympson's in the country, Mrs. Gulliver, apprehending, from his late behaviour, some estrangement of his affections, writes him the following expostulating, soothing, and tenderly complaining Epistle.

Welcome, thrice welcome, to thy native place!—
What, touch me not? What, shun a wife's embrace?
Have I for this thy tedious absence borne,
And wak'd and wish'd whole nights for thy return?
In five long years I took no second spouse;
What Rotherhithe-wife so long hath kept her vows?
Your eyes, your nose, inconstancy betray;
Your nose you stop, your eyes you turn away.
'Tis said that thou shouldst cleave unto thy wife;
Once thou didst cleave, and I could cleave for life.
Hear, and relent! hark, how thy children moan;
Be kind at least to these, they are thy own:
Be bold, and count them all, secure to find
The honest number that you left behind.
See how they pat thee with their pretty paws:
Why start you? are they snakes? or have they claws?
Thy Christian seed, our mutual flesh and bone;
Be kind at least to these, they are thy own.
Biddel,* like thee, might farthest India rove;
He chang'd his country, but retains his love.

* Names of the sea-captains mentioned in 'Gulliver's Travels.

There's Captain Pannel, absent half his life,
Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife;
Yet Pannel's wife is brown compar'd to me,
And Mistress Biddel sure is fifty-three.
Not touch me! never neighbour call'd me Slut:
Was Flimnap's dame more sweet in Lilliput?
I've no red hair to breathe an odious fume;
At least thy consort's cleaner than thy groom.
Why then that dirty stable-boy thy care?
What mean those visits to the sorrel mare?
Say, by what witchcraft, or what demon led,
Prefer'st thou litter to the marriage-bed?
Some say, the devil himself is in that mare:
If so, our Dean shall drive him forth by pray'r.
Some think you mad, some think you are possest,
That Bedlam and clean straw will suit you best.
Vain means, alas! this frenzy to appease:
That straw, that straw would heighten the disease.
My bed (the scene of all our former joys,
Witness two lovely girls, two lovely boys)
Alone I press: in dreams I call my dear,
I stretch my hand; no Gulliver is there!
I wake, I rise; and, shivering with the frost,
Search all the house: my Gulliver is lost!
Forth in the streets I rush with frantic cries;
The windows open; all the neighbours rise:
'Where sleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where!'
The neighbours answer, 'With the sorrel mare.'
At early morn I to the market haste,
(Studious in every thing to please thy taste)
A curious fowl and 'sparagus I chose,
(For I remember'd you were fond of those)
Three shillings cost the first, the last seven groats;
Sullen you turn from both, and call for oats.

Others bring goods and treasure to their houses,
Something to deck their pretty babes and spouses;
My only token was a cup-like horn,
That's made of nothing but a lady's corn.
'Tis not for that I grieve; no, 'tis to see
The groom and sorrel mare prefer'd to me!

These, for some moments when you deign to quit,
And (at due distance) sweet discourse admit,
'Tis all my pleasure thy past toil to know,
For pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.
At every danger pants thy consort's breast,
And gaping infants squall to hear the rest.
How did I tremble when, by thousands bound,
I saw thee stretch'd on Lilliputian ground?
When scaling armies climb'd up every part,
Each step they trod I felt upon my heart:
But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
King, queen, and nation, staring with amaze,
Full in my view how all my husband came!
And what extinguish'd theirs, increas'd my flame.
Those spectacles, ordain'd thine eyes to save,
Were once my present; Love that armour gave.
How did I mourn at Bolgolam's decree!
For when he sign'd thy death, he sentenc'd me.

When folks might see thee all the country round
For sixpence, I'd have given a thousand pound.
Lord! when that giant-babe that head of thine
Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!
When in the marrow-bone I saw thee ram'd,
Or on the house-top by the monkey cram'd,
The piteous images renew my pain,
And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
But on the maiden's nipple when you rid,
Pray Heaven 'twas all a wanton maiden did.

Glumdalclitch too!—with thee I mourn her case;
Heaven guard the gentle girl from all disgrace!
O may the king that one neglect forgive,
And pardon her the fault by which I live!
Was there no other way to set him free?
My life, alas! I fear prov'd death to thee.

O teach me, dear! new words to speak my flame;
Teach me to woo thee by thy best-lov'd name;
Whether the style of Grildrig please thee most,
So call'd on Brobdingnag's stupendous coast,
When on the monarch's ample hand you sate,
And hallow'd in his ear intrigues of state;
Or Quinbus Flestrin more endearment brings,
When like a mountain you look'd down on kings;
If ducal Nardac, Lilliputian peer,
Or Glumglum's humbler title soothe thy ear;
Nay, would kind Jove my organs so dispose,
To hymn harmonious Houyhnhym through the nose,
I'd call thee Houyhnhym, that high-sounding name,
Thy children's noses all should twang the same;
So might I find my loving spouse of course
Endued with all the virtues of a horse.

TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN.

THE MAN-MOUNTAIN.

A LILLIPUTIAN ODE.

In amaze
Lost, I gaze!
Can our eyes
Reach thy size?

May my lays
Swell with praise
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muse, inspire
All thy fire!
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they said
Atlas' head
Propt the skies:
See! and believe your eyes!

See him stride
Vallies wide;
Over woods,
Over floods.
When he treads,
Mountains' heads
Groan and shake;
Armies quake,
Lest his spurn
Overturn
Man and steed.
Troops, take heed;
Left and right
Speed your flight,
Lest an host
Beneath his foot be lost.

Turn'd aside
From his hide,
Safe from wound,
Darts rebound.

From his nose
Clouds he blows!
When he speaks,
Thunder breaks!
When he eats,
Famine threats!
When he drinks,
Neptune shrinks!
Nigh thy ear,
In mid air,
On thy hand
Let me stand:
So shall I,
(Lofty Poet!) touch the sky.

THE MAN-MOUNTAIN'S ANSWER.

TO THE

LILLIPUTIAN VERSES.

Little Thing!
I would sing
Lofty song,
Measure long;
But I fear
That thine ear
Such a poem could not bear:
Therefore I
Mean to try
Humbler lays,
Worthy praise:

If my strains
Work'd thee pains,
'Tis not mine
To divine
Whether cost,
Labour lost,
May on Lilliput be tost.
Horse and foot
Would you put
In the way,
Who could say
I had blame,
If they came
Near my stride,
And beside
My huge foot gigantic died?
But while here
I appear
Mountain-size
To little eyes,
All that strain,
Seek in vain,
Whilst I climb
Heights sublime,
To keep pace,
And to trace
My footsteps, as I move with martial grace.
Though 'tis true,
Praise is due
To your lay,
Yet I pray
You'll attend
To a friend.
On my hand
Should you stand,

If those that soar
Fall the lower,
All Lilliput would your's deplore.
Humbly then,
With little men,
Take your stand,
On firm land,
Lest your place
Bring disgrace:
High in air,
Great the care,
To be free
From jeopardy,
Careless found,
You might bound,
Little poet! to the ground.

VERSES

TO BE PLACED UNDER THE PICTURE OF SIR R. BLACKMORE, ENGLAND'S ARCH-POET:

Containing a complete catalogue of his works.

See who ne'er was, nor will be half read;
Who first sang Arthur,*, then sang Alfred;†
Prais'd great Eliza‡ in God's anger,
Till all true Englishmen cried, 'Hang her;'
Made William's virtues wipe the bare a—
And hang'd up Marlborough in arras;§
Then hiss'd from earth, grew heavenly quite;
Made every reader curse the light;‖

* Two heroic poems, in folio, twenty books.
† Heroic poem, in twelve books.
‡ Heroic poem, in folio, ten books.
§ Instructions to Vanderbank, a tapestry-weaver.
‖ Hymn to the light.

Maul'd human wit in one thick satire,*
Next, in three books, spoil'd human nature;†
Undid creation‡ at a jirk,
And of redemption§ made damn'd work.
Then took his Muse at once, and dipt her
Full in the middle of the Scripture.
What wonders there the man grown old did!
Sternhold himself he out-Sternholded:
Made David‖ seem so mad and freakish,
All thought him just what thought king Achish.
No mortal read his Solomon,¶
But judg'd Re'boam his own son.
Moses he serv'd as Moses Pharoah;
And Deborah, as she Sisera:**
Made Jeremy†† full sore to cry,
And Job‡‡ himself curse God and die.
What punishment all this must follow?
Shall Arthur use him like King Tollo?
Shall David as Uriah slay him?
Or dexterous Deb'rah Sisera-him?
Or shall Eliza lay a plot,
To treat him like her sister Scot?
Shall William dub his better end,§§
Or Marlborough serve him like a friend?
No!—none of these?—Heaven spare his life!
But send him, honest Job! thy wife.

* Satire against wit.
† Of the nature of man.
‡ Creation, a poem, seven books.
§ The Redeemer, another heroic poem, six books.
‖ Translation of all the Psalms.
¶ Canticles and Ecclesiastes.
** Paraphrase of the Canticles of Moses and Deborah, &c.
†† The Lamentations.
‡‡ The whole book of Job, a poem, in folio.
§§ Kick him on the breech, not knight him on the shoulder.

A CONTEMPLATION

ON NIGHT.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I stray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still Nature's various face informs my sense,
Of an all-wise, all-powerful Providence.
When the gay sun first breaks the shades of night,
And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their livery wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;
The blooming flowers with opening beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show;
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.
But when the gloomy reign of Night returns,
Stript of her fading pride, all Nature mourns:
The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost:
No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes,
Wrapt in Night's robe the whole creation lies:
Yet still, ev'n now, while darkness clothes the land,
We view the traces of the' Almighty hand;
Millions of stars in Heaven's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hang the boundless sphere:
The silver moon her western couch forsakes,
And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes;
Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.
Whether those stars that twinkling lustre send
Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare,
Yet all his systems but conjectures are;

But this we know, that Heaven's eternal King,
Who bade this universe from nothing spring,
Can at his word bid numerous worlds appear,
And rising worlds the' all-powerful word shall hear.

When to the western main the sun descends,
To other lands a rising day he lends:
The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise;
Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.
While we in Sleep's embraces waste the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light;
And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
With us again the rosy Morning wakes:
In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body flown,
No more shall Night's alternate reign be known;
The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
But from the' Almighty streams of glory flow.
Oh! may some nobler thought my soul employ,
Than empty, transient, sublunary joy:
The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,
But thou, O God! for ever shine the same.

A THOUGHT

ON ETERNITY.

Ere the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light the' Almighty word obey'd,
Thou wert; and when the subterraneous flame
Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,

From angry Heaven when the keen lightning flies,
When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
Thou still shalt be; still as thou wert before,
And know no change, when time shall be no more.
O endless thought! divine Eternity!
The' immortal soul shares but a part of thee;
For thou wert present when our life began,
When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.

Ah! what is life! with ills encompass'd round;
Amidst our hopes Fate strikes the sudden wound.
To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,
To-morrow death destroys his airy schemes.
Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd?
Think, all that treasure thou must leave behind;
Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd herse,
And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.
Should certain Fate the' impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay;
Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
To suffer life beyond the date of man?

The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream:
She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
To launch from earth into eternity:
For while the boundless theme extends our thought,
Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies a round woman, who thought mighty odd
Every word she e'er heard in this church about God:
To convince her of God the good Dean did endeavour,
But still in her heart she held Nature more clever.
Though he talk'd much of virtue, her head always run
Upon something or other, she found better fun:
For the dame, by her skill in affairs astronomical,
Imagin'd, to live in the clouds was but comical.
In this world she despis'd every soul she met here,
And now she's in t'other, she thinks it but queer.

MY OWN EPITAPH.

LIFE is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it.

END OF VOL. XVI.